

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO



3 1761 00691037 6

HANDBOUND
AT THE



UNIVERSITY OF
TORONTO PRESS









LE
A524K.2

Amory, Thomas

T H E

(4)

7

L I F E

7685

O F

John Buncle, Esq;

C O N T A I N I N G

Various OBSERVATIONS and REFLECTIONS,
made in several Parts of the WORLD,

A N D

Many extraordinary RELATIONS.

Μέμνησε, ὅτι ὑποκριτὴς εἶ δράματος, οἷα ἂν θέλῃ
ὁ διδάσκαλος· ἂν βραχὺ, βραχέος· ἂν μακρὸν,
μακρῷ.—Ἐστὶ γάρ τις καὶ ἐνθάδ' οἰκοδεσπότης,
ἐκαστα διατάσσων· Ἔς.

Arr. Epict. L. III. C. 22. Enchirid. C. 23.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

A NEW EDITION.

365807
27.4:39.

L O N D O N :

Printed for T. BECKET and P. A. DEHONDT,
and T. CADELL, in the Strand.

MDCCLXX.

P.R

3315

A45 L59

1770

ADAR 1770

v3.8 nido

ADVERTISEMENT.

IN a book published in the year 1756, I related the principal transactions of my life, from my entrance into the university to the day of my marriage, in the year 1725; and endeavoured, by the way, to entertain my Readers with a variety of notions and remarks.

I now proceed to tell the remainder of my story, and to lay before the Public some more of my observations and hints: This second part is chiefly a further vindication of myself; and the observations I add on subjects and matters of various kinds, are such reflections as resulted from the reason
and

and nature of things, and were formed by a judgment free, and unbiassed by any authority. My own apology is the principal thing, interspersed with real characters of several sorts; and the additions to it, are as many solid, natural, and delicate adventitious things as came in my way. This is my book. I write with modesty, and I purpose to do good. I imagine then, that all *Critics* (except the *Critical Reviewers*) will wink at the blemishes of a laudable writing. Scholars and men of sense (who are above malevolence and the supercilious temper,) can bear deformities in a long work, and justly lay them on the imperfection of human nature. They know it is incapable of faultless productions.

FELICES.

CONTENTS

OF THE

THIRD VOLUME.

N. B. *What refers to the Notes is distinguished thus ().*

1	THE author's apology for the married state	Page 1
2	The history of Orlando and Belinda, rectified from a mistake in the Tatler	3
3	The author's apology for the married state continued	12
4	The author's manner of living at Orton-lodge.	15
5	Description of Glencrow water-falls, and of the great age and size of carp and tench in a fenny water near Orton-lodge.	16
6	Farther account of uncommonly large carp and tench	17
7	(1. Description of the black cock, the moor cock, and the cock of the woods)	18, 19
8	The author loses his wife Charlotte, his friend Tom Flemming, and others	20
9	A reflection on death	21
10	The author departs from Orton-lodge, to try his fortune once more	26
11	Finds a delightful spot among the fells of Westmoreland	27
12	His	

C O N T E N T S.

12	His description of Basil groves, the seat of Charles Henley, Esq; and of the library and skeleton there	28
13	His description of John Henley, Esq;	35
14	His description of Miss Statia Henley, and his conversation with John Henley, Esq;	
15	The author's account of himself to John Henley, Esq;	38
16	Mr. Henley's reply to his story, and commendation of him for his sentiments in religious matters	41
17	The history of Charles Henley, Esq; and of his beautiful daughter Statia	41
18	J. Henley, Esq; offers his grand-daughter (Miss Statia) in marriage to the author	44
19	The author's reply on that occasion	45
20	His stay and manner of living at Basil-groves.—The death of Mr. Henley, and Miss Statia's behaviour thereupon	46
21	Conversation between him and Miss Henley on the subject of matrimony	48
22	(2. The author's reflections on celibacy and marriage)	52
23	Miss Henley's answer to the author's remarks in favour of marriage	53
24	The author marries Miss Statia Henley	56
25	They repair to Orton-lodge.—Statia dies there	56
26	The author leaves Orton-lodge, and sets out for Harrogate spaw.—Description of the romantic country over which he travelled	58
27	Description of a society of protestant married friars in Westmoreland, and of the regularity of their lives	60
	28 Some	

C O N T E N T S.

28	Some thoughts on the institution of married regulars, exploding the doctrine of celi- bacy —————	62
29	The author's farther account of the married regulars he met with among the fells of Westmoreland, with their form of morn- ing prayer —————	65
30	Their prayer for night —————	70
31	The author's observation on the prayers of those recluses, and their account of their belief, which is unitarian —————	73
32	A reflection on true and false religion —————	78
33	Thoughts exploding the invocation of saints —————	86
34	(3. A short account of the councils, and of the several editors and editions of them) —————	87
35	Some further remarks on the doctrine of the invocation of saints, shewing the absur- dity of papists therein —————	100
36	The author leaves the religious in Westmore- land, and proceeds on his journey to Har- rogate.—Misses his way —————	108
37	Description of a little country seat in the northern extremity of Stanmore, and of a sleeping parlour in a grove —————	111
38	Where the author passes the night —————	113
39	Receives the next day some account of Miss Antonia Cranmer, a beautiful young lady of great fortune, mistress of that house —————	113
40	The author resolves, if possible, to get her. —His manner of living for several days in the cottage of a poor fisherman, in ex- pectation of the return of the beautiful Antonia from Cumberland —————	115
	41 De-	

C O N T E N T S.

- 41 Description of a charming little country seat
where a solitary gentleman lived 115
- 42 Some account of this gentleman, Doric Wat-
son, who had been bred a catholic in
France, and became a protestant hermit
in England, with the motives for his
conversion — 117
- 43 The hermit's observations on Cardinal Bel-
larmine's notes of the church, shewing
them not to be at all applicable to the
church of Rome — 117
- 44 (4. An abstract of Dr. Chandler's observa-
tions on Bellarmine's sixth note of the
church — 120
- 45 Remarks on the Abbé Le Blanc, and on his
letters on the English nation, with some
strictures on Voltaire, and a defence of
the English reformation — 127
- 46 (5. Some account of the character and writ-
ings of Mons. Bouhier, president of the
French academy) — 130
- 47 The marriage of priests defended, and shewn
to have been the primitive doctrine of the
church — — 139
- 48 (6. Some remarks on the absurdity of tran-
substantiation) — 147
- 49 The beginning of the author's acquaintance
with Miss Antonia Cranmer, and how it
ended in a marriage — 148
- 50 The author buries his wife Antonia, and
hastens to Harrogate to dissipate his grief.
— His reason for not mentioning his
children by his many wives 150
- 51 Description of Harrogate; of it's wells, and
of the company there, with their man-
ner of living; the nature and quality of
these

C O N T E N T S.

these waters, for what disorders fittest, and the same of several other mineral waters —————	153
52 The author meets at Harrogate six gentlemen of his acquaintance from Dublin ———	161
53 Their characters —————	162
54 The history of the unfortunate Miss Hunt ———	172
55 The picture of Miss Hunt, and her unhappy end —————	173
56 The author falls in love with Miss Spence ———	179
57 An apology for the author's marrying so often —————	180
58 Miss Spence's reply to his addresses ———	182
59 The author removes to Oldfield spaw, on ac- count of an indisposition occasioned by a night's hard drinking, and his reflections on hard drinking ———	186
60 Description of Oldfield spaw, with an ac- count of it's water —————	188
61 An observation on our people of fortune going to other countries to drink mine- ral waters —————	189
62 An account of Moffat wells, and of the vir- tues of these waters ———	190
63 The author sets out from Oldfield spaw for Knareborough, but arrives at another place.—A morning thought on the rising sun —————	194
64 Description of a beautiful spot and charm- ing country seat, in the west riding of Yorkshire —————	197
65 An account of two wonderful figures which played on the German flute ———	199
66 The history of Miss Wolfe, who had known the author in Ireland, and recollects him —————	200
67 An	

C O N T E N T S.

67	An account of Oliver Wincup, Esq; with whom the author accidentally becomes acquainted	202
68	And goes with him to his seat, called Woodcester-house	203
69	The manner of living at Woodcester	205
70	An account of a company of stroling players at Woodcester	205
71	The author leaves Woodcester, and rides to a lone silent place, called Lasco	207
72	The history of two rich beauties, immured in a lone-house, in a wood near Lasco	208
73	Character of their guardian, Jeremiah Cock, an old lawyer	209
74	The author gets acquainted with him, and dines at his house	213
75	Description of old Cock the lawyer	215
76	The author finds means to propose to the ladies to carry them off	217
77	They agree to it, and he carries them off	219
78	Is puzzled how to dispose of them	221
79	Carries them to Orton-lodge	225
80	The author's departure from Orton-lodge, where he leaves his two young heiresses: misses his way a second time; description of the country	229
81	Description of Mrs. Thurloe's seat in Westmoreland	232
82	An account of the two Miss Thurloes	234
83	Account of a Carthusian monastery in Richmondshire	235
84	Reasons for reading the works of the Rabbies, fictitious and extravagant as they are	237
85	(7. An account of the Talmuds	237
86	An account of Knaresborough and it's waters. —The fall and death of Gaveston	245
	87 De-	

C O N T E N T S.

87	Description of the dropping well near Knaresborough	248
88	Observations on petrifying waters	249
89	(8. Etymology of the word <i>Postilla</i>)	252
90	An account of Wardrew sulphur-water, and a description of Wardrew in Northumberland	253
91	The history of Claudius Hobart, a recluse	256
92	Who gives the author a manuscript, intituled, <i>The Rule of Reason, with a few thoughts on religion</i>	258
93	Specimens of this tract, viz. Discourse on the rule of reason	259
94	Account of revelation	263
95	Of the mysteries, Trinity, and sacrifice of the cross	266
96	Defence of the Socinians	269
97	An account of Socinus	279

T H E

1	1
2	2
3	3
4	4
5	5
6	6
7	7
8	8
9	9
10	10
11	11
12	12
13	13
14	14
15	15
16	16
17	17
18	18
19	19
20	20
21	21
22	22
23	23
24	24
25	25
26	26
27	27
28	28
29	29
30	30
31	31
32	32
33	33
34	34
35	35
36	36
37	37
38	38
39	39
40	40
41	41
42	42
43	43
44	44
45	45
46	46
47	47
48	48
49	49
50	50
51	51
52	52
53	53
54	54
55	55
56	56
57	57
58	58
59	59
60	60
61	61
62	62
63	63
64	64
65	65
66	66
67	67
68	68
69	69
70	70
71	71
72	72
73	73
74	74
75	75
76	76
77	77
78	78
79	79
80	80
81	81
82	82
83	83
84	84
85	85
86	86
87	87
88	88
89	89
90	90
91	91
92	92
93	93
94	94
95	95
96	96
97	97
98	98
99	99
100	100

THE
L I F E
O F
JOHN BUNCLE, Esq;

PART II.

SECTION I.

Felices homines! quos stricto fœdere jungit,
Et socios natura facit! sic cura levatur!
Sic augentur opes! sic mutua gaudia crescunt!

Thompson's *Tupblo-pero-gamia* *.

That is,

Go, happy pair! in strictest bonds ally'd!
Whom nature joins, and can, alone, divide:
'Tis thus their riches and their joys increase,
Their cares grow lighter, and they smile in peace.

§. I. **W**HEN I consider
how happy I have
been in the married state, and
in a succession of seven wives,
never had one uneasy hour; that even a
Paradise

* The author of *Tupblo-pero-gamia* is the Rev. Mr.
William Thompson; a junior Fellow of Trinity Col-
lege,
Vol. III. B

Paradise without an *Eve*, would have been a wilderness to me; that the woods, the groves, the walks, the prospects, the flowers, the fruits, the day, the night, all would have wanted a relish, without that dear, delightful companion, a wife; it amazes me to hear many sensible people speak with abhorrence of matrimony, and insist upon it, that wedlock produces so many troubles, even where the pair have affection, and sorrows so very great, when they have no love for each other, or begin to fail in the kind and obliging offices, that it is contrary to reason to contract, if we have a just regard to peace and satisfaction of mind, and would avoid, as much as possible, the woes and bewailings of this turbid period. If you have acquired the divine habits, marriage may unhinge them. It often forces even the pious into immoralities. True, unhappy are many a wedded pair: years of calamity this engagement has produced to thousands of mor-

lege, *Dublin*, when I was a member of that university. He was a man of the finest parts and learning, and was remarkable for a temper so vastly happy, that he was always called *Benign Billy*. His paraphrase on *Job*, in blank verse, is an admirable thing. It is, in my opinion, far preferable to the ingenious *Broome's* paraphrase on this sacred book.

tals:

tals: it has made the most pious divines become very cruel, as I could relate: it has caused the most generous, sensible men, to murder the women they adored before they were their wives.

The History of Orlando and Bellinda.

§. 2. This story has been told before by the *Tatler*, in his 172d paper; but as he has related only by hear say, and was mistaken in several particulars, the account I give of this extraordinary affair, may be grateful to the reader.

When I was a little boy in *Dublin*, between seven and eight, Mr. *Eustace*, and his Lady lived next door to my father, in *Smithfield*, and the two families were intimate. Being a lively prating thing, Mrs. *Eustace* was fond of me, and by tarts and fruit, encouraged me to run into her parlour as often as I could. This made me well acquainted in the house; and, as I was a remarker so early in my life, I had an opportunity of making the following observations.

Orlando Eustace was a tall, thin, strong man, well made, and a very genteel person.

son. His face was pale, and marked with the small-pox: his features were good, and yet there was something fierce in his look, even when he was not displeased. He had sense and learning, and, with a large fortune, was a generous man; but passionate to an amazing degree, for his understanding; and a trifle would throw him into a rage. He had been humoured in every thing from his cradle, on account of his fine estate; from his infancy to his manhood, had been continually flattered, and in every thing obeyed. This made him opinionated and proud, obstinate, and incapable of bearing the least contradiction.

Bellinda Coot, his Lady, with whom he had been passionately in love, was as fine a figure as could be seen among the daughters of men. Her person was charming; her face was beautiful, and had a sweetness in it that was pleasing to look at. Her vivacity was great, and her understanding extraordinary; but she had a satirical wit, and a vanity, which made her delight in shewing the weakness of other minds, and the clearness of her own conception. She was too good, however, to have the least malice in such procedure. It was human weakness, and a desire to make her neighbours wiser. Unfortunately for her,

her, she was married to a man, who, of all men in the world, was the unfittest subject for her quick fancy to act on.

But, notwithstanding this, *Eustace* and *Bellinda* were, for the most of their time, very fond. As she was formed in a prodigality of nature, to shew mankind a finished composition, and had wit and charms enough to fire the dullest and most insensible heart; a man of *Orlando's* taste for the sex, could not be without an inflamed heart, when so near the transporting object of desire. She was his delight for almost a year, the dear support of his life. He seemed to value her esteem, her respect, her love; and endeavoured to merit them by the virtues which fortify love: and therefore, when by his being short, positive, and unreasonable in his dictates, as was too often his wont; and on her being intemperate in the strong sentiments her imagination produced upon the occasion, which was too frequently the case; when they seemed to forget the Apostle's advice for a while, *that ye love one another with a pure heart, fervently*; 1 Pet. i. 22. and had strifes and debates, which shewed, for the time they lasted, that they were far from being perfect and entire, wanting nothing; then would her throwing her face into

smiles, with some tender expression, prove a reconciling method at once. Till the fatal night, this always had a power to soften pain, to ease and calm the raging man.

But poor at best is the condition of human life here below; and, when to weak and imperfect faculties, we add inconsistencies, and do not act up to the eternal law of *reason*, and of God; when love of fame, curiosity, resentment, or any of our particular propensities; when humour, vanity, or any of our inferior powers, are permitted to act against justice and veracity, and instead of reflecting on the *reason of the thing*, or the *right of the case*, that by the influence this has on the mind, we may be constituted virtuous, and attached to truth; we go down with the current of the passions, and let bent and humour determine us, in opposition to what is decent and fit: if in a state so unfriendly as this is to the heavenly and divine life, where folly and vice are for ever striving to introduce disorder into our frame, and it is difficult indeed, to preserve, in any degree, an integrity of character, and peace within: — if, in such a situation, instead of labouring to destroy all the seeds of envy, pride, ill-will, and impatience, and endeavouring

vouring to establish and maintain a due inward œconomy and harmony, by paying a perpetual regard to truth, that is, to the real circumstances and relation of things in which we stand,—to the practice of reason in its just extent, according to the capacities and natures of every being; we do, on the contrary, disregard the *moral faculty*, and become a mere system of passions and affections, without any thing at the head of them to govern them;—what then can be expected, but deficiency and deformity, degeneracy and guilty practice? This was the case of *Eustace* and *Bellinda*. *Passion* and *own-will* were so near and intimate to him, that he seemed to live under a deliberate resolution not to be governed by reason. He would wink at the light he had, struggle to evade conviction, and make his mind a *chaos* and a *bell*. *Bellinda*, at the same time, was too *quick*, too *vain*, and too often forgot to take into her idea of a good character, a *continual subordination* of the *lower powers* of our nature to the *faculty of reason*. This produced the following scene.

Maria (sister to *Bellinda*) returned one evening with a five-guinea fan she had bought that afternoon, and was tedious in praising some *Indian* figures that were

painted in it. Mrs. *Eustace*, who had a taste for pictures, said, the colours were fine, but the images were ridiculous and despicable; and her sister must certainly be a little *Indian-mad*, or her fondness for every thing from that side of the globe could not be so excessive and extravagant as it always appeared to be.

To this *Maria* replied with some heat, and *Eustace* very peremptorily insisted upon it, that she was right. With positiveness and passion, he magnified the beauties of the figures in the fan, and with violence reflected so severely on the good judgment *Bellinda*, upon all occasions, pretended to, (as he expressed it) that at last, her imagination was fired, and, with too much eagerness, she not only ridiculed the opinion of her sister, in respect of such things, but spoke with too much warmth against the despotic tempers of self-sufficient husbands.

To reverence and obey (she said) was not required by any obligation, when men were unreasonable, and paid no regard to a wife's domestic and personal felicity; nor would she give up her understanding to his weak determination, since custom cannot confer an authority which nature has denied: It cannot license a husband to be unjust, nor give right to treat her as a slave. If this
was

was to be the case in matrimony, and women were to suffer under conjugal vexations, as she did, by his senseless arguments every day, they had better bear the reproach and solitude of antiquated virginity, and be treated as the refuse of the world, in the character of old maids.

This too lively, though just speech, enraged *Eustace* to the last degree, and from a fury, he sunk in a few minutes into a total sullen silence, and sat for half an hour, while I stayed, cruelly determining, I suppose, her sad doom. *Bellinda* soon saw she had gone too far, and did all that could be done to recover him from the fit he was in. She smiled, cried, asked pardon; but 'twas all in vain. Every charm had lost its power, and he seemed no longer man. When this beauty stood weeping by his chair, and said, My love, forgive me, as it was in raillery only I spoke; and let our pleasures and pains be hereafter honestly shared; I remember the tears burst from my eyes, and in that condition I went away. It was frightful to look at *Eustace*, as he shook, started, and wildly stared; and the distress his Lady appeared in, was enough to make the most stony heart bleed: it was a dismal scene.

(m) This happened at nine at night, and at ten *Orlando* withdrew to bed, without speaking one word, as I was informed. Soon after he lay down, he pretended to be fast asleep, and his wife rejoicing to find him so, as she believed, in hopes that nature's soft nurse would lull the active instruments of motion, and calm the raging operations of his mind; she resigned herself to slumbers, and thought to abolish for that night every disagreeable sensation of pain: but no sooner did this furious man find that his charming wife was really asleep, than he plunged a dagger into her breast. The monster repeated the strokes, while she had life to speak to him, in the tenderest manner, and conjured him, in regard to his own happiness, to let her live, and not sink himself into perdition here and hereafter, by her death. In vain she prayed; he gave her a thousand wounds, and I saw her the next morning a bloody, mangled corpse, in the great house in *Smithfield*, which stood at a distance from the street, with a wall before it, and an avenue of high trees up to the door; and not in the country, as the *Tatler* says.

Eustace fled, when he thought she was expiring, (though she lived for an hour after, to relate the case to her maid, who

heard her groan, and came into her room) and went from *Dublin* to a little lodge he had in the country, about twenty miles from town. The magistrates, in a short time, had information where he was; and one *John Mansel*, a constable, a bold and strong man, undertook, for a reward, to apprehend him. To this purpose, he set out immediately, with a case of pistols, and a hanger, and lurked several days and nights in the fields, before he could find an opportunity of coming at him; for *Eustace* lived by himself in the house, well secured by strong doors and bars, and only went out now and then, to an alehouse, the master of which was his friend. Near it, at last, about break of day, *Mansel* chanced to find him, and, upon his refusing to be made a prisoner, and cocking a pistol to shoot the officer of justice, both their pistols were discharged at once, and they both dropt down dead men. *Eustace* was shot in the heart, and the constable in the brain. They were both brought to *Dublin* on one of the little low-back'd cars there used; and I was one of the boys that followed the car, from the beginning of *James-street*, the out-side of the city, all thro' the town. *Eustace's* head hung dangling near the ground, with his face upwards, and his torn bloody breast bare;

and of all the faces of the dead I have seen, none ever looked like his. There was an anxiety, a rage, a horror, and a despair to be seen in it, that no pencil could express.

*The apology
for the mar-
ried state con-
tinued.*

§. 3. Thus fell *Eustace* in the 29th year of his age, and by his hand his virtuous, beautiful, and ingenious wife: and what are we to learn from thence? Is it, that on such accounts, we ought to dread wedlock, and never be concerned with a wife? No, surely; but to be from thence convinced, that it is necessary, in order to, a happy marriage, to bring the will to the obedience of reason, and acquire an equanimity in the general tenour of life. Of all things in this world, *moral dominion*, or the *empire over ourselves*, is not only the most glorious, as reason is the superior nature of man, but the most valuable, in respect of real human happiness. A conformity to reason, or good sense, and to the inclination of our neighbours, with very little money, may produce great and lasting felicity; but without this subservience to our own reason, complaisance to company, and softness and benevolence to all around us, the greatest

misery does frequently sprout from the largest stock of fortunes.

It was by ungoverned passions, that *Eustace* murdered his wife, and died himself the most miserable and wretched of all human beings. He might have been the happiest of mortals, if he had conformed to the dictates of reason, and softened his passions, as well for his own ease, as in compliance to a creature formed with a mind of a quite different make from his own. There is a sort of sex in souls; and, exclusive of that love and patience which our religion requires, every couple should remember, that there are things which grow out of their very natures, that are pardonable, when considered as such. Let them not, therefore, be spying out faults, nor find a satisfaction in reproaching; but let them examine to what consequences their ideas tend, and resolve to cease from cherishing them, when they lead to contention and mischief. Let them both endeavour to amend what is wrong in each other, and act as becomes their character, in practising the social duties of married persons, which are so frequently and strongly inculcated by revelation and natural reason; and then, instead of matrimony's being a burthen, and hanging a weight upon our very beings, there

there will be no appearance of evil in it, but harmony and joy will shed unmixed felicities on them: they will live in no low degree of beatitude in the suburbs of heaven.

This was my case: wedlock to me became the greatest blessing: a scene of the most refined friendship, and a condition to which nothing can be added to complete the sum of human felicity. So I found the holy and sublimer relation, and in the wilds of *Westmoreland*, enjoyed a happiness as great as human nature is capable of, on this planet. Sensible to all the ties of social truth and honor, my partner and I lived in perfect felicity, on the products of our solitary farm. The amiable dispositions of her mind, chearfulness, good nature, discretion, and diligence, gave a perpetual dignity and lustre to the grace and loveliness of her person; and as I did all that love and fidelity could do, by practising every rule of caution, prudence, and justice, to prevent variance, soften cares, and preserve affection undiminished, the harmony of our state was unmixed and divine. Since the primitive institution of the relation, it never existed in a more delightful manner. Devoted to each other's heart, we desired no other happiness in this world, than

than to pass life away together in the solitude we were in. We lived, hoped, and feared but for each other; and made it our daily study to be what revealed religion prescribes, and the concurrent voice of nature requires, in the sacred tie. Do so likewise, ye mortals, who intend to marry, and ye may, like us, be happy. As the instincts and passions were wisely and kindly given us, to subserve many purposes of our present state, let them have their proper, subaltern share of action; but let reason ever have the sovereignty, (the divine law of reason and truth) and be, as it were, sail and wind to the vessel of life.

§. 4. Two years, almost, *Our manner of living at Orton-Lodge.* this fine scene lasted, and during that period, the business and diversions of our lone retreat appeared so various and pleasing, that it was not possible to think a hundred years so spent, in the least degree dull and tedious. Exclusive of books and gardening, and the improvement of the farm, we had, during the fine season, a thousand charming amusements on the mountains, and in the glens and vallies of that sweet silent place. Whole days we would spend in fishing, and dine in some cool grot by the water-side; or under an aged tree, on the margin of some beauti-

beautiful stream. We generally used the fly and rod ; but, if in haste, had recourse to one of the little water-falls, and, by fixing a net under one of them, would take a dozen or two of very large trouts, in a few minutes time.

By a little water-fall, I mean one of those that are formed by some small river, which tumbles there in various places, from rock to rock, about four feet each fall, and makes a most beautiful view from top to bottom of a fall. There are many of these falling waters among the vast mountains of *Westmoreland*. I have seen them likewise in the *Highlands* of *Scotland*.

Glencrow At *Glencrow*, half way be-
water-falls. tween *Dumbarton* and *Inverary*,
there are some very fine ones, and just by
them one *Campbell* keeps a poor inn.
There we were entertained with water and
whisky, oat-cakes, milk, butter, and trouts
he took by the net, at one of the little falls
of a river that descends a prodigious moun-
tain near his lone house, and forms, like
what we have at *Orton-Lodge*, a most beau-
tiful scene. Several happy days I passed
at this place, with a dear creature, who is
now a saint in heaven.

At

At other times we had the diversion of taking as much carp and tench as we pleased, in a large, standing, fenny water, that lies about two miles from the lodge, in a glen, and always found the fish of this water of an enormous size, three feet long, though the general length of fish of this species is eleven inches in our ponds: this vast bigness must be owing to the great age of these fish; I may suppose, at least, an hundred years; for it is certain, that in garden-ponds, which have, for experiment's sake, been left undisturbed for many years, the carp and tench have been found alive, and grown to a surprising bigness.

The great age and size of carp and tench, in a fenny water near Orton-Lodge.

A gentleman, my near relation, who lived to a very long age, put some fish of these species into a pond, the day that Colonel *Ewer*, at the head of seven other officers, presented to the Commons that fatal remonstrance, which in fact took off the head of *Charles*; that is, *November 20, 1648*; and in the year *1727*, seventy-nine years after, on his return to that seat, he found them all alive, and near two feet and a half in length. This demonstrates

The state of carp and tench put into a pond by a gentleman of my acquaintance.

strates that fish may live to a very great age. It likewise proves that they continue to grow till they are an hundred years old, and then they are the finest eating.

Another of our amusements, during the summer's bright day, was the pointer and gun, for the *black cock*, the *moor cock*, and the *cock of the wood*, which are in great plenty on those vast hills. *Charlotte* was fond of this sport, and would walk with me for hours, to see me knock down the game; till, late in the evening, we would wander over the fells, and then return to our clean, peaceful, little house, to sup as elegantly on our birds (1), as the great could do, and with a harmony and unmixed joy they are for

Description of the black cock. (1) The *black cock* is as large as our game cocks, and flies very swift and strong. The head and eyes are large, and round the eyes is a beautiful circle of red. The beak is strong, and black as the body; the legs robust and red. It is very high eating; more so than any native in *England* except the fen-ortolan; but in one particular it exceeds the fen birds, for it has two tastes; it being brown and white meat: under a lay of brown is a lay of white meat; both delicious: the brown is higher than the black moor cock, and the white much richer than the pheasant.

The moor-cock. The *moor cock* is likewise very rare, but is to be had sometimes in *London*, as the sportsmen meet with it now and then on the hilly heaths, not very far from town; particularly

for ever strangers to." After supper, over some little nectared-bowl, we sweetly chatted, till it was bed-time; or I played on my flute, and *Charlotte* divinely sung. It was a happy life; all the riches and honours of the world cannot produce such scenes of bliss as we experienced in a cottage, in the Wilds of *Westmoreland*. Even the winter, which is ever boisterous and extreme cold in that part of the world, was no severity to us. As we had most excellent provisions of every kind in abundance, and plenty of firing from the ancient woods, which cover many of those high hills; and two men servants, and two maids, to do whatever tended to being and to well-being, to supply our wants, and to complete our happiness;

on *Hindhead-beath*, in the way to *Portsmouth*. It is as large as a good *Darking* fowl, and the colour is a deep iron-grey. Its eyes are large and fine as the black cock's; but, instead of the red circle round them, it has bright and beautiful scarlet eye-brows.

The cock of the wood, (as unknown in *London* as the black cock) is almost as large as a turkey, but flies well. The back is a mixture of black, grey, and a reddish brown; the belly grey, and the breast a pale brown, with transverse lines of black, and a little white at the tips of the feathers. It has a large round head, of the purest black, and over its fine hazle eyes, there is a naked space, that looks like an eye-brow of bright scarlet. It is delicious eating, but far inferior to the black cock.

pinets ; this softened the hard rough scene, and the roaring waters, and the howling winds, appeared pleasing sounds. In short, every season, and all our hours, were quite charming, and full of delight. Good *Tom Fleming*, our friend, did likewise enhance our felicity, by coming once or twice a week to see us, and staying sometimes two or three days. In the summer time we also went now and then to visit him ; and, if one was inclined to melancholy, yet it was impossible to be dull while he was by ; his humour, and his songs, over a bowl of punch, were enough to charm the most splenetic, and make even rancour throw its face into smiles.

*The death of
Charlotte,
my friend
Tom Flem-
ing, and
others. 1727.
ætat. 24.*

§. 5. Two years, as I have said, this fine scene lasted ; and during that soft, transporting period, I was the happiest man on earth. But in came *Death*, when we least expected him, snatched my charming partner from me, and melted all my happiness into air, into thin air. A fever, in a few days, snapt off the thread of her life, and made me the child of affliction, when I had not a thought of the mourner. Language cannot paint the distress this calamity reduced me to ; nor give an idea of what I suffered, when

when I saw her eyes swimming in death, and the throws of her departing spirit. Blest as she was, in the exercise of every virtue that adorns a woman, how inconsolable must her husband be ! and to add to my distress, by the same fever fell my friend *Tom Fleming*, who came the day before my wife sickened to see us. One of my lads likewise died, and the two servant maids. They all lay dead around me, and I sat like one inanimate by the *corps* of *Charlotte*, till *Fryer Fleming*, (the brother of *Tom*,) brought coffins and buried them all. Thus did felicity vanish from my sight, and I remained like a traveller in *Greenland*, who had lost the sun.

§. 6. O eloquent, just, and mighty death ! (says *Raleigh*) *A reflection on death.*

It is thou alone puts wisdom into the human heart, and suddenly makes man to know himself. It is *death* that makes the *conqueror* ashamed of his fame, and wish he had rather stolen out of the world, than purchased the report of his actions, by rapine, oppression, and cruelty ; by giving in spoil the innocent and labouring soul to the idle and insolent ; by emptying the cities of the world of their ancient inhabitants, and filling them again with so many, and so variable sorts of sorrows. It is *death* tells

tells the *proud* and *insolent*, that they are but *abjects*, and humbles them at the instant ; makes them cry, complain, and repent ; yea, even to hate their former happiness. It is *death* takes the account of the *rich*, and proves him a *beggar*, a naked beggar, which hath interest in nothing but the gravel which fills his mouth. It is *death* holds a glass before the eyes of the most *beautiful*, and makes them see therein their *deformity* and *rottenness*, and they acknowledge it.

Whom none could advise, thou hast persuaded : what none have dared, thou hast done : and whom all the world hath flattered, thou only hast cast out of the world, and despised. Thou hast drawn together all the far-stretched greatness, all the pride, cruelty, and ambition, of man ; all the powerful charms of beauty ; and covered it all over with these two narrow words, *Hic jacet*.

Nor is this all, *mighty death* ! It is thou that ledest to the resurrection of the dead ; the dissolution of the world ; the judgment day ; and the eternal state of men. It is thou that finishes the trial of men, and seals their characters, for happiness or misery for ever.

Be thou then, *death*, our morning and evening meditation: let us learn from thee the vanity of all human things; and that it is the most amazing folly to melt away time, and misapply talents, as the generality of reasonable beings do: that we were not made men, thinking, rational beings, capable of the noblest contemplations, to spend all our thoughts and time in sense and pleasure, in dressing, feeding, and sporting; or, in purchases, building, and planting; but to prepare for a *dying hour*; that, when at the call of God, we go out of the body, *not knowing whither we go*, we may, like *Abraham*, travel by faith, and trust to the conduct of the Lord of all countries. Since we must die, and thy power, O *death*, we see, is uncontrollable: since to the dust we must return, and take our trial at the bar of Almighty God, as *intelligent and free agents*; (for *under moral government*, and God is a perfectly wise and righteous governor, the *wickedness of the wicked will be upon him*, and the *righteousness of the righteous will be upon him*;)—since we must be numbered with the *dead*, and our *circumstances and condition* indicate a *future judgment*, surely we ought to remove our chief concern from this world to the other, and transfer our principal regard to the immortal

tal spirit; that in the *hour of agony*, a *virtuous mind*, *purity of conscience*, and *good actions*, may procure us the favour of God, and the guidance of his good spirit to the mansions of the blessed, where new pleasures are for ever springing up, and the happiness of the heavenly inhabitants is perpetually increasing. This is the one thing needful. *Death* demonstrates, that this world of darkness and error, changes and chances, is not worth fixing our heart on. To secure our passage into the regions of perfect and eternal day, should be the employment of immortal mortals.

§. 7. Thus did I reflect as I sat among the *dead*, with my eyes fastened on the breathless corps of *Charlotte*, and I wished, if it was possible, to have leave to depart, and in the hospitable grave lie down from toil and pain, to take my last repose; for I knew not what to do, nor where to go. I was not qualified for the world; nor had I a friend, or even an acquaintance in it, that I knew where to find. But in vain I prayed; it was otherwise decreed: I must go on, or continue a solitary in the wild I was in. The latter it was not possible for me to do, in the state of mind I was in; overwhelmed with sorrow, and without a companion of any kind; and therefore, I must of necessity

cessity go to some other place. I sold all the living things I had to Fryar *Fleming*, and locked up my doors. My furniture, linen, clothes, books, liquors, and some salt provisions, instruments of various kinds, and such like things, I left in their several places. There was no one to take them, or probability that any one would come there to disturb them; and perhaps, some time or other, the fates might bring me back again to the lone place. Though it was then a desolate, silent habitation, a striking memento of the vanity and precarious existence of all human good things; yet it was possible, that hearty friendship, festivity, and social life, might once more be seen there. The force and operation of casualties did wonders every day, and time might give me even a relish for the solitude in a few years more. Thus did I settle affairs in that remote place; and, taking leave of my friend the fryar with my lad *O Finn*, rode off.

S E C T. II.

Collect thy powers divine, and then drive off
 That *evil thing* call'd *fear*, that *slavish fiend*.
 Let *hope*, let *joy*, thy *bosom inmates* be,
 Through life still cherish'd, and in death held fast.
 A gracious God, loud-speaking to thy heart,
 Through all his works, this truth inculcates still,
 Nature's thy nurse, and providence thy friend.
 Integrity, with *fearless* heart, ride on:
 Undaunted tread the various path through life.

Day Thoughts.

August 4.

1727.

*The author's
 departure
 from Orton-
 Lodge, to
 try his for-
 tune once
 more.*

§. I. **T**HE sun was rising, when we mounted our horses, and I again went out to try my fortune in the world; not like the Chevalier of *La Mancha*, in hopes of conquering a kingdom, or marrying some great Princess; but to see if I could find another good country girl for a wife, and get a little more money; as they were the only two things united, that could secure me from melancholy, and confer real happiness. To this purpose, as the day was extremely fine, and *Finn* had something cold, and a couple of bottles at the end of his wallet, I gave my horse the rein, and let him

him take what way his fancy chose. For some time, he gently trotted the path he had often gone, and over many a mountain made his road: but at last, he brought me to a place I was quite a stranger to, and made a full stop at a deep and rapid water, which ran by the bottom of a very high hill I had not been up before. Over this river I made him go, though it was far from being safe, and in an hour's ride from that flood, came to a fine rural scene.

§. 2. It was pasture-ground, of a large extent, and in many places covered with groves of trees, of various kinds; walnuts, chesnuts, and oaks; the poplar, the plane-tree, the mulberry, and maple. There was likewise the *Phœnician* cedar, the *larix*, the large-leaved laurel, and the *cytissus* of *Virgil*. In the middle of this place were the ruins of an old seat, over-run with shrubby plants; the *Virginia* creeper, the box-thorn, the jessamine, the honey-suckle, the periwinkle, the birdweed, the ivy, and the climber; and near the door was a flowing spring of water, which formed a beautiful stream, and babbled to the river we came from. Charming scene! so silent, sweet,

A delightful spot of earth among the fells of Westmoreland.

and pretty, that I was highly pleased with the discovery.

§. 3. On the margin of the brook, under a mulberry tree, I dined, on something which *Finn* produced from his wallet, tongue and ham, and potted *black cock*; and having drank a pint of cyder, set out again, to try what land lay right onwards. In an hour, we came to a large and dangerous watery moor, which we crossed over with great difficulty, and then arrived at a range of mountains, through which there was a narrow pass, wet and stony, a long and tedious ride, which ended on the border of a fine country: at four in the afternoon, we arrived on the confines of a plain, about a hundred acres, which was strewed with various flowers of the earth's natural produce, that rendered the glebe delightful to behold, and was surrounded with groves. The place had all the charms that verdure, forest, and vale, can give a country. In the centre of this ground was a handsome square building, and behind it a large and beautiful garden, which had a low, thick, holly-hedge, that encompassed it. As the door of this house was not locked, but opened by a silver spring turner,

er, I went in, and found it was one fine spacious room, filled on every side with books, bound in an extraordinary manner. Globes, telescopes, and other instruments of various kinds, were placed on stands, and there were two fine writing-tables, one at each end of the library, which had paper, ink, and pens. In the middle of the room there was a reading-desk, which had a short inscription, and on it leaned the skeleton of a man. The legend said, — *This skeleton was once Charles Henley, Esq;*

Amazed I stood, looking on these things, and wondered much at the figure of the bones, tack'd together with wires; once, to be sure, the master of this grand collection of books and manuscripts, and this fine room, so sweetly situated in the centre of distant groves: this skeleton had a striking effect on my mind; and the more so, as it held a scroll of parchment, on which was beautifully written in the *court-hand*, (to appear more remarkable, I suppose) the following lines:

“ Fellow-mortal, whoever thou art, whom the fates shall conduct into this chamber, remember, that before many years are passed, thou must be laid in the bed of corruption, in the dark caverns

of death, among the lifeless dust, and rotten bones of others, and from the grave proceed to the general resurrection of all. To new life and vigour thou wilt most certainly be raised, to be brought to a great account. Naked and defenceless thou must stand before the awful tribunal of the great God, and from him receive a final sentence, which shall determine and fix thee in an eternal state of happiness or misery.

What an alarm should this be! Ponder, my fellow-mortal, and remember, God now commandeth men every where to repent, because he hath appointed a day, in which he will judge the world in righteousness, by that man, whom he hath ordained; whereof he hath given assurance unto all men, in that he hath raised him from the dead. — *Judge the world! — judgment!* — the very sound is solemn. Should it not deaden some part, at least, of your concern for things temporal, and quicken your care and industry for the future life; — ought it not to make us condemn, before the dying hour, our vanity, and devotedness to bodily things, and make us employ the greatest part of our time in the acquisition of wisdom, and an improvement in virtue, that when we appear at the sessions of righteousness, a sacred knowledge, a heavenly piety,

piety, and an angelic goodness, may secure us from eternal punishment, and entitle us to a glorious eternity? Since a future judgment is most certainly the case, and the consequence eternal damnation or salvation, how contemptible a thing is a long busy life, spent in raking through the mire of trade and business, in pursuit of riches and a large estate; or in sweating up the steep hill of ambition, after fame and ambition; or in living and dressing as if we were *all body*, and sent into time for no other purpose, than to adorn like idols, gratify like brutes, and waste life in sensuality and vanity:—how contemptible and unreasonable is this kind of existence for beings, who were created to no other end, than to be partakers of a divine life with God, and sing hallelujahs to all eternity; to separate the creature from error, fiction, impurity, and corruption, and acquire that purity and holiness, which alone can see God. Away then with a *worldly heart*: away with all those follies, which engage us like fools and madmen; and let the principal thing be, to follow the steps of our great master, by patience and resignation, by a charity and contempt of the world; and by keeping a conscience void of offence, amidst the changes and chances of this mortal life; that at *his se-*

cond coming, to judge the world, we may be found *acceptable* in his sight.

11. What a scene must this second coming be ! I saw, (says an apostle) a great white throne, and him that sat on it ; from whose face the earth and the heavens fled away, and there was no place found for them ; and I saw the dead small and great stand before God ; and the books were opened, and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books : and the sea gave up her dead, and death and hell delivered up their dead which were in them, and they were judged every man, according to their works. The *secret wickedness* of men will be brought to light ; and *concealed piety* and *persecuted virtue* be acknowledged and honoured. While innocence and piety are set at the right hand of the judge, and the righteous shall shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their father for ever and ever, shame and confusion must sit upon the faces of the sinner and the ungodly. *Damnation* will stand before the brethren in iniquity, and when the intolerable sentence is executed, what inexpressible agonies will they fall into ? what amazement and excesses of horror must seize upon them ?

Ponder

Ponder then, in time, fellow-mortal, and chuse to be good, rather than to be great: prefer your baptismal vows to the pomps and vanities of this world; and value the secret whispers of a good conscience more than the noise of popular applause.

Since you must appear before the judgment-seat of Christ; that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad, let it be your work, from morning till night, to keep Jesus in your hearts; and long for nothing, desire nothing, hope for nothing, but to have all that is within you changed into the spirit and temper of the *holy Jesus*. Wherever you go, whatever you do, do all in imitation of his temper and inclination; and look upon all as nothing, but that which exercises and increases the spirit and life of Christ in your souls. — Let this be your Christianity, your church, and your religion, and the judgment-day will be a charming scene. If in this world, the will of the creature, as an offspring of the divine will, *wills* and *works* with the *will* of *God*, and labours, without ceasing, to come as near as mortals can, to the purity and perfection of the divine nature; then will the *day of the Lord* be a day of great joy,

C 5

and

and with unutterable pleasure you shall hear that tremendous voice: *Awake, ye dead, and come to judgment.* In transports, and full of honour and glory, the wise and righteous, will hear the happy sentence, *Come, ye blessed of my father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."*

This, and the skeleton, astonished me not a little; and my wonder at the whole increased, as I could find no human creature living, nor discover any house or cottage for an inhabitant. This I thought exceeded all the strange things I had seen in this wonderful country. But perhaps, (it occurred at last,) there might be a mansion in the woods before me, or somewhere in the groves on either side; and therefore, leaving the library, after I had spent an hour in it, I walked onwards, and came to a wood, which had private walks cut through it, and strewed with sand. They shewed only light enough to distinguish the blaze of day from evening shade, and had seats dispersed, to sit and listen to the chorus of the birds, which added to the pleasures of the soft silent place. For about three hundred yards the walk I was in extended, and then terminated in meadows, which formed an oval of twenty acres,

acres, furrounded by groves, like the large plain I came from. Exactly in the middle of these fields, part of which were turned into gardens, there stood a very handsome stone house, and not far from the door of it, a fountain played. On either side of the water was a garden-chair, of a very extraordinary make, curious and beautiful; and each of them stood under an ever-green oak, the broad-leaved Ilex, a charming shade.

§. 4. In one of these chairs sat an ancient gentleman, a venerable man, whose hair was white as silver, and his countenance had dignity and goodness. His dress and manner shewed him to be a person of fortune and distinction, and by a servant in waiting, it appeared, he was Lord of the seigneurie I was arrived at. He was tall and graceful, and had not the least stoop, tho' he wanted but a year of an hundred. I could not but admire the fine old gentleman.

*A description
of John Hen-
ley, Esq;*

§. 5. On the same chair, next to him, sat a young Lady, who was at this time just turned of twenty, and had such

*Description
of Statia
Henley, the
grand-
daughter of
diffusive*

John Hen- diffusive charms as soon new
 ley, *Esq*; fired my heart, and gave my
 soul a softness even beyond
 what it had felt before. She was a little
 taller than the middle size, and had a face
 that was perfectly beautiful. Her eyes
 were extremely fine; full, black, spark-
 ling; and her conversation was as charming
 as her person; both easy, unconstrained,
 and sprightly.

*A conversa-
 tion between
 John Hen-
 ley, Esq; and
 the author.*

§. 6. When I came near
 two such personages, I bowed
 low to the ground, and asked
 pardon for intruding into their
 fine retirement. But the stars
 had led me, a wanderer, to
 this delightful solitude, without the least
 idea of there being such a place in our
 island, and as their malignant rays had
 forced me to offend, without intending it,
 I hoped they would pardon my breaking
 in upon them.

To this the old Gentleman replied, You
 have not offended, Sir, I assure you, but
 are welcome to the *Groves of Basil*. It
 gives me pleasure to see you here; for it is
 very seldom we are favoured with any one's
 company. It is hard to discover or make
 out a road to this place, as we are sur-
 rounded

rounded almost by impassable mountains, and a very dangerous morafs: Nor can I conceive how you found the way here without a guide, or ventured to travel this country, as there are no towns in this part of the country. There must be something very extraordinary in your case, and as you mentioned your being a wanderer, I should be glad to hear the cause of your journeying in this uninhabited region. But first (Mr. *Henley* said) as it is now near eight at night, and you must want refreshment, having met with no inn the whole day, we will go in to supper. He then arose, and brought me to an elegant parlour, where a table was soon covered with the best cold things, and we immediately sat down. Every eatable was excellent, and the wine and other liquors in perfection. Miss *Henley* sat at the head of the table, her grandfather over-against her, and placed me at her right-hand between them both. The young lady behaved in a very easy genteel manner; and the old gentleman, with freedom, chearfulness, and good manners. 'Till nine this scene lasted, and then Mr. *Henley* again requested I would oblige him with an account of my travels in that part of the world. This I said I would do in the best manner I could; and while he leaned back in his easy chair, and the beautiful

ful *Statia* fastened her glorious eyes upon me, I went on in the following words.

A summary of the author's history, from the beginning of his 17th year till his arrival at the Groves of Basil in 1727, in the 25th year of his age.

§. 7. I am an Englishman, Sir, but have passed the greatest part of my life in *Ireland*, and from the western extremity of it I came. My father is one of the rich men in that kingdom, and was, for many years, the tenderest and most generous parent that ever son was blessed with. He spared no cost on my education, and gave me leave to draw upon him, while I resided in the university of *Dublin* five years, for what I pleased. Extravagant as I was in several articles, he never set any bounds to my demands, nor asked me what I did with the large sums I had yearly from him. My happiness was his felicity, and the glory of his life to have me appear to the greatest advantage, and in the most respected character, that money can gain a man.

But at last, he married his servant-maid, an artful cruel woman, who obtained by her wit and charms so great an ascendant over him, that he abandoned me, to raise a young nephew this stepmother had, to

what splendor and power she pleased. He had every thing he could name that money could procure; and was absolute master of the house and land. Not a shilling at this time could I get, nor obtain the least thing I asked for; and because I refused to become preceptor to this young man, and had made some alteration in my religion, (having renounced that creed, which was composed, nobody knows by whom, and introduced into the church in the darkest ages of popish ignorance; a symbol, which strongly participates of the true nature and spirit of popery, in those severe denunciations of God's wrath, which it pours so plentifully forth against all those whose heads are not turned to believe it), my father was so enraged that he would not even admit me to his table any longer, but bid me be gone. My mother-in-law likewise for ever abused me, and her nephew, the lad, insulted me when I came in his way.

Being thus compelled to withdraw, I set sail for *England* as soon as it was in my power, and arrived in *Cumberland* by the force of a storm. I proceeded from thence to the mountains of *Stanemore*, to look for a gentleman, my friend, who lived among those hills; and as I journeyed over them, and missed him, I chanced to meet with a
fine

fine northern girl, and a habitation to my purpose. I married her, and for almost two years past was the happiest of the human race, till the sable curtain fell between us, and the angel of death translated her glorious soul to the fields of paradise. Not able to bear the place of our residence, after I had lost my heart's fond idol, I left the charming spot and mansion, where unmixed felicity had been for some time my portion, and I was travelling on towards *London*, to see what is ordained there in reserve for me; when by accident I lost my way, and the fates conducted me to the *Groves of Basil*. Curiosity led me into the library I found in the plain, without this wood, from whence, in search for some human creatures, I proceeded to the fountain, where I had the pleasure of seeing you, Sir, and this young lady. This is a summary of my past life; what is before me heaven only knows. My fortune I trust with the Preserver of men, and the Father of spirits. One thing I am certain of by observation, few as the days of the years of my pilgrimage have been, that the emptiness and unsatisfying nature of this world's enjoyments, are enough to prevent my having any fondness to stay in this region of darkness and sorrow. I shall never leap over the bars of life, let
what

what will happen: but the sooner I have leave to depart, I shall think it the better for me.

§. 8. The old gentleman seemed surprized at my story, and after some moments silence, when I had done, he said, Your measure, Sir, is hard, and as it was, in part, for declaring against a false religion at your years, you please me so much, that if you will give me leave, I will be your friend, and as a subaltern providence, recompence your loss as to fortune in this world. In what manner you shall know to-morrow, when we breakfast at eight. It is now time to finish our bottle, that we may, according to our custom, betimes retire.

The old gentleman's reply to the story.

§. 9. At the time appointed I met the old gentleman in the parlour, and just as we had done saluting each other, *Statia* entered, bright and charming as *Aurora*. She was in a rich dress, and her bright victorious eyes flashed a celestial fire. She made our tea, and gave me some of her coffee. She asked me a few civil questions, and said two or three good things on

The history of Ch. Henley, Esq; and his beautiful daughter Statia.

on the beauties of the morning, and the charms of the country. She left us the moment we had done breakfast, and then the old gentleman addressed himself to me in the following words.

I do not forget the promise I made you, but must first relate the history of my family. I do it with the more pleasure, as I find you are of our religion, and I cannot help having a regard for you, on your daring to throw up a fortune for truth; for bravely daring to renounce those systems, which have an *outward orthodox roundness* given to them by their eloquent defenders, and *within* are *mere corruption and apostacy*.

The *skeleton* you saw in the library was once my son, *Charles Henley*, a most extraordinary man. He had great abilities, and understood every thing a mortal is capable of knowing, of things human and divine.—When he was in his nineteenth year, I took him to *France* and other countries, to see the world, and, on our return to *England*, married him into a noble family, to a very valuable young woman, of a large fortune, and by her he had the young lady you saw sitting on the chair near the table by me. This son I
lost,

lost, three years after his marriage, and with him all relish for the world: and being naturally inclined to retirement and a speculative life, never stirred since from this country-house. Here my son devoted himself entirely to study, and amused himself with instructing his beloved *Statia*, the young lady you have seen. At his death he consigned her to my care; and as her understanding is very great, and her disposition sweet and charming, I have not only taken great pains in educating her, but have been delighted with my employment. Young as she is, but in the second month of her one Aug. 14. and twentieth year, she not 1727. only knows more than women of distinction generally do, but would be the admiration of learned men, if her knowledge in languages, mathematics, and philosophy, were known to them: and as her father taught her music and painting, perhaps there is not a young woman of finer accomplishments in the kingdom.

Her father died towards the end of the year 1723, in the 39th. year of his age, when she was not quite sixteen, and, by his will, left her ten thousand pounds, and *Basil-House* and estate; but she is not to inherit it, or marry, till she is two and twenty.

twenty. This was her father's will. As to the *skeleton* in the library, it was my son's express order it should be so, and that the figure should not be removed from the place it stands in, while the library remained in that room; but continue a solemn memorial in his family, to perpetuate his memory, and be a *memento mori* to the living.

Old Mr.
Henley offers
me his grand-
daughter in
marriage.

§. 10. This is the history of *Basil Groves*, and the late owner of this seat, and his daughter *Statia*. We live a happy, religious life here, and enjoy every blessing that can be desired in this lower hemisphere. But as I am not very far from a hundred years, having passed that *ninety-two* which Sir *William Temple* says, he never knew any one he was acquainted with arrive at, I must be on the brink of the grave, and expect every day to drop into it. What may become of *Statia*, then, gives me some trouble to think; as all her relations, except myself, are in the other world. To spend her life here in this solitude, as seems to be her inclination, is not proper; and to go into the world by herself, when I am dead, without knowing any mortal in it, may involve her in troubles and distresses.

Hear

Hear then, my son, what I propose to you. You are a young man, but serious. You have got some wisdom in the school of affliction, and you have no aversion to matrimony, as you have just buried, you say, a glorious woman, your wife. If you will stay with us here, till *Statia* is two and twenty, and in that time render yourself agreeable to her, I promise you, she shall be yours the day she enters the three and twentieth year of her age, and you shall have with her fortune all that I am owner of, which is no small sum. What do you say to this proposal?

§. 11. Sir, I replied, you do me vast honour, much *My reply.* more I am sure than my merits can pretend to. I am infinitely obliged to you, and must be blind and insensible, if I refused such a woman as Miss *Henley*, were she far from being the fortune she is: But I have not vanity enough to imagine, I can gain her affections; especially in my circumstances; and to get her by your authority, or power of disposing of her, is what I cannot think of. I will stay however, a few months here, since you so generously invite me, and let Miss *Henley* know, I will be her humble servant, if she will allow me the honour
of

of bearing that title. This made the old gentleman laugh, and he took me by the hand, saying, This is right. Come, let us go and take a walk before dinner.

§. 12. There I passed the winter, and part of the spring, and lived in a delightful manner. The mornings I generally spent in the library, reading, or writing extracts from some curious MSS. or scarce

*My residence
at Basil
Groves for
seven months,
and manner
of living.*

books; and in the afternoons Miss *Henley* and I walked in the lawns and woods, or sat down to cards. She was a fine creature indeed in body and soul, had a beautiful understanding, and charmed me to a high degree. Her conversation was rational and easy, without the least affectation from the books she had read; and she would enliven it sometimes by singing, in which kind of music she was as great a mistress as I have heard. As to her heart, I found it was to be gained; but an accident happened that put a stop to the amour.

*The death of
old Mr. Hen-
ley, and Sta-
tia's beha-
viour there-
upon.*

§. 13. In the beginning of March, the old gentleman, the excellent Mr. *Henley*, *Statia's* grandfather and guardian, and my great friend, died, and by
his

his death a great alteration ensued in my affair. I thought to have had Miss *Henley* immediately, as there was no one to plead her father's will against the marriage, and intended to send *O Finn* for Fryar *Fleming*; but when *Statia* saw herself her own mistress, without any superior, or controul, and in possession of large fortunes, money, and an estate, that she might do as she pleased; this had an effect on her mind, and made a change. She told me, when I addressed myself to her, after her grandfather was interred, that what she intended to do, in obedience to him, had he lived, she thought required very serious consideration now she was left to herself: That, exclusive of this, her inclination really was for a single life; and had it been otherwise, yet it was not proper, since her guardian was dead, that I should live with her till the time limited by her father's will for her to marry was come; but that, as she had too good an opinion of me, to imagine her fortune was what chiefly urged my application, and must own she had a regard for me, she would be glad to hear from me sometimes, if I could think her worth remembering, after I had left the *Groves of Basil*. This she said with great seriousness, and seemed by her manner to forbid my urging the thing any further.

My reply to Miss Henley; being an apology for matrimony, as it is by the gospel made a memorial of the covenant of grace.

§. 14. I assured her, however, that time only could wear out her charming image from my mind, and that I had reason to fear, she would long remain the torment of my heart. She had a right to be sure to dismiss me from her service; but in respect of her inclination to live a single life, I begged leave to observe, that it was certainly quite wrong, and what she could not answer to the wise and bountiful Father of the Universe, as she was a Christian, and by being so, must believe, that *baptism* was a *memorial* of the *covenant of grace*.

The *Catholics* and the *Vision-mongers* of the protestant side, (the Rev. Mr. *Wm. Law*, and others of his row) may magnify the excellence of *celibacy* as high as they please, and work it into Christian perfection, by founding words and eloquent pens; but most surely, *revelation* was directly against them, and required the *faithful* to produce in a regular way.

Consider, illustrious *Statia*, that when the Most High gave the *Abrahamic covenant* in these words, *I will be a God unto thee, and to thy seed after thee, and in thy seed shall all the families, or nations of the earth*

earth be blessed; which includes an interest in God, as a God, father and friend for ever, and a share in all the blessings wherewith the *Messiah*, in the gospel, hath enriched the world; these inestimable blessings and promises of life and favour, were designed by the divine munificence for rising generations of mankind; and it was most certainly intended, not only that they should be received with the highest gratitude and duty, but that they should be strongly inculcated upon the thoughts of succeeding generations, by an instituted sign or memorial, to the end of the world.

Circumcision was the first appointed token or memorial, and at the same time, an instruction in that moral rectitude to which the grace of God obliges: and when the New Testament succeeded the Law, then was the *covenant interest of infants*, or their right to the *covenant of grace*, to be confirmed by the token or sign called *baptism*; that action being appointed to give the expected rising generation an interest in the love of God, the grace of Christ, and the fellowship of the Holy Spirit, that is, in all covenant blessings. But what becomes of this great charter of heaven, if Christian women, out of an idle notion of perfection, will resolve to lead single lives, and thereby hinder rising generations from

VOL. III. D sharing

sharing in the honours and privileges of the church of Jesus Christ. Millions of the faithful must thereby be deprived of the token instituted by God to convey to them those covenant blessings, which his love and goodness designed for the rising generations of his people. Have a care then what you do, illustrious *Statia*, in this particular. It must be a great crime to hinder the regular propagation of a species, which God hath declared to be under his particular inspection and blessing, and by circumcision and baptism, hath made the special object of divine attention and care. Away then with all thoughts of a virgin life, whatever becomes of me. As God hath appointed matrimony and baptism, let it be your pious endeavour to bear sons and daughters, that may be related to God, their Father; to Jesus, their Redeemer, and first born in the family; and to all the excellent, who are to enjoy, through him, the blessings of the glorious world above. Marry, then, illustrious *Statia*, marry, and let the blessing of *Abraham* come upon us gentiles. Oppose not the gospel covenant; that covenant which was made with that patriarch; but mind the comfortable promises; *I will circumcise thy heart, and the heart of thy seed. I will pour out my spirit upon thy seed, and my blessing upon thine offspring. The seed of the righteous is blessed.*

ed. *They are the seed of the blessed of the Lord, and their offspring with them.* Such is the magna charta of our existence and future happiness; and as infants descending from *Abraham*, in the line of election, to the end of the world, have as good a right and claim as we to the blessings of this covenant, and immense promise, *I will be a God unto thee, and to thy seed after thee, in their generations*; it must be a great crime, to deprive children of this intailed, heavenly inheritance, by our resolving to live in a state of virginity. In my opinion, it is a sin greater than murder. What is murder, but forcing one from his post against the will of providence; and if the virgin hinders a being or beings from coming on the post, against the will of providence, must she not be culpable; and must she not be doubly criminal, if the being or beings she hinders from coming on the stage, or into this first state, were to be a part of the *perpetual generations*, who have a right to the inheritance, the blessing, and were to be heirs according to the promise made to *Abraham*? Ponder, illustrious *Statia*, on the important point. Consider what it is to die a maid, when you may, in a regular way, produce heirs to that inestimable blessing of life and favour, which the munificence of the Most

D 2

High

High was pleased freely to bestow, and which the great Christian mediator, agent, and negociator, republished, confirmed, and sealed with his blood. Marry then in regard to the gospel, and let it be the fine employment of your life, to open gradually the treasures of revelation to the understandings of the little Christians you produce.

This I am sure your holy religion requires from you: and if from the sacred oracles we turn to the book of nature, is it not in this volume written, that there must be a malignity in the hearts of those mortals, who can remain unconcerned at the destruction and extirpation of the rest of mankind; and who want even so much good will as is requisite to propagate a creature, (in a regular and hallowed way) tho' they received their own *being* from the mere benevolence of their divine Master? What do you say, illustrious *Statia*? Shall it be a *succession*, as you are an upright Christian? And may I hope to have the high honour of sharing in the mutual satisfaction that must attend the discharge of so momentous a duty? (2)

§. 15.

Of celibacy and marriage.

(2) If *succession* be the main thing, and to prevent the extirpation of the rest

§. 15. All the smiles sat on the face of *Statia*, while I was haranguing in this devout manner, and her countenance became a constellation of wonders. When

*Miss Hen-
ley's answer.*

I

rest of mankind by *junction*, why may it not be carried on as well without marriage, as in that confined way? I answer, that as the author and founder of marriage, was the *Ancient of Days*, God himself, and at the creation he appointed the *institution*: as *Christ*, who was vested with authority to abrogate any laws, or supersede any custom, in which were found any flaw or obliquity, or had not an intrinsic goodness and rectitude in them, confirmed the *ordinance*, by reforming the abuses that had crept into it, and restoring it to its original boundary: as he gave a *sanction* to this amicable covenant, and statuted that men should maintain the dignity of the conjugal state, and by virtue of this primordial and most intimate bond of society, convey down the race of mankind, and maintain its succession to the final dissolution; it is not therefore to be neglected or disregarded. We must not dare to follow our fancies, and in unhallowed mixtures, or an illegal method, have any posterity. As the great God appointed and blessed this institution only, for the continuance of mankind, the race is not to be preserved in another way. We must *marry in the Lord*, to promote his glory, as the *apostle* says, 1 Cor. vii. 39. The earth is not to be replenished by licentious junction, or the promiscuous use of women. Dreadful hereafter must be the case of all who slight an *institution of God*.

I am sensible, the libertine who depreciates and vilifies the dignity of the married state, will laugh at

I had done, this beauty said, I thank you, Sir, for the information you have given me. I am a Christian. There is no malignity in my heart. You have altered my

this assertion: The fop and debauchee will hiss it, and still do their best to render wedlock the subject of contempt and ridicule: The *Roman* clergy will likewise decry it, and injuriously treat it as an impediment to devotion, a cramp upon the spiritual serving of God, and call it an instrument of pollution and defilement, in respect of their heavenly *celibacy*.

But as God thought marriage was suitable to a paradisaical state, and the scriptures declare it *honourable in all*: as this is the way appointed by heaven to people the earth; and the *institution* is *necessary*, in the reason and nature of things, considering the circumstances in which mankind is placed; to prevent confusion, and promote the general happiness; as the bond of society, and the foundation of all human government; sure I am, the *rake* and the *mass-priest*, must be in a dreadful situation at the sessions of righteousness; when the one is charged with libertinism and gallantries, with madness and folly, and with all the evils and mischief they have done by illicit gratification, contrary to reason, and in direct opposition to the *institutes* of God;—and when the other, the miserable *mass-priests*, are called to an account, for vilifying the honour and dignity of the married state, and for striving to seduce mankind into the solitary retirements of celibacy, in violation of the laws of God; and more especially of the primary law or ordinance of heaven. *Wretched priests!* Your institutions are breaches in revealed religion, trespasses upon the common rights of nature, and such oppressive yokes as it is not able to bear. Your

celibacy

my way of thinking, and I now declare for a *succession*. — Let Father *Flemming* be sent for, and without waiting for my being two-and-twenty, or minding my father's will,

celibacy has not a grain of piety in it. It is *policy* and *impiety*.

Hear me then, ye *libertines* and *mass-priests*: I call upon you of the first row, ye *rakes of genius*, to consider what you are doing, and in time turn from your iniquities: Be no longer profligate and licentious, blind to your true interest and happiness, but become virtuous and honourable lovers, and in regard to the advantages of this *solemn institution*, called *wedlock*, as well to the general state of the world, as to individuals, *marry in the Lord*; so will you avoid that dreadful sentence, *Fornicators and adulterers God will judge*, that is, punish; and in this life, you may make things *very agreeable*, if you please; though it is in the heavenly world alone, where there shall be all joy and no sorrow. Let there be true beauty and gracefulness in the mind and manners, and these with discretion, and other things in your power, will furnish a fund of happiness commensurate with your lives. It is possible, I am sure, to make marriage productive of as much happiness as falls to our share in this lower hemisphere, as the nature of man can reach to in his present condition. For, as to joy flowing in with a full, constant, and equal tide, without interruption and without allay, there is no such thing. Human nature doth not admit of this. “The sum of the matter is this: To the public the advantages of marriage are certain, whether the parties will or no; but to the parties engaging, not so: to them it is a fountain that sendeth forth both sweet and bitter waters. To those who mind their duty and

will, as there's no one to oblige me to it, I will give you my hand. Charming news! I dispatched my lad for the Fryar. The priest arrived the next day, and at night we were married. Three days after, we set out for *Orton-Lodge*, at my wife's request, as she longed to see the place. For two years more I resided there; it being more agreeable to *Statia* than the improved *Groves of Basil*. We lived there in as much happiness as it is possible to have in this lower hemisphere, and much in the same manner as I did with *Charlotte* my first wife. *Statia* had all the good qualities and perfections which rendered *Charlotte* so dear and valuable to

and obligations *sweet ones*; to those who neglect them, *bitter ones*."

In the next place, ye *monks*, I would persuade you, if I could, to labour no longer in striving to cancel the obligations to marriage by the pretence of religion. The voice of heaven, and the whispers of sound and uncorrupted reason are against it. It is will-worship in opposition to revelation. It is such a presumption for a creature against the author of our nature, as must draw down uncommon wrath upon the head of every *mass-priest*, who does not repent their preaching such wicked doctrine. Indeed I do not know any part of popery that can be called christianity: but this in particular is so horrible and diabolical, that I can consider the preachers for celibacy in no other light than as so many *devils*. May you ponder in time on this horrible affair.

me;

me; like her she studied to increase the delights of every day, and by art, good humour, and love, rendered the married state such a system of joys as might incline one to wish it could last a thousand years: But it was too sublime and desirable to have a long existence here. *Statia* was taken ill, of the small-pox, the morning we intended to return to *Basil-Groves*; she died the 7th day, and I laid her by *Charlotte's* side. Thus did I become again a mourner. I sat with my eyes shut for three days: But at last, called for my horse, to try what air, exercise, and a variety of objects, could do.

SECTION III.

'Twas when the faithful herald of the day,
 The village-cock crows loud with trumpet shrill,
 The warbling lark soars high, and morning grey
 Lifts her glad forehead o'er the cloud-wrapt hill;
 Nature's wild music fills the vocal vale;
 The bleating flocks that bite the dewy ground;
 The lowing herds that graze the woodland dale,
 And cavern'd echo, swell the chearful sound.

April 1.
 1729, we
 leave Orton-
 Lodge again,
 and set out for
 Harrigate.
 Spaw. A
 description of
 the country
 we rid over.
 Etat. 27.

§. I. **V**ERY early, as
 soon as I could see
 day, the first of April, 1729,
 I left Orton-Lodge, and went to
 Basil-Groves, to order matters
 there. From thence I set out
 for Harrigate, to amuse myself
 in that agreeable place; but
 I did not go the way I came
 to Mr. Henley's house. To
 avoid the dangerous morass I had pass-
 ed, at the hazard of my life, we went over
 a wilder and more romantic country than
 I had before seen. We had higher moun-
 tains to ascend than I had ever passed be-
 fore; and some vallies so very deep to ride
 thro', that they seemed as it were descents
 to hell. The patriarch Bermudez, in jour-
 neying

neying over *Abyssinia*; never travelled in more frightful Glins*. And yet, we often came to plains and vales which had all the charms a paradise could have. Such is the nature of this country.

* *Relation de l'Ambassade, dediée a Don Sebastien, roy de Portugal.*

Through these scenes, an amazing mixture of the terrible and the beautiful, we proceeded from five in the morning till one in the afternoon, when we arrived at a vast water-fall, which descended from a precipice near two hundred yards high, into a deep lake, that emptied itself into a swallow fifty yards from the catadure or fall, and went I suppose to the abyfs. The land from this head-long river, for half a mile in length and breadth, till it ended at vast mountains again, was a fine piece of ground, beautifully flowered with various perennials, the acanthus, the aconus, the adonis or pheasant's eye, the purple biltorta, the blue borago, the yellow bupthalmum, the white cacalia, the blue campanula, and the sweet-smelling cassia, the pretty double daisy, the crimson dianthus, the white dictamnus, the red fruximella, and many other wild flowers. They make the green valley look charming; and as here and there stood two or three ever-

D. 6.

green

green trees, the cypress, the larix, the balm of *Gilead*, and the *Swedish* juniper, the whole spot has a fine and delightful effect. On my arrival here, I was at a loss which way to turn.

§. 2. I could not however be long in suspense how to proceed, as I saw near the water-fall a pretty thatched mansion, and several inhabitants in it. I found they were a religious society of married people, ten friars and their ten wives, who had agreed to retire to this still retreat, and form a holy house on the plan of the famous *Ivon*, the disciple of *Labadie*, so celebrated on account of his connection with Mrs. *Schurman*, and his many fanatical writings *. A book called the *Marriage Chretien*, written by this *Ivon*, was their directory, and from it they formed a protestant *La Trappe*; with this difference from the Catholic religious men, that the friars of the reformed monastery were to have wives in their convent; the better to enable them to obtain Christian perfection in the religious life. These Regulars, men and

The inhabitants of this fine valley, a society of married friars.

* See my second volume, where you will find a particular account of *Labadie* and *Ivon*.

and women, were a most industrious people, never idle, but between their hours of prayer always at work: the men were employed in a garden of ten acres, to provide vegetables and fruit, on which they chiefly lived; or in cutting down old trees, and fitting them for their fire: and the women were knitting, spinning, or twisting what they had spun into thread, which they sold for three shillings a pound: they were all together in a large, handsome room: they sat quite silent, kept their eyes on their work, and seemed more attentive to some inward meditations, than to any thing that appeared, or passed by them. They looked as if they were contented and happy. They were all extremely handsome, and quite clean: their linen fine and white; their gowns a black stuff. The women dined at one table, the men at another; but all sat in the same room. The whole house was in bed by ten, and up by four in the morning, winter and summer. What they said at their table I could not hear, as they spoke low and little, and were at a distance from me, in a large apartment: but the conversation of the men, at table, was very agreeable, rational and improving. I observed they had a great many children, and kept four women servants to attend

attend them, and do the work of the house. The whole pleased me very greatly. I thought it a happy institution.

§. 3. As to the marriage of the friars in this cloystral house, their founder, Ivon, in my opinion, was quite right in this notion. *Chaste junction*

*Some thoughts
on the institu-
tion of mar-
ried regulars.*

cannot have the least imperfection in it, as it is the appointment of God, and the inclination to a *coit* is so strongly impressed on the machine by the author of it; and since it is quite pure and perfect; since it was wisely intended as the only best expedient to keep man for ever innocent, it must certainly be much better for a *regular* or *retreating* priest, to have a lawful female companion with him; and so the woman, who chuses a convent, and dislikes the fashions of the world, to have her good and lawful monk every night in her arms; to love and procreate legally, when they have performed all the holy offices of the day; and then, from love and holy generation, return again to prayer, and all the heavenly duties of the cloystered life; than to live, against the institution of nature and providence, a *burning, tortured nun*, and a *burning, tortured friar*; locked up in walls they can never pass, and under the govern-

government of some old, cross, impotent superior. There is some sense in such a *marriage chretien* in a convent. *Ivon's* convent is well enough. A cloyster may do upon his plan, with the dear creature by one's side, after the daily labours of the *monk* are over. It had been better, if that *infallible* man, the *Pope*, had come into this scheme. How comfortable has *Ivon* made it to the human race, who renounce the dress and pageantry, and all the vanities of time. Their days are spent in piety and usefulness; and at night, after the *completorium*, they lie down together in the most heavenly charity, and according to the first great hail, endeavour to increase and multiply. This is a divine life. I am for a cloyster on these terms. It pleased me so much to see these *monks* march off with their smiling partners, after the last psalm, that I could not help wishing for a charmer there, that I might commence the *Married Regular*, and add to the stock of children in this holy house. It is really a fine thing to *monk* it on this plan. It is a divine institution: gentle and generous, useful and pious.

On the contrary, how *cruel* is the *Roman church*, to make *perfection* consist in *celibacy*, and cause so many millions of men
and

and women to live at an eternal distance from each other, without the least regard to the given points of contact! How unfriendly to society! This is abusing Christianity, and perverting it to the most pernicious purposes; under a pretence of raising piety, by giving more time and leisure for devotion. For it never can be pious, either in design or practice, to cancel any moral obligation, or to make void any command of God: and as to prayer, it may go along with every other duty, and be performed in every state. All states have their intermissions; and if it should be otherwise sometimes, I can then, while discharging any duty, or performing any office, pray as well in my heart, *O God be merciful to me a sinner, and bless me with the blessing of thy grace and providence*, as if I was prostrate before an altar. What *Martha* was reprov'd for, was on account of her being too solicitous about the things of this life. Where this is not the case, *business* and the *world* are far from being a hindrance to piety. God is as really glorified in the discharge of relative duties, as in the discharge of those which more immediately relate to himself. He is in truth more actively glorified by our discharging well the *relative duties*, and we thereby may become more *extensively useful* in the

the church and in the world, may be more *public blessings*, than it is possible to be in a *single pious* state. In short, this one thing, *celibacy*, (were there nothing else) the making the unmarried state a more holy state than marriage, shews the prodigious *nonsense* and *impiety* of the *Church of Rome*, and is reason enough to flee that communion, if we had no other reasons for protesting against it. The tenet is so superstitious and dangerous, that it may well be esteemed a doctrine of those *devils*, who are the seducers and destroyers of mankind: but it is (says *Wallace**) suitable to the views and designs of a church, which has discovered such an enormous ambition, and made such havock of the human race, in order to raise, establish, and preserve an usurped and tyrannical power.

* *Dissertation on the numbers of mankind.*

§. 4. But as to the *Married Regulars* I have mentioned, they were very glad to see me, and entertained me with great civility and goodness. I lived a week with them, and was not only well fed with vegetables and puddings on their lean days, Wednesdays and

A further account of the Married Regulars I met with among the fells of Westmoreland.

Fridays,

Fridays, and with plain meat, and good malt drink, on the other days; but was greatly delighted with their manner and piety, their sense and knowledge. I will give my pious readers a sample of their prayers, as I imagine it may be to edification. These friars officiate in their turns, changing every day; and the morning and evening prayers of one of them were in the words following. I took them off in my short-hand.

A Prayer for Morning.

ALMIGHTY and everlasting God, the creator and preserver of all things, our law-giver, saviour, and judge; we adore thee the author of our beings, and the father of our spirits. We present ourselves, our acknowledgments, and our homage, at the foot of thy throne, and yield thee the thanks of the most grateful hearts for all the instances of thy favour which we have experienced. We thank thee for ever, O Lord God Almighty, for all thy mercies and blessings vouchsafed us; for defending us the past night from evil, and for that kind provision which thou hast made for our comfortable subsistence in this world.

But

But above all, most glorious Eternal, adored be thy goodness, for repeating and reinforcing the laws and the religion of thy creation, by supernatural revelation, and for giving us that reason of mind, which unites us to thee, and makes us implore thy communications of righteousness, to create us again unto good works in Christ Jesus.

We confess, O Lord, that we have done violence to our principles, and alienated ourselves from the natural use we were fitted for: we have revolted from thee into a state of sin, and by the operation of sense and passion, have been moved to such practices as are exorbitant and irregular: but we are heartily sorry for all our misdoings: to thee in Christ we now make our address, and beseech thee to inform our understandings, and refine our spirits, that we may reform our lives by repentance, redeem our time by righteousness, and live as the glorious gospel of thy Son requires. Let the divine spirit assist and enable us to over-rule, conduct, and employ, the subordinate and inferior powers, in the exercise of virtue, and the service of our creator, and as far as the imperfections of our present state will admit, help us so to live by the measures and laws of
heaven,

heaven, that we may have the humility and meekness, the mortification and self-denial of the holy Jesus, his love of thee, his desire of doing thy will, and seeking only thy honour. Let us not come covered before thee under a *form* of godliness, a *cloak* of creeds, observances and institutions of religion; but with that *inward salvation* and *vital sanctity*, which renounces the spirit, wisdom, and honours of this world, dethrones self-love and pride, subdues sensuality and covetousness, and *opens a kingdom of heaven within* by the spirit of God. O let thy Christ be our Saviour in this world; and before we die, make us fit to live for ever with thee in the regions of purity and perfection.

Since it is the peculiar privilege of our nature, through thy mercy and goodness, that we are made for an eternal entertainment in those glorious mansions, where the blessed society of saints and angels shall keep an everlasting sabbath, and adore and glorify thee for ever, let thy inspiring spirit raise our apprehensions and desires above all things that are here below, and alienate our minds from the customs and principles of this mad, degenerate, and apostate world: mind us of the shortness and uncertainty of time, of the boundless du-
ration,

ration, and the vast importance of eternity; and so enable us to imitate the example of the holy Jesus in this world, that we may hereafter ascend, with the greatest ardour of divine love, to those realms of holiness, where our hearts will be filled with raptures of gladness and joy, and we shall remain in the highest glory for ever and ever.

We live, O Lord, in reconciliation and friendship, in love and good-will, with thy whole creation, with every thing that derives from thee, holds of thee, is owned by thee; and under the power of this affection, we pray for all mankind; that they may be partakers of all the blessings which we enjoy or want, and that we may all be happy in the world to come, and glorify thee together in eternity. To this end bring all the human race to the knowledge of thy glorious gospel, and let its influence transform them into the likeness of Christ.

But especially, we pray for all who suffer for truth and righteousness sake, and beseech thee to prosper those that love thee. Defend, O Lord, the just rights and liberties of mankind, and rescue thy religion from the corruptions which have been introduced

roduced upon it, by length of time, and by decay of piety. Infatuate the counsels, and frustrate the endeavours of the priests of *Rome*, and against all the designs of those, who are enemies to the purity of the gospel, and substitute human inventions in the place of revealed religion; prosper the pious labours of those who teach mankind to worship one, eternal, and omnipresent being; in whose understanding, there is the perfection of wisdom; in whose will, there is the perfection of goodness; in whose actions, there is the perfection of power; a God without cause, the great creator, benefactor, and saviour of men: — And that the duty of man is to obey, in thought, word, and deed, the precepts of godliness and righteousness, without regard to pleasure, gain, or honour; to pain, loss, or disgrace; diligently imitating the life of the holy Jesus, and stedfastly confiding in his mediation.

In the last place, O Lord God Almighty, we beseech thee to continue us under thy protection, guidance, and blessing this day, as the followers and disciples of thy Christ, through whom we recommend our souls and our bodies into thy hands, and according to the doctrine of his religion, say, Our Father, &c.

In

In this manner, did these pious *Ivonites* begin their every day; and when the sun was set, and they had finished their supper, they worshipped God again in these words.

A Prayer for Night.

MOST blessed, glorious, and holy Lord God Almighty, who art from everlasting to everlasting, God over all, magnified and adored for ever! we, thy unworthy creatures, humble our souls in thy presence, and confess ourselves miserable sinners. We acknowledge our mis-carriages and faults, and condemn ourselves for having done amiss. We deprecate thy just offence and displeasure. We cry thee mercy. We ask thee pardon: and as we are quite sensible of our weakness and inability, and know thou lovest the souls of men, when they turn and repent, we beseech thee to give us true repentance, and endue us with the grace of thy sanctifying spirit, that we may be delivered from the bondage and slavery of iniquity, and have the law of the spirit of life which is in Christ Jesus. Upon thee our God, we call for that help which is never wanting, and beseech thee to give us thy heavenly assistance, that we may
recover

recover our reasonable nature, refine our spirits by goodness, and purify ourselves even as the Lord Jesus is pure. O thou Father of Lights, and the God of all comforts, inform our understandings with truth, and give us one ray of that divine wisdom which sitteth on the right hand of thy throne. O let us be always under thy communication and influence, and enable us, through the recommendation of thy Son, our mediator and redeemer, to lay aside all passion, prejudice, and vice, to receive thy truth in the love of it, and to serve thee with ingenuity of mind, and freedom of spirit: that we may pass thro' a religious life to a blessed immortality, and come to that eternal rest, where we shall behold thy face in righteousness, and adore and bless thee to eternity, for our salvation through him who hath redeemed us by his blood.

We praise and magnify thy goodness, O Lord God Almighty, for our maintenance and preservation, by thy constant providence over us, and we beseech thee to take us into thy special care and protection this night. Defend us from all the powers of darkness, and from evil men and evil things, and raise us in health and safety. Do thou, most great and good God,
protect

protect us and bless us this night, and when we awake in the morning, let our hearts be with thee, and thy hand with us. And the same mercies we beg for all mankind; that thy goodness and power may preserve them, and thy direction and influence secure their eternal salvation, thro' Jesus Christ our Lord, by whom thou hast taught us to call upon thee as our Father, &c.

§. 5. By the way, I cannot help observing, that these disciples of *Ivon* are much reformed in respect of what his cloystered followers were in his time. It appears from *Ivon's* books, that he was as great a *visionary* and *tritheist* as his master *Labadie*, or any of our modern mystics now are. But these *Regulars* I found among the fells, though on *Ivon's* plan, are as rational Christians as ever adorned the religion of our Master by a purity of faith. You see by their prayers, that their devotions are quite reasonable and calm. There is no rant, nor words without meaning: no feeling instead of seeing the truth; nor expectation of covenant mercy on the belief of a point repugnant not only to the reason and nature of things, but to the plain repeated declarations of

An observation on the prayers of the Ivon recluses.

God in the Christian religion. Their prayer is a calm address to the great *Maker, Governor, and Benefactor* of the universe; and honour and obedience to Christ as *Mediator*, according to the will and appointment of God *the Father*.

*An answer to
a question I
asked one of
these Ivo-
nites,*

§. 6. Upon my asking one of these gentlemen, how they came to differ so much from *Ivon*, their founder, and cease to be the patrons of vision, and an implicit incomprehensible faith? He told me, they had read all the books on both sides of the question, that had been written of late years, and could not resist the force of the evidence in favour of reason and the divine unity. They saw it go against mechanical impulse, and strong persuasion without grounds, and therefore they dismissed *Ivon's* notions of believing without ideas, as they became sensible it was the same thing as seeing without light or objects. Without dealing any longer in a mist of words, or shewing themselves orthodox, by empty, insignificant sounds, they resolved, that the object of their worship, for the time to come, should be, that one supreme self-existent Being, of absolute, infinite perfection, who is the first cause of all things,

2

and

and whose numerical identity and infinite perfections are demonstrable from certain principles of reason, antecedent to any peculiar revelation;—and confessed, that the *blessing*, with which *Jesus Christ* was sent by God to bless the world, consists in *turning men from their iniquities*. They now perceived what the *creed-makers*, and *Ivon*, their founder, could not see, to wit, that it is against the *sacred texts*, to ascribe to Each Person of Three the nature and all essential attributes and properties of the One only true God, and yet make the Three the One true God only, when considered conjunctly; for if Each has all possible perfections and attributes, then *Each* must be the *same true God* as if and when *conjoined*; and of consequence, there must then be *Three One true Gods*, or *One Three true Gods*; *Three One Supreme Beings*, or *One Three Supreme Beings*, since to *each* of the three must be ascribed (as the orthodox say) *any thing* and *every thing*, that is most *peculiar* and *appropriated* to the *divine nature*, without any difference. In short, by conjobbling matters of faith in this manner, they saw, we had *three distinct selfs*, or intelligent agents, equal in power and all possible perfections, agreeing in one common essence, one sort of species, (like a supreme magistracy of distinct persons, acting by a joint

exercise of the same power) and so the *three* are *one*, not by a *numerical* but *specific* identity; *three Omnipotents* and *one Almighty*, in a collective sense. This, (continued this gentleman) on searching the scriptures, we found was far from being the truth of the case. We discovered, upon a fair examination, and laying aside our old prejudices, that there was nothing like this in the New Testament. It appeared to us to be the confused talk of weak heads. In the Bible we got a just idea of One Eternal Cause, God the Father, *almighty, all-wise, unchangeable, infinite*; and are there taught how to worship and serve him. The greatest care is there taken to guard against the ill effects of *imagination* and *superstition*; and in the plainest language, we are ordered to pray to this *blessed and only potentate, the King of kings, and Lord of lords, who only, (or alone) hath immortality*; and this in imitation of *Jesus, who in the morning very early went out into a solitary place, and there prayed**. Who dismissing his disciples, departed into a mountain to pray†. And he continued all night in prayer to GOD‡: We are ordered to glorify and bless this only wise God for ever§.

* Mark i. 35. † Mark vi. 46. ‡ Luke vi. 12.
§ Rom. xvi. 27.

Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. To God and our Father be glory for ever †. — And to love him truly by keeping the commandments. Cui Jesus sic respondit: primum omnium præceptorum est: audi Israelita. Dominus Deus vester dominus unus est. Itaque dominum Deum tuum toto corde, toto animo, tota mente, totisque viribus amato. Hoc primum est præceptum. Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is one Lord. And thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength. This is the first Commandment ‡.*

Et voicy le second. Vous aimerez vostre prochain comme vous même. And the second is like the first. Hunc simile est alterum, alterum ut teipsum amato. His majus aliud præceptum nullum est. *Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself. There is none other commandment greater than these.*

To say it; — we became fully satisfied, that the *supreme God and Governor of the world*, who exists by a *prior necessity*, and

* 2 Cor. i. 3.
xii. 29, 30, 31.

† Phil. iv. 20.

‡ Mark xii.

therefore must be *one*, a perfect moral agent, and possessed of all moral perfections, is the *sole object* of *religious worship*: that *Jesus Christ* was a *temporary minister*, with a legatarian power, to publish and declare the *spiritual laws* of this *Great God*: and that it is incumbent on mankind to yield a perfect obedience to these spiritual laws of this *Supreme Being*: that is, the duty of all, to make the object proposed by Christ, his God and our God, his Father and our Father, the sole object of faith; and to expect happiness or salvation on the term of being turned from all our *iniquities*. This seemed a matter worthy of the Son of God's appearing in the world. Every thing else must be *enthusiasm* and *usurpation*.

*A reflection on
true and false
religion.*

§. 7. Here the *Ivonist* had done, and I was greatly pleased with his sense and piety. What a heavenly Christianity should we profess (I said) if the notions of our modern enthusiasts were as consistent with *Christ's great design and profession*! We should then set up the Kingdom of God among men, and be diligent and active in promoting the laws of that kingdom. We should then believe, like *Jesus Christ* and his apostles, that there is but

but One God, the *Father Almighty*. There is no one good (so commonly called) but one, that is God; or only the one God*. *Nul-
lus est bonus nisi unus Deus. Castalio.*
(And Cant. MS. Clem. Alex. adds, —
My Father who is in Heaven.) This is life
eternal, to acknowledge thee, O Father, to
be the only true GOD†. It is one God who
will justify‡. We know that there is none
other Gods but one. For to us there is one
GOD the Father||. There is one GOD
and Father of all, who is over all, and
through all, and in you all§. And we
should confess one Mediator, — the man
*Christ Jesus***. We should be consistent,
and not throw off those principles upon
which christianity was founded, and alone
could be first built. We should invite
men into our religion, by representing to
them the *perfection* of that *primary law* of
God, *reason* or *natural religion*; by de-
claring the plainness and clearness of it to
all attentive and well-disposed minds; and
then shew them how worthy it was of the
Supreme Governor to give such creatures
as he has made us the gospel: that by the
religion of favour, he has, with glory to

* Mark x. 18. † John xvii. throughout. ‡ Rom.
iii. 30. || 1 Cor. viii. 4. 6. § Eph. iv. 6.

** 2 Tim. ii. 5.

himself, displayed his paternal regard for us, by doing much more than what is *strictly necessary* for our eternal good. God, on a principle of love, sends his *Christ*, to advise us and awaken us to a sense of our danger in passing through this world, in case (which he saw would be the thing) we should not constantly attend to the light we might strike out ourselves with some trouble. He calls us in an *extraordinary* manner to forsake vice and idolatry, and practise the whole system of morality. We might expect, that a good God would, once at least, interpose by such an *extraordinary* method as *revelation*, to turn and incline his reasonable creatures to the study and practice of the *religion of nature*. This was acting like the Father of the Universe, considering the negligence and corruption of the bulk of mankind. The *reason* he gave us, the *law of nature*, was giving us all that was *absolutely necessary*. The *gospel* was an addition of what is *excellently useful*. What, my beloved, (might a rational divine say) can be more paternal, and worthy of the almighty Creator, than to *reveal plainly the motive of a judgment to come*, in order to secure all obedience to the religion of nature? Reason may, to be sure, be sufficient to shew men their duty, and to encourage their performance of it with the

the assurance of obtaining a reward, if they would duly attend to its dictates, and suffer them to have their due effect upon them: it may guide mankind to virtue, and happiness consequent to it, as God must be a rewarder of all those who diligently seek him, and was enough to bring them to the knowledge, and engage them in the practice of true religion and righteousness, if they had not shut their eyes to its light, and wilfully rejected the rule written in their hearts. But as this was what mankind really did, and now do; as errors and impieties, owing to an undue use or neglect of reason, became universal; (just as the case of Christians is, by disregarding the New Testament; and reason, through men's faults, was rendered *ineffectual*, though still *sufficient*, (which justifies both the *wisdom* and *goodness* of God, in leaving man for so many ages to his natural will, and so great a part of the globe to this day with no other light than the law of nature); and reason, I say, was rendered *ineffectual*, though still *sufficient* to teach men to worship God with pious hearts and sincere affections, and to do his will by the practice of moral duties; to expect his favour for their good deeds, and his condemnation of their evil works; then was *revelation* a more *powerful means* of

promoting true religion and godliness. The gospel is a *more effectual* light. It is a clearer and more powerful guide: a brighter motive and stronger obligation to universal obedience than reason can with certainty propose. And therefore, though there was not a necessity for God to give a *new rule* in vindication of his providence, and in order to render men accountable to him for their actions; yet the divine goodness was pleased to enforce the principles of reason and morality more powerfully by an express sanction of future rewards and punishments, and by the gospel restore religious worship to the original uncorrupted rational service of the Deity. This displays his paternal regard to his children, with glory to himself. Love was the moving principle of his sending Christ into the world, to reform the corruptions of reason, to restore it to its purity, and most effectually to promote the practice of the rules of it. The gospel-revelation considered in this manner appears to be the pure effect of the divine goodness. It is a conduct accompanied with the greatest propriety and glory.

If this representation of Christianity was as much the doctrine of the church as it is of the *Ivonites* I have mentioned, we might

might then, with hopes of success, call upon the rational infidels to come in. They could hardly refuse the invitation, when we told them, our religion was the eternal law of *reason* and of God restored, with a few excellently useful additions: that the gospel makes the very *religion of nature*, a main part of what it requires, and submits all that it reveals to the test of the law of reason: that the splendor of God's *original light*, the light of nature, and the revelation of Jesus, are the same; both made to deliver mankind from *evils* and *madness* of *superstition*, and make their religion worthy of God, and worthy of men; to enable them, by the voice of reason in conjunction with the words of the gospel, to know and worship *One God*, the *Maker*, the *Governor*, the *Judge*, of the world; and to practise all that is good and praise-worthy: that we may be blessed as we turn from iniquity to virtue; and by entering cordially into the spirit of the *meritorious example* or *exemplary merits* of *Christ*, be determined dead to sin, and alive to righteousness: in short, my brethren, in the suffering and death of Jesus, his patient, pious, and meek, his benevolent and compassionate behaviour, under the most shocking insult, indignity, and torture, we have what we could not learn

from the religion of nature, a deportment that well deserves both our admiration and imitation. We learn from the *perfect example* of *Jesus*, recommended in his gospel, to bear patiently ill-usage, and to desire the welfare of our most unreasonable and malicious enemies. This is improving by religion to the best purpose; and as we resemble the Son of God, the *man Christ Jesus*, in *patience*, *piety*, and *benevolence*, we become the approved children of the Most High, who is kind and good to the unthankful and to the evil. In this view of the *gospel*, all is fine, reasonable, and heavenly. The gentile can have nothing to object. We have the religion of nature in its original perfection, in the doctrine of the New Testament, enforced by pains and pleasures everlasting; and we learn from the *death* of the *Mediator*, not only an unprecedented patience, in bearing our sins in his own body on the tree; but the divine compassion and piety with which he bore them. We have in this the noblest example to follow, whenever called to suffer for well-doing, or for righteousness-sake; and by the imitation, we manifest such a command of temper and spirit, as can only be the result of the greatest piety and virtue. This added to keeping the commandments must render men the blessed of the Father,

and entitle them to the kingdom prepared for the wise, the honest, and the excellent.

But, alas! instead of giving such an account of Christianity, the cry of the doctors is, for the most part, Discard reason, and prostrate your understanding before the adorable mysteries. Instead of a Supreme Independent First Cause of all things to believe in and worship, they give Three true Gods in number, Three infinite independent Beings, to be called One, as agreeing in one common abstract essence, or species; as all mankind are one, in one common rational nature, or abstract idea of humanity. Amazing account! A trine, no infidel or gentile of sense will ever worship.

Instead of fixing salvation on moral rectitude, and our preferring the will of God, as delineated in the words of the gospel, before all other considerations, we are told of an innocent, meritorious, propitiating blood, spilt by wicked hands, and so made an acceptable sacrifice, to a Being who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity. This, we are assured, satisfies all the demands of the law. Here is infinite satisfaction:— and most certainly, I add, a cool

cool indifference as to personal rectitude. When such a faith or credulity becomes the principal pillar of trust and dependence, then mere reliance on such satisfaction to divine justice, may be a stupifying opiate, and make many remiss in the labours of a penitential piety, and that exact rectitude of mind and life, which even reason requires, to render us acceptable to the Deity. Many an appetite and passion are indulged under this subterfuge; and with little fervency or zeal for good works, men expect to partake of the heavenly joys, by trusting to the merits of their Saviour, in their last will and testament. Deplorable case! Alas! how has Christianity suffered by its doctors! The infidel laughs at it as thus preached. It becomes a by-word, and a hissing to them that pass by.

*Some remarks
on a passage
in Binius;
and a few
thoughts in
relation to the
invocation of
saints.*

§. 8. As to the library of my friends, the *Ivonites*, it was far from being a grand one, but I saw many curious books in it which had not come in my way before. From them I made several extracts, and to gratify my reader's curiosity a little, I will here favour him with one of them.

The

The first book I chanced to open in this library, was the second volume of *Severin Bini's* edition of the Councils (3),
(edit.

(3) *Severin Bini*, or *Binius*, as he is commonly called, was a doctor of divinity at *Cologne*, in the circle of the *Lower Rhine* in Germany, and canon of that archiepiscopal cathedral. He published in that city, in the year 1606, an elegant edition of all the councils, in four very large volumes, folio, and by this work, made the editions or collections of *James Merlin*, *Peter Crabb*, and *Lawrence Surius*, of no value: but the 2d edition, published by *Binius* in the year 1618, in nine volumes smaller folio, is far preferable to the first: and the Paris Edition of *Bini's Councils* in 1638, in ten large volumes, folio, is enlarged, more correct, and of consequence still better than the 2d edition of *Binius*. This is not however the best edition to buy, if you love to read that *theological stuff* called Councils. The *Louvre* edition des Conciles en 1644, in 37 volumes in folio, is what you should purchase; or, that of 1672, *Paris*, by the Jesuits *Labbé* and *Cossart*, in 18 large volumes in folio. This last is what I prefer, on account of the additions, correctness, and beauty of the impression. *Pere Hardouin* did likewise print a later very fine edition of the Councils, with explanations and free remarks; an extraordinary and curious work I have been told: but I could not even see it in *France*, as the parliament of *Paris* had ordered the work to be secreted, on account of the remarks.

N. B. *Binius*, whom I have mentioned, was born in the year 1543, and died 1620, æt. 77.

N. B. *James Merlin*, the first editor of the Councils, was a doctor of divinity, and chanoine of *Notre-*

Of councils, and the editors of them.

tre-

(edit. *Paris*, 1630) and over-against a very remarkable passage from *Cyril*, (p. 548.) I found several written leaves, bound up in the volume, and these leaves referred to by

tre-dame de Paris. Besides the Councils, two large volumes in folio, he published the works of *Richard de St. Victor*, *Paris*, 1518. — the works of *Peter de Blois*, *Paris*, 1519. — and the works of *Durand de St. Pourçain*, *Paris*, 1515. His own works are, *A Defence of Origen*, in 4to. a good thing; and, *Six Homilies on Gabriel's being sent to the Virgin Mary*, in 8vo; which homilies are not worth half a farthing. — *Merlin* was born in the year 1472, and died 1541, aged 69.

N. B. *Peter Crabb*, the 2d editor of the councils, was a Franciscan friar. He published two volumes in folio of Councils, at *Cologne*, in 1538; and a third volume in 1550. — Was born 1470; died 1553; æt. 83.

N. B. *Lawrence Surius*, the third editor of the Councils, a monk of the *Chartreux*, published his edition of them, in four large volumes in folio, 1560; and a few years after printed his *Lives of the Saints*, in six tomes. He writ likewise a short *History of his own Time*; and, *An Apology for the Massacre of St. Barthelemi*. He was the most outrageous, abusive bigot that ever writ against the Protestants. The great men of his own church despised him; and *Cardinal Perron*, in particular, calls him *bête* and *Pignorant*. He was born 1522; died 1578, æt. 56.

N. B. *Philip Labbé*, the *Jesuit*, the 5th editor of the councils, and the next after *Binius*, was born in 1607; died 1667, æt. 60. He lived only to publish 11 vols. of the Councils, the 11th came out the year he died; and the other seven were done by *Coffart*. *Labbé* was a man of learning, and besides his collection

by an asterisk. The passage I call *remarkable*, is part of a *homily* pronounced by the *Alexandrian Patriarch* before the *council of Ephesus*

lection of *Councils*, writ several other pieces. The best of them are, *Bibliotheca bibliothecarum: Concordia chronologica: Bellarmini philologica: and The Life of Galen.*

Gabriel Cossart, the continuator, published the other seven volumes in 1672, and died at *Paris* the 18th of *December* 1674, æt. 59.

N. B. 1. *Richard de St. Victor*, (whose works I said were published by *Merlin*, at *Paris*, 1518) was a *Scotchman*, and prior of the *abbey of St. Victor in Paris*. He died the 10th of *March*, 1173, æt. 91. — He was the author of *Three critical and historical dissertations on the Tabernacle; two on the Temple; three on the harmony of the chronology of the kings of Judea and Israel; Commentaries on the Psalms, Canticles, the Epistles of St. Paul, and the Revelation; Some treatises in divinity; and Several disquisitions relating to spiritual life.* There have been four editions of these pieces, and the best of them is that of *Rouen* in 1650, in two volumes, by *Father John de Toulouse*, who writ the life of *Richard*, and added it to his edition. The three other editions are that of *Paris*, 1518; of *Venice*, 1592; of *Cologne*, 1621. *Richard de Victor* has been highly commended by several celebrated writers, by *Henri de Grand, Trithem, Bellarmine, and Sixte de Sienne*. There are many curious and fine things in his writings, it must be allowed: but in general, he is too subtil, too diffuse, and too full of digressions. His commentaries, for the most part, are weak. I am sure he did not understand *St. Paul*. But, for the 12th century, he was an extraordinary man.

But

Ephesus on *St. John's* day, in a church dedicated to his name. In rehearsing his discourse to the *Holy Fathers*, the *Saint* cites
Heb.

But who was *St. Victor*, to whom the *abbey* of *Chanoines Reguliers* in *Paris*, and the greater *abbaye* of *Chanoines* in *Marseilles*, are dedicated? He was a *Frenchman*, who fought under the Emperors *Dioclesian* and *Maximian* with great applause, in the most honourable post; but in the year 302, suffered martyrdom for refusing to sacrifice to the idols. He was executed on the spot where the *abbey* of *St. Victor* in *Marseilles* now stands, and there they have his reliques, *a la reserve du pié*, that is, except his foot, which lies in the *Abbaye de St. Victor de Paris*. *William Grimaud*, abbot of *St. Victor de Marseille*, on his being made *Pope Urban* the 5th, A. D. 1362, took the foot of *St. Victor* from his *abbey*, when he left it, and made a present of it to *John*, Duke of *Berry*, (one of the sons of *John* the first, king of *France*, who was taken prisoner by *Edward* the Black Prince, in the battle of *Poitiers*, Sept. 19. 1356): and this duke of *Berry* gave the inestimable foot to the monks of *St. Victor* in *Paris*. There it remains to this day; and tho' so small a part of the blessed *Victor*, sheds immense benefits on the pious Catholics who adore it. Happy Catholics!

2. As to *Peter de Blois*, he was archdeacon of *Bath* in the reign of *Henry* the second, and died in *London*, in the year 1200, æt. 71. His works are 183 letters on various subjects, 20 sermons, and 17 tracts of several kinds. They were first printed at *Mayence* in 1500.—Then by *Merlin*, *Paris*, 1519, as before mentioned.—Afterwards, *John Busée*, the *Jesuit*, gave an edition of them in 1600, which is far preferable to that of *Merlin*. But the most valuable edition is
that

Heb. i. 6. and then addresses himself to the apostle.

"Oray

that of *Peter de Gouffainville*, in folio, *Paris*, 1667: To this edition is prefixed the life of *Peter de Blois*, and very learned remarks on *Peter's* writings, and the subjects he writ on, are added, by *Gouffainville*. *De Blois's* works contain many excellent things, and his life is a curious piece. Some of his notions relating to the scriptures are very good, and he writes well against vice. He is a good author for the age he lived in. His letters are well worth reading; especially such of them as relate to his own time. King *Henry* the second ordered him to make a collection of them for his (the king's) use.

3. *Durand de St. Pourçain*, was bishop of *Meaux*, in 1326, and died the 13th of *September* 1333, in the 89th year of his age. His works are, *Liber de origine jurisdictionum*, (a learned piece); and *Commentaries on the four books of Sentences*. (The book called, *The Sentences*, was written by the famous *Peter Lombard*, bishop of *Paris*, who died in the year 1164, æt. 82. In the *Sentences*, one of the propositions argued on is this: *Christus secundum quod est homo, non est aliquod*. Some call these *Sentences* excellent, which is what I cannot think them: But in *Durand's Commentary* on them, there are several excellent things.)

As to the *Jesuit*, *Jean Busée*, (who published the 3d edition of *Peter de Blois*) he died at *Mayence* the 30th of *May* 1611, aged 64, and was the author of many books not worth mentioning.

The learned *Gouffainville* (who printed the last edition of *De Blois*, with notes, and the life) died in the year 1683, extremely poor and miserable. He likewise published the works of *St. Gregory*, the first pope of that name, with many valuable remarks and
notes.

Ὅταν δὲ πάλιν ἰσαγάγῃ τὸν πρωτότοκον εἰς τὴν οἰκὸμένην, λέγει, καὶ προσκυνησάτωσαν αὐτῷ πάντες Ἄγγελοι Θεῶ. ---- “ *When he bringeth*

notes. There are four editions of this pope's works; that of *Tusfiniani*, bishop of Venice, by order of pope *Sixtus* the 5th: the *Paris* edition, 1640: *Goussainville's* edition: and the late *Benedictine* edition: but *Goussainville's* is, in my opinion, the most valuable.

N. B. The *Sermons* in the first and second editions of *Peter de Blois's* works, are not his, but *Peter Comestor's*. *De Blois's* sermons are only to be found in *Goussainville's* edition of this arch-deacon's works. Note, *Peter Comestor* was a regular canon of *St. Victor's* in *Paris*, and died in the year 1198, æt. 65.— Besides the sermons published by mistake as the work of *De Blois*, he writ a large *scholastic history*, which comprehends the sacred history from *Genesis* to the end of the *Aets*. This is reckoned a good thing; and has been abridged by one *Hunter*, an *Englishman*.

But as to *Councils*; we have the following account of the eighteen general ones in the *Vatican* library, and are told, that the several *inscriptions* affixed to them were made by pope *Sixtus* the 5th; the famous *Felix Peretti*, who was born the 13th of *December* 1521, and died the 27th of *August* 1590, in the 69th year of his age.

1st *Council*, which is that of *Nice* in 325. *St. Sylvester* being pope, and *Constantine* the great emperor, *Jesus Christ* the Son of God is declared consubstantial with his Father; the impiety of *Arius* is condemned; and the emperor, in obedience to a decree of the council, ordered all the books of the *Arians* to be burnt.

bringeth in the first-begotten into the world, he saith, Let all the angels of God worship him." ----- Μυσάγωγεσον 'Ευαγγελιστὰ, εἰπὲ καὶ Νυν, ὦ Μακάριε 'Ιωάννε, &c. — O blessed

2d Council, which is that of *Constantinople* in 381. The holy *Damasus* being pope, and *Theodosius* the elder emperor, the divinity of the Holy Ghost is defended against the impious *Macedonius*, and his false doctrine is anathematized.

3d Council, which is that of *Ephesus* in 431. St. *Celestin* being pope, and *Theodosius* the younger emperor, *Nestorius*, who divided *Jesus Christ* into two persons, is condemned; and the Holy Virgin is decreed to be the mother of God.

4th Council, which is that of *Chalcedonia* in 451. St. *Leo* being pope, and *Marcian* emperor, the unhappy *Eutychius* is anathematized, for maintaining that *Jesus Christ* had but one nature.

5th Council, which is the second of *Constantinople* in 553. *Vigilius* being pope, and *Justinian*, emperor, the debates relating to the doctrine of *Theodore*, bishop of *Mopsueste*, *Ibas*, bishop of *Edessa*, and *Theodore*, bishop of *Cyr*, are suppressed, and the errors of *Origen* are separated from the holy doctrine.

6th Council, which is the third of *Constantinople* in 680. St. *Agatho* being pope, and *Constantine Pagonatus*, emperor, the heretics called *Monothelites*, who admitted but one will in *Jesus Christ*, are condemned.

7th Council, which is the second of *Nice* in 784. *Adrian* being pope, and *Constantine*, the son of *Irene*, being emperor, the impiety of the image-breakers is condemned, and the worship of the holy images is established in the church.

fed *John* the Evangelist, explain this mystery: Who is this first-begotten — how came he into the world? *Mysterium hoc aperi,*

8th Council, which is the *fourth* of *Constantinople* in 689. *Adrian* the second being pope, and *Basil*, emperor, *Ignatius*, patriarch of *Constantinople*, is re-established in his see, and *Photius*, the usurper, is with ignominy driven away.

9th Council, which is the *first* of *Lateran* in 1122. *

10th Council, which is the *second* of *Lateran* in 1139. *

11th Council, which is the *third* of *Lateran* in 1179. *Alexander* the third being pope, and *Frederick* the first emperor, the errors of the *Vandois* are condemned.

12th Council, which is the *fourth* of *Lateran* in 1215. *Innocent* the third being pope, and *Frederick* the second, emperor, the false opinions of the abbot *Joachim* are condemned; the holy war, for the recovery of *Jerusalem*, is resolved; and the croisades are appointed among christians.

13th Council, which is the *first* of *Lyons* in 1245. Under the pontificate of *Innocent* the 4th, the emperor *Frederick* is declared an enemy to the church, and deprived of the empire; they deliberate on the recovery of the Holy Land; *St. Lewis*, king of *France*, is declared chief of that expedition. The cardinals are honoured with red hats.

14th Council, which is the *second* of *Lyons* in 1274. *Gregory* the tenth being sovereign pontiff, the Greeks are reunited to the church of *Rome*; *St. Bonaventure* does signal service to the church in this council;

* The canons of these two councils are wanting, and they have no inscription in the Vatican.

aperi, effare etiam nunc, qui voces habes immortales. Refera nobis puteum vitæ. Da, ut nunc quoque de salutis fontibus hauriamus.

This

Friar *Jerome* brings the king of the *Tartars* to the council, and that prince receives, in the most solemn manner, the blessed water of baptism.

15th Council, which is that of *Vienne* in 1311. Under the pontificate of *Clement* the fifth, the *Decretals*, called the *Clementines* from the name of this pope, are received and published; the procession of the holy sacrament is instituted throughout *Christendom*; and professors of the oriental languages are established in the four most famous universities in *Europe*, for the propagation of the christian faith in the *Levant*.

16th Council, which is that of *Florence* in 1439. The *Greeks*, the *Armenians*, and the *Ethiopians*, are re-united to the catholic church, under the pontificate of *Eugene* the fourth.

17th Council, which is the fifth of *Lateran*, began in the year 1517. They declared war against the *Turks*, who had seized the island of *Cyprus*, and possessed themselves of *Egypt*, on the death of the sultan: the emperor *Maximilian* the first, and *Francis* the first, king of *France*, are appointed generals of this war, under the popes *Julius* the second, and *Leo* the tenth.

18th Council, which is that of *Trent*, the last of the œcumenical or general councils: held from the year 1545 to the year 1563. *Paul* the third, *Julius* the third, and *Pius* the fifth, reigning at *Rome*: the *Lutherans* and other heretics are condemned, and the ancient discipline of the church is re-established in her exact and regular practice.

These,

This passage of *Cyril* I have heard several learned Roman Catholic gentlemen call a *prayer*, and affirm it was a *proof* of the *Father's*

These, reader, are the *eighteen famous General Councils*; and if you will turn to the third volume of a work, called, *Notes relating to Men, and Things, and Books*, you will find my observations on them; my remarks on the *popes*, the *princes*, and the *fathers*, assembled; their *unchristian immoralities*, and *sad acts* against the laws of Christ, in order to establish for ever, that *very senseless*, and *very wicked religion*, called *Popery*; that is, a *composition of sin and error so base and abominable*, that we might expect such a thing from the *devil*; but it is impossible it could come from heavenly-inspired fathers. In that book, you will find many thoughts on the *religion* delivered to the world by those *Councils*, and by them established, tho' it is in reality a disgrace to christianity; a dishonour to the religion of nature; and a faction against the common rights of mankind: what ought to be the *just object* of *universal contempt and abhorrence*; whether we consider it as a *system of idolatry, impiety, and cruelty*; or, as a *political scheme, to destroy the liberties, and engross the properties of mankind*. Of these things, particularly and largely, in the piece referred to.

Here I have only further to observe, that in the large collections of the *Councils*, it is not only the *eighteen œcumenical* the collectors have gathered, but so much of all the *councils* as they could find, their *acts, letters, formularies of faith, and canons*, from the first council at *Jerusalem*, A. D. 49, to the last council in the 18th century; which was convoked by the *archbishop of Ambrun* against *Jean de Soanem, bishop of Senex*.

ther's Invocation of saints, in the beginning of the 5th century; for St. Cyril succeeded his uncle *Theophilus* in the see of *Alexandria*, October 16. 412. But to this it may be answered,——

1. That *Binius*, though a zealous pleader for the *catholic cause*, (as the *monks* of *Rome* miscall it) was of another opinion, for he takes no notice of this passage in his notes (in *calce* part 3. Concil. Ephesini, tom. 2. p. 665, &c.) and most certainly, he would not have failed to urge it, if he had considered it as a prayer, and believed it did prove the invocation of saints.

Senex. These amount to above 1600 councils. Note, Reader, the *condemnation*, the *banishment* of old *John de Soanem* (in the 80th year of his age) the most learned and excellent prelate in *France*, of his time, by *Firebrand Tartuff*, archbishop of *Ambrun*, and his council, (A. D. 1727, September 21.) was on account of the bishop's admirable *pastoral instruction* against the execrable *constitution unigenitus*, and the antichristian *formulary* of pope *Alexander* the seventh; and because he recommended the reading of *Pere Quesnel's* very pious and fine *Reflections Morales*.—This famous *Jansenist*, and father of the oratory, *Pasquier Quesnel*, was the author of many books, (some of them very good) and lived to a great age. He was born in 1636, and died at last in prison (if I mistake not) a sufferer for religion. He was severely persecuted for many years.

2. Nor does *Bellarmino*, in his treatise de sanctorum beatitudine, *Henricus Vicus*, de sanctorum invocatione, *Gabriel Vasquez*, de adoratione, or *Gregorius de Valentia*, de oratione, make use of this passage of *Cyril*, though they do, *ex professo*, and datâ operâ, diligently quote all the councils and fathers they can, to prove *invocation of saints*.

3. As *rhetorical apostrophes*, or *protopæias*, are usual in all authors, sacred or civil, this may be one in *Cyril*, and it seems very plain from the passage, that it was intended for no more. It appears to be a *rhetorical figure*, and not a *prayer*; such a figure as the Greek fathers were wont very frequently to use in their orations and poems.

Cyril intending, as appears by the sequel, to answer his own question with a passage in *St. John's* gospel, makes a long *rhetorical apostrophe* to the *apostle*, as if he were there present, then adds, *Annon dicentem audimus*, 'Ουκἔν ἀκρόμεν λέγοντος? *But do we not hear him saying?* Or, as *Binius* has the reading, 'Ουκἔν ἀκρόμεν λέγοντος, *let us hear what St. John saith*, *audiamus itaque dicentem*, as if they had heard *John* giving his answer, and then concludes

concludes with the first verse of the first chapter of his gospel, 'Εν Ἀρχῇ ἦν ὁ Λόγος, &c. *In the beginning was the word, &c.*

It is therefore very plain, that this passage of *Cyril* is only a part of his homily or sermon, and that in a rhetorical manner, he quotes a text from a gospel written by *John* about 330 years before, in answer to his own question, who the word was? For *Cyril* to pray to *John* to tell them what he had told them long before, were senseless and ridiculous; but to desire the apostle to do it in a *rhetorical apostrophe*, was allowable. It amounts to no more than the figurative expression in our liturgy, *Hear what comfortable words our Saviour saith. Hear what St. Paul saith.*

But if *Cyril* did in this passage truly pray to St. *John*, that could be no argument for *popish invocation of saints*; for, if an *hundred fathers* in the beginning of the *fourth century*, had preached up, and practised *invocation of saints*, yet that could not make it lawful and right, since we are taught by the *scriptures* to direct our prayers neither to *saint nor angel*, but to *God only*, and in the name and *mediation of Jesus Christ only*. We are not only positively ordered by the *apostles* to make all our ad-

dressess and prayers to *God only*, and by the *mediation and intercession of Jesus Christ*; but are told, that God is *omniscient*, and so *able to hear all our prayers*; — *all-sufficient*, and therefore *able to supply all our necessities*; — and that his *mercies in Jesus Christ are infinite*. This makes *our way sure* in this particular.

— On the contrary, the *papists* have no *precept to pray to saints*; nor any *promise* that they shall be *heard*; nor any *practice* of the primitive church, for 300 years after Christ, to *encourage* them; and therefore, such *popish invocation* is a *novel, groundless, and impious error*.

*Some remarks
on the doc-
trine of the
invocation of
saints.*

We are told by St. Peter, (*Acts v. 31.*) that God had *exalted the Lord Jesus Christ to be a Prince and Saviour*, that is, an *intercessor*. — By St. Paul, (*Heb. vii. 25.*) that *Christ is able to save to the uttermost all that come to God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them*; (*chap. ix. 24*) that *he is gone to heaven* (for this very end) *to appear in the presence of God for us*: (*1 Tim. ii. 5.*) that there is no other *mediator betwixt God and men but the man Christ Jesus*, that is, whose *prerogative it is to intercede* for

for sinners to the Divine Majesty; being an *honour* and *dignity* God hath exalted him unto, after his sufferings, and as a *reward* thereof:—Thus are we informed by the divine oracles, and yet, notwithstanding this, to make prayers and supplications to the *Virgin Mary*, and a thousand other *saints*, for *aid* or *help*; and to have by their *merit* and *intercession*, the *gifts* and *graces* they pray for *conferred* upon them;—this is a doctrine of such dangerous consequence, as it is a *depriving* of *Christ Jesus* of that grand *dignity* and *prerogative* he is now in heaven exalted to, as much as in men lies, that I should have admired how it ever came to be embraced by such as profess christianity, had not the spirit of God foretold (1 *Tim.* iv. 4.) that *some should depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits, (that is, seducing men) and doctrines of devils, that is to say, doctrines concerning demons, or souls of famous men departed this life; which the heathens called demons; and to whom they gave the worship of prayer or invocation, as intercessors or inferior divinities. This prophecy hinders my wondering at the thing: but then I must call such modern invocation gentilism christianized; a deplorable corruption.*

Ponder then, ye *Catholics*, in time, and think not to excuse yourselves by arguing from the *command Christians have here on earth to require each others prayers to God for them*: — For, we have no command to supplicate any in heaven but only God. (*Mat. vi. 8.*) We have no reasonable assurance that the *saints in heaven do bear our prayers*, and of consequence have not the same *reasons* to request *their* prayers to God for us that we have to request the prayers of *saints on earth*: nor is this all: our *prayers* to each other in this life are only christian *requests* to recommend our conditions to God: *offices* only of *kindness*; no *aëts of religious worship*.

When St. *Paul* was on earth, had any one on *bended knees*, with *hands* and *eyes lifted up to heaven*, in time of *public prayer*, and amidst the *solemn prayers to God*, beseeched him for *aid* and *help*, and for the *conference of gifts and graces*, he would have *rent his cloathes*, and said, *Why do ye these things?* and can we suppose, that, now in heaven, the apostle is less careful to preserve entire *God's prerogative*.

Beside, there is a great deal of difference betwixt St. *Paul's* saying, *Brethren, pray for us*, or our requesting the prayers of the faithful

faithful here on earth for us, and *praying to saints in heaven*, as *practised* in the *Roman church*. Our's, are only *wishes* and *requests*; *their's*, *solemn prayers* on bended knees, made in the *places* and proper seasons of *divine worship*, and joined with the *prayers* they make to *God*. They use the same *postures* and *expressions* of devotions they use to *God himself*. They pray to them for *help* and *aid*, and make them *joint petitioners* with *Christ*; relying on *their merits* as the *merits of Christ*.

In sum, in the *tabernacle of this world*, we are to request the prayers of every good christian for us: but in the *tabernacle of heaven*, we are to *call on none* but *Him* in *whom we believe*. As in the *outward court* of the *Jewish tabernacle*, every *priest* was permitted to officiate, to receive and present the devotions of the people to the *divine majesty*; but in the *holy place*, *within the vail*, none but the *high-priest* was to do any *office* or *service*: even so in the *tabernacle of this world*, every christian being a *priest* to *God*, has this honour conferred upon him; but in the *holy of holies*, in *heaven*, none but *Christ*, our *high-priest*, is to officiate. He only is there to *appear in the presence of God for us*. It is *his prerogative alone* to receive our prayers, and present them

them to the divine majesty. As none but the *high priest* was to offer *incense* in the *holy of holies*, so none in heaven but *Christ* our *high-priest* is to offer our prayers to God his father. He alone is that *angel* to whom much *incense* was given, that he should offer it with the prayers of all saints, upon the golden altar that was before the throne. (Rev. viii. 3.) Which alludes to the altar that was before the *mercy-seat*, on which the *high-priest* only was to offer *incense*.

But the *catholic* may say perhaps, that as on earth, men do not presently run to *kings* to present their requests, but obtain his favours by the mediation of courtiers and favourites; even so, it is fitting we have recourse to saints, who are favourites in heaven, that we may obtain access to God, and have our suits accepted of him. Thus have I heard some learned men of the church of *Rome* argue. They should consider, in the first place, that if an earthly prince had declared he would have no solicitor but his son, and that all favours and royal graces should come to his subjects through his hands, and by means of his mediation; such subjects could deserve no favour, if they make their application to other favourites, contrary to their prince's command.—In the next place, if the solicitor,

licitor, the *son*, was out of the question, and no such one had been declared by the king, yet as we petition earthly princes by such as enjoy their presence, because they cannot give audience to all their subjects, nor do they know the worthy; but God is omnipresent, his ears always open, and his head bowed down to the prayers of his people; is no respecter of persons, but gives a like access to the beggar as to the prince, and promises to cast out none that make their application to him; it follows of consequence, that we ought to address ourselves immediately to God, and ask from him. If an earthly prince should thus invite his subjects to petition him for the supply of their wants, I should account the man no better than a fool or a madman, who would apply himself to any of the king's favourites.

The conclusion is; O thou that hearest prayer, unto thee shall all flesh come. (*Psf.* xv. 2.) Since God, who is infinite in mercy, omnipresent, and omnipotent in wisdom and action, admits every man to the throne of grace, bids him ask in the name of Jesus Christ, and promises, whatever we ask in his Son's name, he will do it.—Since the practice of praying to saints is injurious to Christ, and doth manifestly rob him of his

royal prerogative, which is to be the *one*, and *only mediator* betwixt God and man; for in this *office*, he hath no *sharers* or *partners*, according to the scripture account: As God is but *one*, and there is *no other*; so the *mediator* (by the appointment of God) is but *one*, and there is, there can be *no other* (4)---And since, exclusive of these unalterable things, the *Roman doctors* cannot be certain, *that saints in heaven hear the requests of suppliants on earth*, or *know whether our prayers are fit to be accepted of God* (5); let us reject that *unlawful practice*,
the

(4) Quid tam proprium Christi quam advocatum apud deum patrem adstare populorum. (Ambros. in Psal. xxxix) — Pro quo nullus interpellat, sed ipse pro omnibus, hic unus verusque mediator est. (Aug. Cont. Parmen. l. 2. c. 8.)

(5) The *Roman doctors* say, the *saints* know the transactions that are done here below, by *revelation* or *intuition*. — To this I answer, if it is by *revelation* that they know our requests and prayers to them, then it must be either *from God* or *from angels*; of which there is not the least assurance or certainty to be any where found; but if we could be sure of it, then, in my opinion, we ought to pray to *God* or *angels* to make known our prayers to *saints*; which would be strange religion. — If it be by *intuition*, as the greatest part of the *doctors* say, and that the *saints* see the requests, in the *divine essence*, as men see things in a corporeal glass; then, (exclusive of answering that the scriptures say no such thing) the *saints* must see *all things* in the *divine essence*, or only such things as God

the *invocation of saints*, and *pray for pardon and grace* (as the *gospel* directs) to *God the judge of all*, through *Jesus Christ the mediator of the new covenant*. This do; and thou shalt live.

N. B. Who was the author of these good remarks, these friars could not tell me; as they were in the book when they bought it. If I mistake not, they are an abstract from a letter of Bishop *Barlow* to Mr. *Evelyn*, with several additions. I have not Bishop *Barlow's* works by me; but I think I have seen something to this purpose, written by this prelate about one hundred years ago.

is pleased to *permit them to see*: if *all things*, they would be *omniscient*: if only the *things permitted to be seen*, how is it possible for us to know whether God is pleased to permit them to see therein our prayers, or to know the requests we make to them, unless he had told us so. Let it be *revelation or intuition*, it is *sad stuff*.

SECTION III.

" Say, why was man so eminently rais'd
 " Amid the vast creation ; why ordain'd
 " Through life and death to dart his piercing eye,
 " With thoughts beyond the limits of his frame ;
 " But that th' Omnipotent might send him forth
 " In sight of mortal and immortal powers,
 " As on a boundless theatre, to run
 " The great career of justice ; to exalt
 " His generous aim to all diviner deeds ;
 " To shake each partial purpose from his breast ;
 " And thro' the mists of passion and of sense,
 " And thro' the tossing tide of chance and pain,
 " To hold his course unfault'ring, while the voice
 " Of truth and virtue, up the steep ascent
 " Of nature, calls him to his high reward,
 " Th' applauding smile of heav'n ? Else wherefore
 " burns

" In mortal bosoms this unquenched hope,
 " That breathes from day to day sublimer things,
 " And mocks possession ? Wherefore darts the mind
 " With such resistless ardor to embrace
 " Majestic forms ; impatient to be free,
 " Spurning the gross controul of wilful might ;
 " Proud of the strong contention of her toils ;
 " Proud to be daring ?"

April 8.
 1729, we
 leave the re-
 ligious, and
 proceed in the
 journey.

§. I. **T**HE eighth of April
 1729, I bid the I-
 vonites adieu, and by their di-
 rections walked up a very steep
 and stony mountain, which
 took me two hours, and then arrived at
 what

what I had often seen before in this part of the world, a great lake, the water of which was black as ink to look at as it stood, though very bright in a cup, and must be owing, as I suppose, to its descending to the abyss. By the side of this water, under the shade of oak-trees, many hundred years old, we rid for an hour, on even ground, and then came to a descent so very dangerous and dark, through a wood on the mountain's side, that we could hardly creep it down on our feet, nor our horses keep their legs as we led them to the bottom. This declivity was more than a mile, and ended in a narrow lane between a range of precipices that almost met at top. This pass was knee-deep in water, from a spring in the bottom of the mountain we had come down, which ran through it, and so very stony, that it took us three hours to walk the horses to the end of it, though it was not more than two miles: but at last we came to a fine plain, over which we rid for an hour and a half, and arrived at a wood, which seemed very large, and stood between two very high unpassable hills. In this forest was our way, and the road so dark, and obstructed by the branches of trees, that it was dismal and uneasy to go. On however we went for a long time, and about the middle of it came to a circular opening
of

of about four acres, in which four very narrow roads met; that we had travelled, another before us, and one on each hand. The way strait on we were cautioned by my friends not to go, as it was a terrible ride; but whether to turn to the right or left, we had forgot. I thought to the right; but my lad was positive, he remembered the direction was to take the left-hand road. This caused a stop for some time, and as I was a little fatigued, I thought it best while we paused to dine. *Finn* brought immediately some meat, bread, and a bottle of cyder, from his valise, and under a great oak I sat down, while our horses fed on the green. One hour we rested, and then went on again, to the left, as *O Finn* advised. For several hours we rid, or rather, our horses walked, till we got out of the wood, and then arrived at the bottom of a steep mountain; one side of which is in the northern extremity of *Westmoreland*, and the other in the north end of *Stanemore-Richmondshire*. This vast hill we ascended, and came down the other side of the fell into a plain, which extends south-east for near half a mile to the river *Tees*, that divides the north end of *Stanemore* from *Bishoprick*, or the county of *Durham*. *Yorkshire* here ends in an obtuse angle, between two mountains, and the angle, for a quarter

of a mile, is filled with that beautiful tall ever-green tree, the broad-leaved *alaternus*, intermixed here and there in a charming manner, with the fir tree, the *Norway* spruce, and the balm of *Gilead*. It is as fine a grove as can in any part of the world be seen.

§. 2. Just at the entrance of it, by the side of a plentiful spring, which runs into the *Teesse*, there stood the prettiest little house I had ever beheld, and over it crept the pretty rock-rose, the cassine, the sea-green coromilla, and other ever-green shrubs. Before the house, was a large garden, seven or eight acres of land, under fruit-trees, and vegetables of every kind; very beautifully laid out; and watered in a charming manner by the stream that murmured a thousand ways from the spring by the house-door. I have not seen a sweeter thing. It appeared so beautiful and useful, so still and delightful a place, so judiciously cultivated, and happily disposed, that I could not help wishing to be acquainted with the owner of such a lodge.

*A description
of a little
country-seat,
in the northern
extremity of
Stanemore.*

*A description
of a sleeping
parlour in a
grove.*

§. 3. As there was no other fence to this fine spot of ground but a ditch like a *ba* to keep cattle out, I leaped into the gardens, and roamed about for some time, to look at the curious things. I then went up to the house, in hopes of seeing a human creature either high or low. I knocked at the door, but no one could I find, though the mansion did not look like an uninhabited place. I then sauntered into the grove behind, and in a winding way of three hundred yards, that had been cut through the perennial wood, and was made between banks of springing flowers, beautiful exotics, and various aromatic shrubs, crept on till I arrived at a sleeping parlour, which stood in the middle of a circular acre of ground, and was surrounded and shaded with a beautiful grove; the *larix*, the *phœnician cedar*, and the upright *favin*. There was a little falling water near the door, that was pleasing to look at, and charmed the ear. Entering this room, I found the walls painted by some masterly hand, in baskets of flowers and the finest rural scenes. Two handsome couches were on either side the chamber, and between these *lits de repos*, was as curious a table, for wood and workmanship, as could be seen. Pretty stools stood near it,

it, and one arm-chair. It was a sweet silent place, and in every respect far beyond the sleeping parlour in the gardens at *Stow*. (6)

§. 4. On one of the couches, as it was then evening, and I knew not what to do, I threw myself down, and very soon fell fast asleep. I lay the whole night without waking, and as soon as I could perceive any day, went to see what was become of *Finn* and the horses. The beasts I found feeding on very good grass in the green: and my lad still snooring under a great tree: but he was soon on his legs, and gave me the following account.

Passed the night in the sleeping parlour in the wood.

§. 5. About an hour after my departure from him, he saw a poor man pass over the plain, who had come down the mountain we descended, and was going to cross the *Teese* in a small skiff of his own, in order to go to his cottage on the other side in *Bishoprick*: that he lived by fishing and fowling, and sold what he got by land and water to the quality and gentlefolk, twenty miles round

Finn's story.

(6) Lord *Cobham's*, now Earl *Temple's* seat in *Buckinghamshire*, 59 miles from *London*.

him.

him. And on asking who lived in the house before us, on the skirts of the grove, he said, it belonged to a young lady of great fortune, Miss *Antonia Cranmer*, whose father had been dead about a year, (died in the house I saw): that she was the greatest beauty in the world, and only nineteen, and for one so young, wise to an astonishing degree: that she lived mostly at this seat, with her cousin, *Agnes Vane*, who was almost as handsome as she: that Miss *Cranmer* had no relish for the world, being used to still life, and seldom stirred from home, but to visit an old lady, her aunt, who lived in *Cumberland*: that she was at present there, about twenty miles off, and would soon return: that she kept four young gentlewomen (who had no fortunes) to attend her and Miss *Vane*; two old men servants, a gardener, and a cook; and two boys: that whenever she went from her house, she took her whole family with her, and left every place locked up as I saw. *Finn's* account surprised me. It set me a-thinking if it was possible to get this charming girl. I paused with my finger in my mouth for a few minutes, and then bid him saddle the horses.

*The author's
manner of liv-*

§. 6. As soon as it was possible, I went over the river to

to the fisherman's house, determining there to wait, till I could see the beautiful *Antonia*, and her fair kinswoman, another *Agnes de Castro*, to be sure. My curiosity could not pass two such glorious objects without any acquaintance with them.

ing for several days, in the cottage of a poor fisherman in Bishoprick.

The poor fisherman gave me a bed very readily for money, as he had one to spare for a traveller, and he provided for me every thing I could desire. He brought bread and ale from a village a few miles distant, and I had plenty of fish and wild-fowl for my table. Every afternoon I crossed the water, went to the sleeping parlour, and there waited for the charming *Antonia*.—Twenty days I went backwards and forwards, but the beauties in that time did not return. Still however I resolved to wait; and, to amuse myself till they came, went a little way off to see an extraordinary man.

§. 7. While I resided in this cottage, *Christopher* informed me, that about three miles from his habitation, there lived in a wild and beautiful glin, a gentleman well

A description of a charming little country seat, where a solitary gentleman lived.

worth my knowing,

knowing, not only on account of his pretty lodge, and lone manner of spending his time, but as he was a very extraordinary man. This was enough to excite my curiosity, and as soon as it was light, the first of *May*, I went to look for this solitary. I found him in a vale, romantic indeed, among vast rocks, ill-shaped and rude, and surrounded with trees, as venerable as the forest of *Fontainbleau*. His little house stood on the margin of a fountain, and was encompassed with copses of different trees and greens. The pine, the oak, the ash, the chesnut tree, cypresses, and the acasia, diversified the ground, and the negligent rural air of the whole spot, had charms that could always please. Variety and agreeableness were every where to be seen. Here was an harbour of shrubs, with odoriferous flowers: and there, a copse of trees was crowned with the enamel of a meadow. There was a collection of the most beautiful vegetables in one part; and in another, an assembly of evergreens, to form a perpetual spring. *Pan* had an altar of green turf, under the shade of elms and limes: and a *water-nymph* stood by the spring of a murmuring stream. The whole was a fine imitation of nature; simple and rural to a charming degree.

§. 8. Here lived *Dorick Watson*, an *English* gentleman, who had been bred a *catholic* in *France*, and there married

The history of Dorick Watson the hermit.

a sister of the famous *Abbé le Blanc*. But on returning to his own country, being inclined, by good sense and curiosity, to see what the protestants had to say in defence of their *reformation*, he read the best books he could get on the subject, and soon perceived, that *Luther*, *Melancthon*, *Calvin*, *Zuinglius*, *Bucer*, and other ministers of Christ, had said more against the *Romish* religion than the *pretended catholics* had been able to give a solid answer to. He saw, that *barbarity*, *policy*, and *sophistry*, were the main props of *popery*; and that, in doctrine and practice, it was one of the *greatest visible enemies* that *Christ* has in the world. He found that even *Bellarmino's* notes of his church were so far from being a clear and necessary proof that the *church of Rome* is the body of Christ, or true church, that they proved it to be the *Great Babylon*, or that great enemy of God's church, which the *apostles* describe.

He saw, in the first place, that there has not been, since the writing of the *New Testament*, any empire, but that of

The hermit's observations on Bellarmino's notes of the church.

the

the *church of Rome*, so universal for 1260 years together, as to have all that dwell upon earth, peoples, and multitudes, and nations, and tongues, to worship it; which is St. *John's* description of the *new power* that prevailed on the inhabitants of the earth to receive his idolatrous constitutions, and yield obedience to his tyrannical authority. *And all that dwell on the earth shall worship him*, except those who are inrolled in the registers, as heirs of eternal life, according to the promises of the mediator of acceptance and blessing. (*Rev. xiii. 8.*) *The waters which thou sawest, where the whore sitteth, are peoples, and multitudes, and nations, and tongues.* (*Rev. xvii. 15.*) *Bellarmino's Universality* then is directly against him.

The Cardinal's second note, (continued *Dorick*) is antiquity, and his *third* a *perpetual and uninterrupted duration*. But on examination, I could find no *ruling power*, except *Rome papal*, so ancient, as to have the blood of prophets, and saints, and of all that were slain upon earth, of that kind for that space of time, to be found in it. (*Rev. xviii. 24.*) And what *Rule* but *papal Rome* had ever so long a duration upon seven hills, so as to answer the whole length of
of

of the time of the *Saracen* and *Turkish* empires.

The Cardinal's *fourth note* is *amplitude*, and it is most certain, that never had any other church such a multitude and variety of believers, as to have all nations drink of the wine of her fornication, and to gain a blasphemous power over all kindreds, and tongues, and nations.

The *fifth note* is the *Succession of its bishops*; and the *sixth, Agreement with the doctrine of the ancient church*: Now, it is most true, that none but *Rome* was ever so eminently conspicuous for so long a time for the *succession of its bishops* under one supreme patriarch, as to be the *living image* of all the civil dignities of the empire, where it was under one *supreme church-head exercising all the power* of the civil head: nor did ever any enemy of God's church act for so long a time like the *red dragon* in its *bloody laws* against the followers of the lamb: and yet so far agree with the *primitive church* in fundamental *doctrines*, as to answer the character of a false prophet with the horns of the lamb, that is, Christ, but speaking

ing like the *red dragon* to his followers, as the *church* of *Rome* has done. (7)

The

*An abstract of
Dr. Chandler's
observations on
Bellarmine's
sixth note of the
church.*

(7) Reader, it is well worth your while to turn to the first volume of that admirable work, the *Salter's-hall Sermons against Popery*, and there see how the *Cardinal's notes* of his church are considered by that learned and excellent man, Dr. *Samuel Chandler*. His consideration of the 6th note more immediately concerns me here, and therefore I give you an abstract of it.

The writings of the apostles are allowed even by our adversaries to be the oldest records of christianity, and therefore to this ancient and infallible rule we ought to appeal, to determine the controversy between us and the *papists*, that is, to see how far this antiquity favours their doctrine and practices, or is in agreement with ours.

1. The protestants renounce the Pope, and acknowledge one law-giver, the Lord Jesus Christ, for these reasons,—That the Pope is not mentioned in the New Testament; that Christ says, *one is your master, even Christ*; and St. Paul says, *there is but one Lord, and one Faith: the whole family in heaven and earth is named of the Lord Jesus Christ*.

2. Protestants do not pay any worship at all to saints and angels, but, as St. Paul directs, consider *Jesus Christ* as their *sole mediator* and *advocate*; for *there is but one God, and one mediator between God and man, the man Jesus Christ*. They say, such veneration and prayer to saints and angels is superstition and will-worship, and only worship God with all their hearts and souls, with the most raised affections, and the highest degrees of love and fear, faith and confidence; for it is written, *Thou shalt worship the Lord*

The seventh note of Bellarmine's holy Roman catholic church, is the Union of the members among themselves, and with the head:

Lord God, and him only shalt thou serve: And the angel in the Revelation said to John, who fell down at his feet to worship him, See thou do it not, for I am thy fellow-servant.

3. We affirm, that in the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, after consecration, there is nothing existent but bread and wine; for St. Paul says, *Whoſoever ſhall eat this bread and drink this cup, and as often as you eat this bread and drink this cup.*

4. We affirm the eucharist is only a memorial of Chriſt's death; for Chriſt ſays, *do this in remembrance of me*; and St. Paul aſſures the Corinthians from Chriſt himſelf, (1 Cor. xi. 24.) that they were to receive the elements with this view only: and in his epiſtle to the Hebrews he tells us, that *by one offering Chriſt hath for ever perfected thoſe who are ſanctified*; and that *because there is remiſſion of ſins under the new covenant, there is no more offering for ſin*; which proves, the eucharist is not a propitiatory ſacrifice.

5. We renounce the doctrine of purgatory, and affirm, that the future ſtate is no ſtate of probation; for at death, *the duſt ſhall return to the earth as it was, and the ſpirit ſhall return to God who gave it.* And St. Paul declares, that at the judgment-ſeat of Chriſt every one *ſhall receive the things done in the body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad.*

6. Proteſtants affirm, that the worſhip of God ought to be performed in a language which all men underſtand; and that they have a right to ſearch the ſcriptures: For, *if I ſpeak with tongues (ſays the apoſtle) in ſuch a language as thoſe I ſpeak to cannot underſtand, what ſhall I profit you? Let all things be done to edifying.*

head: And sure it is, that no where else but in *Rome papal*, has there been such an *union of head and members* for that length of time, as to apply the one mind of the ten kings for their *agreement* together, to give their power, and strength, and their whole *kingdoms* to the beast.

The *eighth note* produced by Cardinal Bellarmine, is *Sanctity*; and *Watson* saw it fairly proved by the protestant writers, that no church but *Rome* did ever appear so long

fyng. And *Christ* bids us *search the scriptures*: And how could the word of *Christ* dwell richly in us in all wisdom, teaching and admonishing one another in psalms, hymns, and spiritual songs, if we had not the word of *Christ*, and the scriptures of truth to read and consult for ourselves.

These are the protestant doctrines, and we see they were taught by *Christ* and his apostles. We have the sanction of the most venerable antiquity on our side, and this note of the true church of *Christ* belongeth to us in the highest perfection.

When the *papists* then scornfully say, *Where was your church before Luther and Calvin?* The answer is obvious: the doctrine of our church was in the *writings* of the *inspired apostles*, where the church of *Rome* is never to be found; — the same that was taught by *Christ* himself, whom they have forsaken, and whose faith they have corrupted. As to our *predecessors* and *professors*, they were the *persecuted disciples* of the *crucified Jesus*, those *martyrs* and *confessors*, whose blood
the

long together with such a medley of *sanctity*, in some *doctrines*, and outward appearances of a strict *holiness of life*, joined with the most abominable doctrines, and practices, to qualify it for the horns of the lamb, and the speech of the dragon for the idolatrous and cruel commands of the image; or, for having the form of godliness in the latter times, and yet denying the power thereof.

In short, *Dorick* not only found, on a careful inquiry, that the *system* of the church of *Rome* was error and turpitude, abomination, gain, and cruelty,—and her great de-

the church of *Rome* hath cruelly spilt. This is the genuine antiquity the *protestants* have to boast of. Their *doctrines* are the word of *Christ*, and their fathers were put to death by *papists* for the testimony of *Jesus*.

But the *papists* on the contrary, exclusive of the example of the *devil*, who was a murderer from the beginning, and *Antiochus Epiphanes*, *Nero*, *Domitian*, and other monsters of mankind, who went before them in the measures of persecution, cruelty, and blood; and excepting the *idolatrous nations* of the earth, and the *false prophets* and deceivers among the Jews, by whose authority and example they may vindicate their own idolatries, they have no genuine antiquity to plead. Many of their doctrines were unknown to, or abhorred by the primitive church, and are mere novelties and innovations, that were originally introduced by superstition, and then maintained by cruelty and blood.

sign the very reverse of the gospel revelation, which came down from heaven to prepare men, by the practice of universal holiness and virtue, for eternal life; but likewise, that even her Cardinal's notes prove, this church cannot be, in any sense, the true church of Christ; and Bellarmine was perfectly infatuated to make choice of such things for the marks of his church, as make it the very picture of Babylon the Great. He resolved then to come out of Rome. He determined to forsake a church, which had altered the institutions of Christ, and is therefore guilty of heresy as well as schism.

This change in religion gave Dorick the highest satisfaction; (as he told me) and it was doubled by his being able to convert his beloved *Adelaïde* from popery to the church of Christ. But this joy had soon after some mitigation, by losing one of the most agreeable women in the world. Death robbed him of his heart's fond idol, and by that stroke he was so wounded, that he could not heal himself for a long time. He became the real mourner. He kept the reasons of his anguish continually before him, and was more intent upon spending his spirits than his sorrows. He grew fond of solitude and silence, that he might in-
dulse

dulge his passion, and provoke the emotion of that grief that was ready to devour him. In short, he retreated to the silent place I found him in, which was a part of his own estate, and turned *hermit*. He built the little villa I saw by the water-side, and formed the ground into the natural garden I beheld. *Le Blanc* mentions it in his letters, as an extraordinary thing, and very justly prefers it to the laboured and expensive gardens at *Chiswick*, the work of the late Lord *Burlington*. Here *Watson* laid in every thing he had a mind for, and filled his closet with books. He amused and kept himself healthy by working in his garden, and when he had done abroad, went in to read. His principal study was the contemplation of the best learning, which is the true christian; and from that he went to know what the *Greeks* and *Romans* have resolved and taught. In some things, I found he was a learned agreeable man, and wondered greatly at his whim in turning hermit. I said a great deal against it, as we sat over a bottle of claret; told him he might employ his time and talents more usefully in the world, by mixing and conversing with his fellow-creatures, and by a mutual participation and conveyance of the common blessings of nature and pro-

vidence; and as he was not forty yet, advised him to go over the *Teese*, and make his addressees to Miss *Cranmer* or Miss *Vane*, both of them being most glorious girls, as I was told, and capable of adding greatly to the delights of philosophy. You have not seen two finer creatures, soul and body, than they are, if I have been rightly informed; and I think, it would be a nobler and more religious act to get one of them with child, in the state of holy wedlock, than to write the best book that was ever printed. For my own part, I had rather marry, and double-rib one of these dear creatures, than die with the character of a father of the deserts. But in vain did I remonstrate to this anchoret. Contemplation was become his *Venus*, from the hour he lost his *Adelaïde*; and he had lived so very happy in his lone state for seven years past, that he could not think of hazarding felicity by a change of life. He had all he desired. If at any time, any thing was wanting, *Christopher* the fisherman, who came to see him once or twice a week, very quickly got him whatever he required. This was *Watson's* answer to my advice, and seeing it was to no purpose to say any more, I wished my hermit health, and bid him adieu.

§. 9. Having, in the preceding article, mentioned the famous *Abbé le Blanc*, I think I ought to say something of him in this place, by adding a few remarks in relation to this extraordinary man. He was in *England* in the year 1735, and writ two volumes of letters in octavo, which were translated into *English*, and printed for *Brindley* in 1747. In this account of *England*, the *French monk* pretends to describe the natural and political constitution of our country, and the temper and manners of the nation; but, as is evident from his epistles, knew nothing at all of any of them.

A few remarks relating to the Abbé Le Blanc, and his letters.

Voltaire, however, (that wonderful compound of a man, *half infidel, half papist*; who seems to have no regard for *christianity*, and yet compliments *popery*, at the expence of his understanding (8); who

writes

(8) *Voltaire's* words are, — And notwithstanding all the troubles and infamy which the church of *Rome* has had to encounter, she has always preserved a greater decency and gravity in her worship than any of the other churches; and has given proofs, that when in a state of freedom, and under due regulations, she was formed to give lessons to all others. — Is not this facing the world, and contradicting truth

writes the history of *England* with a *partiality* and *malevolence* almost as great as *Smollet's*, and pretends to describe the *Britannic* constitution, though it is plain from what he says, that he has not one true idea of the *primary institutions* of it, but taking this nation to be just such another kingdom of slaves as his own country, rails at the *Revolution*, and like all the *Jacobite dunces*, prates against the placing the *Prince of Orange* on the *throne*, and the establishment of

with a bold front? *Decency* and *gravity* in the church of *Rome*! The licentious *whore*. And formed to give lessons. *Lessons, Voltaire!*—Is not her *wisdom*, in every article of it, *earthly, sensual, devilish*;—and her zeal, that *bitter, fierce, and cruel* thing, which for ever produces *confusion* and every evil work? With a just abhorrence, and a manly indignation, we must look upon this *mystery of iniquity*, and never let that *horror* decay, which is necessary to guard us against the gross corruptions of the *Roman* church; the *idolatry* of her worship,—the absurdity and impiety of her doctrines,—the *tyranny* and *cruelty* of her principles and practices. These are her lessons, *Voltaire*; and you ought to ask the world pardon for daring to recommend a church, whose schemes and pieties bid defiance to reason, and are inconsistent with the whole tenor of revelation. This is the more incumbent on you, as you say you are a *philosopher*, and let us know in more places than one in your writings, that by that word, you mean a man who believes nothing at all of any revelation.

the *succession* in the *present protestant heirs*; though most certain it be, that *these things* were the *natural fruit and effect* of *our incomparable constitution*, and are *de jure*: — In short, that *Zoilus* and *plagiary*, — that *carping superficial critic*, (as a good judge calls him) who abuses the *English nation* in his *letters*, and denies *Shakespear* almost every dramatic excellence; though in his *Mahomet*, he pilfers from *Macbeth* almost every capital scene: (*Shakespear*, who furnishes out more elegant, pleasing, and interesting entertainment in his plays, than all the other dramatic writers, ancient and modern, have been able to do; and, without observing any one unity but that of character, for ever diverts and instructs, by the variety of his incidents, the propriety of his sentiments, the luxuriancy of his fancy, and the purity and strength of his dialogue): *Voltaire*, I say, speaking of this *Abbé le Blanc*, ‘wishes he had travelled through all the world, and wrote on all nations, for it becomes only a wise man to travel and write. Had I always such cordials, I would not complain any more of my ills. — I support life, when I suffer. — I enjoy it, when I read you.’ — This is *Voltaire’s* account of the *Abbé*. How true and just it is, we shall see in a few obser-

vations on what this reverend man says of our *religion* and *clergy*.

Some observations on the Abbé Le Blanc's fifty-eighth letter to the President Bouhier, in which he misrepresents and blackens the reformation of England, and abuses the English clergy.

The substance of what this *French monk* reports, vol. II. from p. 64. to p. 75. in his letter to the President *Bouhier* (9), is this :

1. That *Cranmer*, and the other doctors, who introduced the reformation into *England*, were downright *enthusiasts*, and compassed their designs by being seconded by those, who were animated by a spirit of irreligion, and by a greedy desire of seizing the

Of Mons. Bouhier, president of the French academy.

(9) Reader—*Bouhier*, president of the *French academy*, (to whom *Le Blanc* inscribes his 58th letter) died in 1746. He was a scholar. *L'Abbé de Ollivet*, (from whom he had the late fine edition of *Cicero* in seven volumes 4to) speaks of him in the following manner :—Je me suis prêté à ce nouveau travail, & d'autant plus volontiers, que M. le Président *Bouhier* a bien voulu le partager avec moi.—On sera, sans doute, charmé de voir *Cicéron* entre les mains d'un traducteur aussi digne de lui, que *Cicéron* lui-même étoit digne d'avoir pour traducteur un savant du premier ordre. *Tusc. tome 1. p. 13.*—And again ;—Feu M. le Président *Bouhier*, le *Varron* de notre

the possessions of the monks. It was the desire of a change established the reformation. The new doctors seduced the people; and the people having mistaken darkness for light, quitted the road of truth, to walk in the ways of error.

2. As to morals, that this boasted reformation produced no change in that respect; for the people are not purer than

notre siècle, & l'homme le plus capable de bien rendre les vraies beautés d'un original Grec ou Latin, avoit tellement retouché ses deux Tusculanes, qu'on aura peine à les reconnoître dans cette nouvelle édition.
Tusc. tome 2. p. 1.

This is *Olivet's* account of *Boubier*; and I have heard some gentlemen who knew him, say, that he was a very fine genius; but, they added, a popish bigot to the last degree, and therefore *Le Blanc* chose him as the fittest person of his acquaintance, to write an epistle to, that abused the reformation, and the *English* divines. Great is the prejudice of education! when so bright a mind as *Boubier's* cannot see the deformity of *Popery*, and the beauty of the reformation; but, on the contrary, with pleasure reads the despicable defamation in *Le Blanc's* letter.

N. B. The two *Tusculans*, so finely translated by *Boubier*, are the 3d, De ægritudine lenienda: and the 5th, Virtutem ad beatè vivendum seipsa esse contentam. De la vertu: Qu'elle suffit pour vivre heureux. — See likewise, M. *Boubier's* curious and useful remarks on, the three books, De Natura Deorum; the five *Tusculans*; *Scipio's* dream; and on the *Catilineares*, or three orations against *Catiline*. These remarks are the third volume.

they were in former times, and the ecclesiastics are despised and hated for the badness of their lives. The bishops sacrifice every thing to their ambition; and the clergy of the second rank have no respect for their office. They spend the whole day in public places in smoking and drinking, and are remarkable for drunkenness, so dishonourable to ecclesiastics. Their talk is the most dissolute, and the vice that degrades these professors sets a bad example to sober people, and makes them the jest of libertines.

3. The only remarkable change produced by the reformation was the marriage of priests; and, exclusive of this being against the decisions of the catholic church, it is contrary to sound policy and experience. The marriage of priests diminishes the respect we should have for them. The misconduct of a woman makes the clergyman fall into contempt. The lewdness of the daughter makes the priest, her father, the object of the most indecent jests; and, for the most part, the daughters of the clergy turn whores after the death of their father; who, while living, spent more of his income in maintaining himself and children in pleasure and luxury, than in works of charity.

charity. He lived profusely, and dies poor.

Beside, if the *English* clergy were the greatest and most excellent men, yet a great man in the eyes of the world, loses of the respect which is due to him, in proportion as he has any thing in common with the rest of mankind. A *Madam Newton*, and a *Madam Fontenelle*, would injure the illustrious men whose name they bore. Nor is this all. Those who by their disposition cannot fix that secret inclination, which induces us to love, on one person, are more humane and charitable than others. The unmarried ecclesiastics are more animated with that charitable spirit their function requires, as they have no worldly affections to divert it. People very rarely (as Lord Bacon says) employ themselves in watering plants, when they want water themselves. —In short, the *English* divines are the worst of men, and there is hardly any religion in *England*. — Thus does this *French* Abbé revile the *English* reformation and divines. He misrepresents the whole nation, and with a falsehood and outrage peculiar to *popery* and *mass-priests*, that is, to devils and the most execrable religion, screams against the pure religion of the gospel, and dishonestly blackens some of the finest characters

characters that ever adorned human nature. So very virulent is this reverend *French* papist against the clergy of *England*, that he is even positive there is not a divine in the nation knows how to behave like a gentleman.

In answer to the first article of impeachment, I observe, that it is so far from being true, that *Cranmer*, and the other *English* divines, *our reformers*, were enthusiasts, and compassed their designs by the assistance of those who were animated by a spirit of irreligion, and by a greedy desire of seizing the possession of the monks, (as this *mass-priest* asserts); that it is most certain, on the contrary, *Cranmer*, and the other *reformers*, were wise and upright christians, who, from a good understanding of religion, opposed the *false pretensions* of the church of *Rome*. They saw that popery was contrary to the true genius of christianity; its spirit insolent and cruel; and its worship, not only a jumble of the most ridiculous fopperies and extravagancies, borrowed from heathen customs and superstitions; but the impurest that ever appeared in the world: that the *designs* of *popish Rome* were contrary to all the *principles* of *humanity*; its *doctrines* *abominable* and *sinful*; and its *offices* *curse* and *diabolical*:

lical: it was evident, I say, to the conception of these great men, (I mean *Cranmer*, and the other *English reformers*) that the *Romish church* was treacherous and inhuman, blood-thirsty and antichristian; that her devotions were horrible and impious; her ministers *false prophets* and *liars*, covered and decked with the livery of Christ, but in every thing acting contrary to the salvation wrought by Jesus; and therefore these wise and excellent *reformers* renounced *popery*, and bravely declared for that religion, which promotes the good of all mankind, and inspires men to *worship the Father only in spirit and in truth*. They threw off the cloak and garments of antichrist: they gloriously separated from him, and joined together in *purity* and *simplicity*, to *please the Lord Jehovah*. There was no enthusiasm in the case, (as *Le Blanc*, the *mass-priest*, has the front to say) but when the light of the gospel was obscured, and darkness had overspread the earth; when ignorance and superstition universally prevailed, and the *immoralities* of the *Church of Rome* were made to pass for christianity in the world; then did these *reformers* call the people out of *Rome*, and preach to them the essential truths of the faith. They called them from an idolatrous religion, and all its train of direful effects;

from

from that sin of the first rank, which strikes at the being of a God, and ravishes from him the greatest honour that is due to him from his creature, man; they called them from the horrible service of the mass, from their addresses to angels and saints, and their worship of images; to the inward knowledge of one true God, and the worship due to him only; to the sanctification and honour which is due to him above all things, and above every name; to the living hope in God thro' Christ; to regeneration, and inward renovation by faith, hope, and charity; to a holy conversation, and a faithful performance of all the commandments; to true repentance, perseverance to the end, and life eternal. To these *truths*, (not to be found in the religion of our travelling *mass-priest*) did the great, the glorious *English* reformers call mankind. They laboured to establish them in every thing tending to a pure faith, and good life. In this, there is not, there cannot be any enthusiasm.

And as to their being assisted by those who were animated by a spirit of irreligion, and by a greedy desire of seizing the possessions of the monks, it does not appear to be the truth of the case. Supposing there were such irreligious men, the assistance

ance the *reformers* had from any great men in *Henry* the eighth's time, when the abbey's were destroyed, was so very little, that malice only could mention it as an objection to the reformation. Popery, in that monarch's reign, was still the established religion of *England*, and both sides blame this king's *persecutions*. If *papists* were put to death for denying the *supremacy* of *Harry*, *protestants* were no less sufferers for opposing the adoration of the host, and other religious impieties. And after the short reign of his son, *Edward* the sixth, what assistance had the *reformers* under *bloody Mary*? Did she not do all that *infernal popery* could suggest, to destroy *Cranmer*, his brethren, and their reformation? And did not they, without any other assistance than what they received from the spirit of God, continue to vindicate the *truth as it is in Jesus*, and teach the pure doctrines of the gospel, in opposition to the *frauds* and *vile inventions* of *papal Rome*. Without minding the indignities, the torments, and the cruel death prepared for them, the *brave honest men* went on with their heavenly work, and, till the flames made them silent, endeavoured to destroy the *Romish artifices* and *immoralities*, and to spread the *pure religion* and *undefiled before God and the Father*. They were zealous, with the truth
of

of religion on their side, and laboured to convert, out of a pure and friendly regard to the eternal welfare of mankind. They did the work, by the blessing of God, and therefore the malicious *Le Blanc*, the *mass-priest*, reviles and blackens them.

What he says of *usurpation*, in respect of church-lands, does not deserve any notice. The reforming clergy were not the actors in that scene. It was the king and his council. And as the Pope had shewed them the way, by granting *bulls for the dissolution of the lesser monasteries*, they thought, since the Pope's power was taken away by a general consent of the nation, the king, the church, and the people concurring, they might, with as little *sacrilege*, dissolve the rest. The king and parliament (says Bishop *Burnet*) could not discern the difference between greater and lesser as to the point of *sacrilege*. And although some uses might cease by the doctrines of the reformation, as masses for souls departed, and monks to pray the dead out of purgatory; yet there were others to employ the church-lands about, as some of them were in founding *new bishopricks*. And if in this case, the reformers had been guilty of some wilful errors, that could be no crime of the reformation. The culpable must
answer

answer it. For the satisfaction of conscience about the reformation, there can be but three questions fairly proposed. Was there sufficient cause for it? Was there sufficient authority? And whether the proceedings of our reformation were justifiable by the rule of scripture, and the ancient church? Upon these points we ought to join issue, and I am sure the conclusion must be in the affirmative.

As to *Le Blanc's* second observation in relation to the *marriage of priests*, which our *reformation* he says produced, it may be answered, that the doctrine of a *priest's marriage being unlawful*, was borrowed by the church of *Rome* from the ancient heretics; especially from the *Manichees*, who allowed marriage to their hearers, as the church of *Rome* doth to laymen; but forbade it to their *elect*, as that church doth to her *priests*. St. *Augustin* charges the *Manichees* with this error. Hic non dubito vos esse clamaturos invidiamque factures, castitatem perfectam vos vehementer commendare atque laudare, non tamen nuptias prohibere; quandoquidem auditores vestri quorum apud vos secundus est gradus ducere atque habere non prohibentur uxores. *De moribus Manichæorum, Lib. 2. c. 18.*

The first *pope* we read of that condemned the *marriage* of *priests*, was *Syricius*, the *Roman*, A. D. 384—398. And upon this account, I wonder *Baronius* had not a regard to his memory: but it has been the misfortune of his *holiness* since his death to fall under the displeasure of the *Cardinal* to that degree, that he has struck him out of his catalogue of his *Romish* saints. He does not tell us for what reason. Perhaps it was because this pope rather dissuaded *priests* from marriage than peremptorily forbad it, as appears by his letters. (*Syr. epist. i. & 4. apud Binium.*)

The next *pope*, who distinguished himself against the *marriage* of *priests*, was the son of *Bald-head*, count of *Burgundy*, (whose grand-daughter was consort to *Lewis* the 6th, king of *France*); I mean the celebrated *Guy*, archbishop of *Vienne*, who succeeded *Gelasius*, A. D. 1119, and had for successor in the year 1124, *Lambert* of *Bononia*, commonly called *Honorius* the second. *Calixtus* the second, pope, and prince of *Burgundy*, was the first who absolutely forbad *priests marriage*, and in case they were married, commanded them to be separated. (*Grat. dist. 27. c. 8.*) This was in the beginning of the twelfth century. And towards the end of it, A. D. 1198, the

the renowned son of Count *Trasimund*, I mean *Innocent* the third, the ever memorable Cardinal *Lotharius*, pronounced all the *marriages* of *priests* null. And afterwards came on the *council* of *Trent*, A. D. 1485—1563, which anathematizes those who say such marriages are valid. (Sess. 24. can. 9.)

But one would think, that God sufficiently declared his approbation of such marriages, in that the whole world hath by his appointment been twice peopled by two married priests; first by *Adam*, secondly by *Noah*. And we are sure, the holy *scripture* tells us, *That marriage is honourable in all*; (Heb. xiii. 4.) and places it among the qualifications of a bishop, *That he be the husband of one wife, having faithful children*. (Tit. i. 6.) This, saith St. Chrysostom, the apostle prescribed to this end, that he might stop the mouths of hereticks, who reproached marriage; declaring thereby, that marriage is no unclean thing, but so honourable, that a married man may be exalted to the sacred throne of a bishop. (Chrysost. hom. 2. in c. 1. ad tit.) What do you say to this, *Le Blanc*? I fancy you never read this homily of Chrysostome. — And well might this saint think it not unbecoming a bishop to marry, when our Lord thought it

5

not

not *unbecoming* an *apostle*, no not the prince of the apostles (as the *Romanists* will have him), for it is without doubt, that *St. Peter* was married; in that the scripture makes mention of his wife's mother. (*Mat. viii. 14.*) And *Clemens* of *Alexandria* tells us, that it was certainly reported, that when he saw his wife led to death, he rejoiced; and having exhorted her and comforted her, he called her by her name, and bid her remember the Lord. (*Clemens Alex. Stromat. l. 7. p. 736. Lut. 1629.*) And that he was not only married, but begat children, the same *Clemens*, in another place, affirms, (*Stromat. l. 3. p. 448.*) Yea, that *St. Philip* and *St. Jude* were also married, and had children, *Eusebius* is witness, (*Euseb. eccles. hist. l. 3. c. 20.—31.*) And in like manner we find, that many of the primitive bishops were married. *Charemon* bishop of *Nilus*, *St. Spiridion*, *St. Gregory Nazianzen*, *St. Gregory Nyssen*, *St. Hilary*, and many more, were married men.

Nor can it be said, that they took wives while they were laymen, and after they took upon them the sacred ministry, were separated from them; since the *canons*, commonly called the apostles, did prohibit either bishop, priest, or deacon, to put away his wife upon pretence of religion.

(See canon 5.) And if any such shall abstain from marriage, as in itself abominable, command that he be corrected, or deposed, and cast out of the church. (Canon 50.)

Now, supposing these *canons* (notwithstanding all that *Whiston* has said) were not made by them whose name they bear, yet they are allowed by all to be of much greater antiquity than the first *Nicene* council. And when in that council it was moved, that *bishops* and *priests*, *deacons* and *sub-deacons*, might not cohabit with their wives, which they had taken before ordination, the *motion* was presently dashed by the famous *Paphnutius*, who was himself a single person. (*Socrat. eccles. hist. l. i. c. 11.*) Yea, a long time after this council, we meet with many *popes*, who were *sons* of *bishops* and *priests*.

Pope *Theodorus*, *Silverius*, and *Gelasius* I. were the sons of bishops: pope *Boniface* I. *Felix* II. and *Agapetus* II. were the sons of priests. (*Gratian. dist. 56. c. 2.*) and that we may not think this strange, *Gratian* himself informs us, that the marriage of priests was in those days lawful in the Latin church. (*Dist. 56. c. 12.*)

Nor is this doctrine to be rejected only as contrary to scripture, and to primitive and apostolical

apostolical practice, but because of the abominable fruits produced in the church of *Rome* by it. For when the clergy might not have wives, (which God allowed), instead of them they took whores; and that wickedness so far prevailed in the church, that the Cardinal of *Cambray* informs us, (De reform. eccles.) many clergymen were not ashamed publicly, in the face of the world, to keep concubines. And the gloss upon *Gratian* says, A priest may not be deposed for simple fornication, because there are few priests to be found without that fault. This made *Pius* the second say, that though priests were by the western church forbid to marry for good reason, yet there was stronger reason to restore marriage to them again. (Hist. Council Trent, l. 7. p. 680.) And many in that council, were so sensible of this, that they alledged the great scandal given by incontinent priests, and that there was want of continent persons fit to exercise the ministry. (*Paoli*, p. 679. &c.) The Emperor and the Duke of *Bavaria* did therefore require, that the marriage of priests might be granted. (*Paoli*, p. 680, &c.) And many bishops desired that married persons might be promoted to holy orders; but this request was not granted, because, as the fathers observed, if the clergy once come to

be

be married, they will no longer depend on the Pope, but on their prince.

To conclude this article, (and I shall do it in the words of a great man, a prelate of the church of *England*, now living); To make war against the very Being of their species, they (the *Romish priests*) devote themselves to a single life, in blasphemous opposition to that first great command and blessing, *increase and multiply*.

As to *Le Blanc's* third observation, relating to the immoralities and bad behaviour of the *English* clergy; I answer, if there are several bad men among so large a body as the protestant divines are, which is not strange, as it is the common case of all societies, yet the majority of them, orthodox and other dox, are as worthy men as can be found among the human race. I am very sure my acquaintance among them has been much larger than *Le Blanc's* could possibly be; and I can affirm from my own knowledge, that there are very many of this order of men, not only as fine gentlemen as I have ever conversed with; but, a clergy holy in heart, superior to pride, to anger, to foolish desires; who walk as *Christ* also walked, and by their example and doctrine, labour to make the

people what the *gospel* requires they should be; that is, pious and useful, pure and honest, meek and charitable; to walk by faith, and not by sight; and so pass thro' things temporal, that they may be sure of obtaining the things eternal. This I can say of many *English* divines of my acquaintance: and I may add, that this testimony from me, who am not over-fond of the clergy, (as the main of the christianity of too many of them lies in their opinion, decked with a few outward observances, says Mr. *Wesley* very truly, in his letter to Bishop *Warburton*) and only upon occasion, endeavour now to do them justice, is certainly of more weight in their favour, than the calumny and abuse of a *furious bigot* and *mass-priest*, can be to make the world have as bad an opinion of them, as *popery*, and its wretched emissaries, would have the public entertain. Consider this then when you read *Le Blanc's* letters.

On the other hand, I have had a very large and intimate acquaintance with *mass-priests* in my time, in many parts of the world; and, a few excellent ones excepted, I can affirm, that more wicked and more worthless men than these *Romish* monks, I have never seen. If adultery, fornication, drunkenness, and swearing, are crimes, then

JOHN BUNCLE, Esq.

then the greatest criminals I could name in these respects, are *Roman-Catholic* priests, Let this assertion of mine be set over-against the character the *Abbé Le Blanc* gives the *English* protestant ministers. Consider all I have said, when you read this *mass-priest's* fifty-eighth letter, and then judge of our reformation and clergy (10).
——But

(10) Note, reader, in the fourth volume of a work, called, *Notes relating to Men, and Things, and Books*, you will find some more of my remarks on the *Ablé Le Blanc's epistles*. You will see, among other observations on this *monk*, a vindication of Archbishop *Tillotson*. The *Ablé* rails at one of this prelate's fine sermons, with great malice and impudence, and has the vanity to think his *miserable declamation* an answer. This wretched and despicable *Romish apostate* has the impudence and impiety to defend the worship of his *God of dough*, and would, if it were in his power, persuade the readers of his letters, to adore the *tiny cake* he prostrates himself before. For this the reader will find the *mass-priest* well chastised in the work I have referred to; and see the doctrine of the *Lord's Supper* set in a true light. You will find there a curious history of the *mass*, from the time the *papist doctors* first drew it out of the *bottomless pit*; and see it made quite evident, that in this abominable article of their faith, as well as in every other part of their execrable religion, *they make void the law of God*, and sink the human race into the *vilest slavery and idolatry*. Beware then, Christians, of *popery*. Still bravely dare to *protest* against her *infernal schemes and inventions*.

—But it is time to return to the cottage of *Christopher* the fisherman, and see what happened to *Antonia* and *Agnes*.

*The beginning
of my ac-
quaintance
with Miss
Cranmer,
and how it
ended in a
marriage.*

§. 10. When I came back to the poor man's cottage, he told me the ladies were come home; and as he had given Miss *Cranmer* some account of me, as a traveller who had journeyed into that remote corner of the world, in search of antiquities and curiosities, he did not think this lady would be averse to seeing me and hearing me too, if I contrived any plausible pretence to throw myself in her way.

tions, and draw your religion from the *book of God*, that holy volume of inestimable treasure. It is our light in darkness,—our comfort under affliction,—our direction to heaven,—and let us die in defence of it, if ever there should be occasion, rather than suffer the *blood-thirsty papists*, the *red-handed idolaters*, to snatch it out of our hands. They will give us for it the despicable legends of fictitious saints and false miracles;—a history of ciseases cured instantly by relicks;—accounts of speaking images;—stories of travelling chapels;—wonders done by a *Madona*;—and the devil knows what he has crowded into their wretched heads. Down with *popery* then, the *religion of hell*, and may that happy state be erected, when *truth* and *love* shall embrace and reign. *Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly.*

Immediately

Immediately then I crossed the water, went up to the house, and as I saw her and the fair *Agnes* her cousin walking in the garden, near the *ha*, leaped it over immediately, broad as it was, and with my hat in my hand, made her a low bow, began an apology for presuming to introduce myself to her presence in such a manner, and concluded with my being in love with her charming character, before I had the honour and happiness of seeing her. What a condition then must I be in, when a heaven-born maid, like her, appeared! Strange pleasures filled my soul, unloosed my tongue, and my first talk could not be any thing but love. A deal I said on the subject, not worth repeating to the reader; and the issue of the matter was, that I became so well acquainted with this *innocent beauty*, that, on taking my leave, I had an invitation to breakfast with her the next morning. I was there by eight, and really and truly quite charmed with her. She was pretty as it was possible for flesh and blood to be, had a beautiful understanding; and as she had very little notion of men, having seen very few, except the two old servants who lived with her, she had not a notion of any danger that could come from conversing freely with a man she knew no-

thing of, and who might be an enemy in disguise.

After breakfast, I offered to go, but she asked me to stay and dine; and to sum up the matter, I did dine, sup, and breakfast with her every day, for a month, till my good priest, *Friar Fleming*, arrived, on a letter I had sent him, and we were married before the end of six weeks. We loved to excess, and did enhance human happiness to a high degree. She was good as an angel; and for two years we lived in unspeakable felicity. For the greatest part of that time, we were at *Orton-Lodge*, as she liked the wild place. There she likewise died of the small-pox, in the first month of the third year, and left me the most disconsolate of men. Four days I sat with my eyes shut, on account of this loss, and then left the *Lodge* once more, to live if I could, since my religion ordered me so to do, and see what I was next to meet with in the world. As grief sat powerfully on my spirits, and if not dislodged, would have drank them all up very soon, I resolved to hasten to *Harrogate*, and in the festivities of that place forget my departed partner as soon as I could. I laid my *Antonia* by my *Charlotte* and my *Statia*, and then rode off. What happened at the
Wells,

Wells, and all the observations I made there, and thereabout, the reader will find in my fifth section.

N. B. As I mention nothing of any children by so many wives, some readers may perhaps wonder at this, and therefore, to give a general answer, once for all, I think it sufficient to observe, that I had a great many, to carry on the *succession*; but as they never were concerned in any extraordinary affairs, nor ever did any remarkable things, that I heard of; — only rise and breakfast, read and saunter, drink and eat, it would not be fair, in my opinion, to make any one pay for their history.

S E C T. V.

As once, ('twas in *Astræa's* reign)
 The vernal powers renew'd their train,
 It happened that immortal *Love*
 Was ranging thro' the spheres above,
 And downward hither cast his eye
 The year's returning pomp to spy;
 He saw the radiant God of day
 Lead round the globe the rosy *May*;
 The fragrant *airs* and genial hours
 Were shedding round him dew's and flow'rs;
 Before his wheels *Aurora* past,
 And *Hesper's* golden lamp was last.
 But, fairest of the blooming throng,
 When HEALTH majestic mov'd along,
 All gay with smiles, to see below
 The joys which from her presence flow,
 While earth inliven'd hears her voice,
 And fields, and flocks, and swains rejoice;
 'Then mighty *Love* her charms confess'd,
 And soon his vows inclin'd her breast;
 And known from that auspicious morn,
 The pleasing CHEARFULNESS was born.

Thou, CHEARFULNESS, by heav'n design'd
 To rule the pulse, that moves the mind,
 Whatever fretful passion springs,
 Whatever chance or nature brings
 To strain the tuneful poize within,
 And disarrange the sweet machine,
 Thou, *Goddeſs*, with a master-hand,
 Dost each attemper'd key command,
 Refine the soft, and swell the strong,
 'Till all is concord, all is song.

The author
 goes to Har-
 rogate.

§. I. **I**N the year 1731, I ar-
 rived at *Harrogate*, in
 the West-riding of *Yorkshire*,
 in

in order to amuse my mind with the diversions and company of the place. It is a small straggling village on a heath, two miles from *Knareborough*, which is thirteen miles from *York*, and 175 from *London*. The sulphur wells are three, on the north side of the town, about 500 yards east of the bog. They rise out of a little dry hill. The second is a yard from the first, and the third is five yards and a half from the second. The water rises into stone-basons, which are each inclosed in a small neat building of stone and lime a yard square on the insides, and two yards high, covered over with thick flag-stones laid shelving.

*An account of
the place, the
wells, and
company.*

The soil out of which these springs rise is, first, corn-mould, then a marle limestone, and a stratum of plaister: the limestone is so abraded by the salt in the water, that when dried, it swims: and where the water stagnates between the basons and the brook, the earth is ink black, and has a dry white scum, which smells like sulphur, and burns with a blue flame. The water does likewise throw up much candied sea-salts, that is, salts to which sulphur adheres, and the pigeons resort from all parts to pick them up. In moist or rainy weather,

weather, these waters send forth a strong smell at a distance, and before rain they bubble up with an impetuous force; yet neither rain nor drought increases or decreases the springs.

From the large quantities of fine flower of brimstone which these waters throw off, it is plain, that sulphur is the principal thing in them; but experiment likewise proves, that besides sulphur, the stinking well has vitriol, nitre, copper, and salt: These lie *in solutis principiis* in earth from which the water comes, and may be separated by operation: some, I know, deny there is any copper in these waters; but they do not consider, that the glittering glebes of a gold colour found here, can be nothing else than glebes gilt with copper.

As to the diseases wherein this strong *sulphur-water* is proper, it is good for every thing, except a consumption. For this I recommend the *Scarborough purging-chalybeate* above all waters. But if, reader, you have obstructions in your liver and other viscera, and are tormented with viscid humours in your intestines; if your bowels are full of worms, the ascarides, or the broad round worm, or the worms call-
ed

ed the dog and the wolf, from their likeness to these animals; or if, from a venereal cause, (the malady of many a priest and layman) you have an ulcer in the *anus*, or in the neck of your bladder, go to *Harrogate*; drink the stinking-water, live temperate, and you will be cured. For the scurvy, that universal disease, it is better than all other medicines. It is excellent in the jaundice, though of many years standing. It cures the asthma, the scotomia, and palsy, and in many other deplorable cases gives wonderful relief. Whatever ails you, (the consumption excepted) fly to *Harrogate*, and the water will do you good, if your hour be not come: and if you are well, the waters will promote long life, and make you the more able to dance with the ladies.

Four pints of water are enough for a patient, to be taken from half an hour to two hours after sun-rising, upon an empty stomach. You should take some preparatory medicine; and walk drinking the waters to warm the body a little, and make the passage the easier. Some people I have known drink their dose in bed, and it does well enough: but exercise and the thin open air do better, and contribute not a little to the patient's recovery: and there

is no finer fresher air in *England* than at this place.

In short, these wells are the strongest sulphur-water in *Great Britain*, and, from the superior strength of the impregnating sulphur, it does not lose but retain the sulphureous smell, even when exposed to a scalding, and almost a violent heat; and, in distilling it, when three pints had been taken off from a gallon of it, the last was as strong as the first, and stunk intolerably.

Make haste then to *Harrogate*, if you are sick, and have money, and in all probability you will find the waters efficacious, unless thy distemper be a *consumption*, or in its nature incurable, which is the case of many, as death is the common fate of mankind.

*Some advice
to the drink-
ers of Harro-
gate waters.*

§. 2. But when you are there, let me advise you to exercise as much as you can bear, without fatiguing yourself,—and in the next place, to be regular in meats and drinks, and as temperate as possible. Without these things, you will lose the benefit of the waters. No good can be expected, if men will indulge during a
course

course of drinking the *spaw*, and be not only excessive in quantity, but indiscreet as to the quality, of meats and liquors.

I have known some worn-out hard drinkers come to the *Wells* for relief, and at the same time increase by intemperance what they had contracted by the same measure. I have likewise seen some in a diabetes drink white wine; in a cachexy, ale; in the stone and gravel, claret. I have known a man in a dropsy eat nothing but cooling, insipid, mucilaginous foods, and drink malt-drink plentifully:—a man in a jaundice, eat nothing but flesh meat and claret.—in a scurvy, prefer the pungent, saline diet:—in obstinate obstructions, and a chronic hyppo, feed on thickening, hardening, and drying meats:—and in a hectic, vomiting, and spitting of blood, chuse only such things as increase the blood's momentum and velocity. I have known some gentlemen, who sat up late, never exercised, could not eat a dinner, and therefore would indulge in a flesh supper.—All these, and many other irregularities, have I known expect surprising effects from the waters, and when they received no benefit, say, there were no sanative

Some observations on spaw-waters, and advice to the drinkers in a mineral course.

tive principles in them. Unreasonable, unhappy men! Be *temperate: regular: exercise: keep the passions within bounds:* and you may expect very astonishing cures; provided your bodies are not become *irreparable, and no longer tenantable:* that your juices are not to the last degree glutinous and acrimonious: that the corrosiveness of your blood is not bringing on mortifications; — nor inflammations, filling, dilating, and breaking your vessels into suppuration and putrefactions. Then, live how you will, the *waters* can be of no use. You must pay the debt of nature by an incurable disease. Neither mineral waters, nor physic, can create and enliven new bodies, or make and adapt particular members to the old. But if you are only hurt a little, and the disease is curable, the *waters* will certainly be *efficacious*, and recover you, if you use *moderate exercise* (riding especially) and *diversion, a strict regularity, and great temperance.*

*Conclusion of
the author's
advice.*

O temperance! Divine temperance! Thou art the support of the other virtues, the preserver and restorer of health, and the protracter of life! Thou art the maintainer of the dignity and liberty of rational beings, from the wretched inhuman slavery

slavery of sensuality, taste, custom, and examples; and the brightner of the understanding and memory! Thou art the sweetner of life and all its comforts, the companion of reason, and guard of the passions! Thou art the bountiful rewarder of thy admirers and followers: thine enemies praise thee: and thy friends with rapturous pleasure raise up a panegyric in thy praise.

O hunger, hunger, immortal hunger! Thou art the blessing of the poor, the regale of the temperate rich, and the delicious gust of the *plainest morsel*. Cursed is the man that has turned thee out of doors, and at whose table thou art a stranger! Yea, thrice cursed is he, who always thirsts, and hungers no more!

§. 3. As to the company at these wells, I found it very good, and was pleased with the manner of living there.

The company and manner of living at Harrogate.

In the day-time we drank the waters, walked or rid about, and lived in separate parties; lodging in one or other of the three inns that are on the edge of the common: but at night, the company meet at one of the *public-houses*, (the *inns* having the benefit of the meeting in their turn) and

and sup together between eight and nine o'clock on the best substantial things, such as hot shoulders of mutton, rump-stakes, hot pidgeon-pies, veal-cutlets, and the like. For this supper, ladies and gentlemen pay eight-pence each, and after sitting an hour, and drinking what wine, punch, and ale, every one chuses, all who please get up to country-dances, which generally last till one in the morning; those that dance, and those who do not, drinking as they will. The ladies pay nothing for what liquor is brought in, either at supper or after, and it costs the gentlemen five or six shillings a man. At one the ladies withdraw, some to their houses in the neighbourhood, and some to their beds in the inns. The men who are temperate, do then likewise go to rest.

In short, of all the wells I know, *Harrogate* is in my opinion the most charming. The waters are incomparable, no air can be better: and with the greatest civility, chearfulness, and good-humour, there is a certain rural plainness and freedom mixed, which are vastly pleasing. The lady of pleasure, the well-drest taylor, and the gamester, are not to be found there. Gentlemen of the country, and women of birth and fortune, their wives, sisters, and daughters,

ters, are for the most part the company. There were at least fourscore ladies in the country-dances every night, while I was there, and among them many fine women.

§. 4. Among the company I found at this agreeable place, were six *Irish* gentlemen, who had been my contemporaries in Trinity-College, *Dublin*, and were right glad to see me, as we had been *Sociorums*, (a word of *Swift's*) at the conniving-house at *Ring's-end*, for many a summer's evening, and their regard for me was great. They thought I had been long numbered with the dead, as they could not get any account of me for so many years; and when they saw me, at their entering the public room, sitting by a beauty, in deep discourse, God-zounds, (says one of them), there he is, making love to the finest woman in the world. These gentlemen were Mr. *Gollogher*, Mr. *Gallaspy*, Mr. *Dunkley*, Mr. *Makins*, Mr. *Monaghan*, and Mr. *O'Keefe*, descended from the *Irish* kings, and first cousin to the great *O'Keefe*, who was buried not long ago in *Westminster Abbey*. They were all men of large fortunes, and, Mr. *Makins* excepted, were as handsome fine fellows

The author meets at Harrogate six gentlemen of his acquaintance from Dublin.

as could be picked out in all the world. *Makins* was a very low, thin man, not four feet high, and had but one eye, with which he squinted most shockingly. He wore his own hair, which was short and bad, and only dressed by his combing it himself in the morning, without oil or powder. But as he was matchless on the fiddle, sung well, and chatted agreeably, he was a favourite with the ladies. They preferred ugly *Makins* (as he was called) to many very handsome men. I will here give the public the character of these *Irish* gentlemen, for the honour of *Ireland*, and as they were curiosities of the human kind.

The characters of six Irish gentlemen.

O'Keefe's character.

§. 5. *O'Keefe* was as distinguished a character as I have ever known. He had read and thought, travelled and conversed, was a man of sense, and a scholar. He had a greatness of soul, which shewed a pre-eminence of dignity, and by conduct and behaviour, the faithful interpreters of the heart, always attested the noblest and most generous sentiments. He had an extreme abhorrence of meanness of all kinds, treachery, revenge, envy, littleness of mind, and shewed in all his actions the qualities that adorn a man. —His learning was of the genteel and useful

ful kind; a sort of agreeable knowledge, which he acquired rather from a sound taste and good judgment than from the books he had read. He had a right estimation of things, and had gathered up almost every thing that is amusing or instructive. This rendered him a master in the art of pleasing: and as he had added to these improvements the fashionable ornaments of life, languages, and bodily exercises, he was the delight of all that knew him.

Makins was possessed of all the excellent qualities and per-
 fections that are within the reach of human abilities. He had received from nature the happiest talents, and he made singular improvements of them by a successful application to the most useful and most ornamental studies. Music, as before observed, he excelled in. His intellectual faculties were fine, and, to his honour I can affirm, that he mostly employed them, as he did his great estate, to the good of mankind, the advancement of morality, and the spread of *pure theism*, the worship of God *our Saviour*, who raised and sent Christ to be a Redeemer. This gentleman was a zealous *Unitarian*, and, though but five and twenty, (when we met at *Harrogate*)

*Character of
Mr. Makins.*

a religious man: but his religion was without any melancholy; nor had it any thing of that severity of temper, which diffuses too often into the hearts of the religious a morose contempt of the world, and an antipathy to the pleasures of it. He avoided the assemblies of fools, knaves, and block-heads, but was fond of good company, and condemned that doctrine which taught men to retire from human society to seek God in the horrors of solitude. He thought the Almighty may be best found among men, where his goodness is most active, and his providence most employed.

*Character of
Mr. Gallaspy.*

Gallaspy was the tallest and strongest man I have ever seen, well made, and very handsome. He had wit and abilities, sung well, and talked with great sweetness and fluency, but was so extremely wicked, that it were better for him, if he had been a natural fool. By his vast strength and activity, his riches and eloquence, few things could withstand him. He was the most prophane swearer I have known: fought every thing, whored every thing, and drank seven in a hand; that is, seven glasses so placed between the fingers of his right hand, that in drinking, the liquor fell into the next glasses, and thereby he drank out of

of the first glass seven glasses at once. This was a common thing, I find from a book in my possession, in the reign of *Charles* the Second, in the madness that followed the restoration of that profligate and worthless prince. But this gentleman was the only man I ever saw who could or would attempt to do it; and he made but one gulp of whatever he drank; he did not swallow a fluid like other people, but if it was a quart, poured it in as from pitcher to pitcher. When he smoked tobacco, he always blew two pipes at once, one at each corner of his mouth, and threw the smoke of both out of his nostrils. He had killed two men in duels before I left *Ireland*, and would have been hanged, but that it was his good fortune to be tried before a Judge, who never let any man suffer for killing another in this manner. (This was the late Sir *John St. Leger*.) He debauched all the women he could, and many whom he could not corrupt, he ravished. I went with him once in the stage-coach to *Kilkenny*, and seeing two pretty ladies pass by in their own chariot, he swore in his horrible way, having drank very hard after dinner, that he would immediately stop them, and ravish them: nor was it without great difficulty that I hindered him from attempting the thing; by assuring him

him I would be their *protector*, and he must pass through my heart before he could proceed to offer them the least rudeness. In sum, I never saw his equal in impiety, especially when inflamed with liquor, as he was every day of his life, though it was not in the power of wine to make him drunk, weak, or senseless. He set no bounds or restrictions to mirth and revels. He only slept every third night, and that often in his cloaths in a chair, where he would sweat so prodigiously as to be wet quite through; as wet as if come from a pond, or a pail of water had been thrown on him. While all the world was at rest, he was either drinking or dancing, scouring the bawdy-houses, or riding as hard as he could drive his horse on some iniquitous project. And yet, he never was sick, nor did he ever receive any hurt or mischief. In health, joy, and plenty, he passed life away, and died about a year ago at his house in the county of *Galway*, without a pang or any kind of pain. This was *Jack Gallaspy*. There are however some things to be said in his favour, and as he had more regard for me than any of his acquaintance, I should be ungrateful if I did not do him all the justice in my power.

He was in the first place far from being quarrellsome, and if he fought a gentleman at the small sword, or boxed with a porter or coachman, it was because he had in some degree been ill used, or fancied that the laws of honour required him to call an equal to an account, for a transaction. His temper was naturally sweet.

In the next place, he was the most generous of mankind. His purse of gold was ever at his friend's service: he was kind and good to his tenants: to the poor a very great benefactor. He would give more money away to the sick and distressed in one year, than I believe many rich pious people do in seven. He had the blessings of thousands, for his charities, and, perhaps, this procured him the protection of heaven.

As to *swearing*, he thought it was only criminal, when it was false, or men lyed in their affirmations: and for *whoring*, he hoped there would be mercy, since men will be men while there are women. *Ravishing* he did not pretend to justify, as the laws of his country were against it; but he could not think the woman was a sufferer by it, as she enjoyed without sinning the highest felicity. He intended her happiness;

ness; and her saying *No*, kept her an *innocent*.

How far all this can excuse Mr. *Gallaspy*, I pretend not to determine: but as I thought it proper to give the world the picture of so extraordinary a man, it was incumbent on me, as his friend, to say all I could, with truth, in his vindication.

Character of
Mr. Dunk-
ley.

Dunkley had an extensive capacity, an exquisite taste, and a fine genius. Besides an erudition which denominates what we call a man of learning, he happily possessed a social knowledge, which rendered him agreeable to every body. He was one of the men that are capable of touching every note. To all the variety of topics for conversation, the diversity of occurrences and incidents, the several distinctions of persons, he could adapt himself. He would laugh like *Democritus*: weep like *Heraclitus*. He had the short, pert trip of the affected; the haughty, tragic stalk of the solemn; and the free, genteel gait of the fine gentleman. He was qualified to please all tastes, and capable of acting every part. He was grave, gay, a philosopher, and a trifler. He had a time for all things, relative to society, and his own true happiness,

ness, but none for any thing repugnant to honour and conscience. He was a surprising and admirable man.

Monaghan had genius and knowledge, had read many books, but knew more of mankind. He laughed at the men who lost among their books the elegance of mind so necessary in civil society. He had no relish but for nice studies and fine literature, and despised too serious and abstruse sciences. This was reckoned a fault in him by several judges: but with me it is a *quere*, if he was much to blame. Politeness is certainly preferable to dry knowledge and thorny enquiries. This gentleman's was such as rendered him for ever agreeable and engaging. He was continually an improving friend, and a gay companion. In the qualities of his soul, he was generous without prodigality, humane without weakness, just without severity, and fond without folly. He was an honest and charming fellow. This gentleman and Mr. *Dunkley* married ladies they fell in love with at *Harrogate Wells*: *Dunkley* had the fair *Alcmena*, Miss *Cox* of *Northumberland*; and *Monaghan*, *Antiope* with haughty charms, Miss *Pearson* of *Cumberland*:

They lived very happy many years, and their children I hear are settled in *Ireland*.

Character of
Mr. Gollogher.

Gollogher was a man of learning and extraordinary abilities. He had read very hard for several years, and during that time, had collected and extracted from the best books more than any man I ever was acquainted with. He had four vast volumes of commonplace, royal paper, bound in rough calf, and had filled them with what is most curious and beautiful in works of literature, most refined in eloquent discourses, most poignant in books of criticism, most instructive in history, most touching and affecting in news, catastrophes, and stories; and with aphorisms, sayings, and epigrams. A prodigious memory made all this his own, and a great judgment enabled him to reduce every thing to the most exact point of truth and accuracy. A rare man! Till he was five and twenty, he continued this studious life, and but seldom went into the mixed and fashionable circles of the world. Then, all at once, he sold every book he had, and determined to read no more. He spent his every day in the best company of every kind; and as he had the happy talent of manner, and possessed that great power which strikes and awakens fancy, by giving
every

every subject the new dress and decoration it requires;—could make the most common thing no longer trivial, when in his hand, and render a good thing most exquisitely pleasing;—as he told a story beyond most men, and had, in short, a universal means towards a universal success, it was but natural that he should be every where liked and wished for. He charmed wherever he came. The specific I have mentioned made every one fond of him. With the ladies especially he was a great favourite, and more fortunate in his amours than any man I knew. Had he wanted the fine talents he was blest with, yet his being an extremely handsome man, and a master on the fiddle, could not but recommend him to the sex. He might, if he had pleased, have married any one of the most illustrious and richest women in the kingdom. But he had an aversion to matrimony, and could not bear the thought of a wife. Love and a bottle were his taste. He was, however the most honourable of men in his amours, and never abandoned any woman to distress, as too many men of fortune do, when they have gratified desire. All the distressed were ever sharers in Mr. *Gollogher's* fine estate, and especially the girls he had taken to his breast. He provided happily for them all, and left nine-

teen daughters he had by several women a thousand pounds each. This was acting with a temper worthy of a man; and to the memory of the *benevolent Tom Gollogher* I devote this memorandum.

Having said above, that too many men of fortune abandon the girls they have ruined, I will here relate a very remarkable story, in hopes it may make an impression on some rake of fortune, if such a man should ever take this book in his hand.

*The history of
the unfortun-
ate Miss
Hunt.*

§. 6. As I travelled once in the county of *Kildare* in *Ireland*, in the summer-time, I came into a land of flowers and blossoms, hills, woods, and shades: I saw upon an eminence a house, surrounded with the most agreeable images of rural beauties, and which appeared to be on purpose placed in that decorated spot for retirement and contemplation. It is in such silent recesses of life, that we can best enjoy the *noble* and *felicitous* ideas, which more immediately concern the attention of man; and in the *cool hours* of reflection, secreted from the fancies and follies, the business, the faction, and the pleasures of an engaged world, thoroughly consider

sider the wisdom and harmony of the works of nature, the important purposes of providence, and the various reasons we have to adore that ever glorious *Being*, who formed us for rational happiness here, and after we have passed a few years on this sphere, in a *life of virtue and charity*, to translate us to the realms of endless bliss. Happy they who have a taste for these silent retreats, and when they please, can withdraw for a time from the world.

The owner of this sweet place was Mr. *Charles Hunt*, a gentleman of a small estate and good sense, whom I knew many years before fortune led me to his house. His wife was then dead, and he had but one child left, his daughter *Elizabeth*. The beauties of this young lady were very extraordinary. She had the finest eyes in the world, and she looked, she smiled, she talked with such diffusive charms, as were sufficient to fire the heart of the morosest woman-hater that ever lived, and give his soul a softness it never felt before. Her father took all possible pains to educate her mind, and had the success to render her understanding a wonder, when she was but twenty years old. She sung likewise beyond most women, danced to perfection, and had every

accomplishment of soul and body that a man of the best taste could wish for in a wife or a mistress. She was all beauty, life, and softness.

Mr. *Hunt* thought to have had great happiness in this daughter, though it was not in his power to give her more than five hundred pounds for a fortune, and she would have been married to a country-gentleman in his neighbourhood of a good estate, had not death carried off both her father and lover in a few days, just as the match was agreed on. This was a sad misfortune, and opened a door to a long train of sorrows. For two years however after the decease of her father, she lived very happily with an old lady, her near relation, and was universally admired and respected. I saw her many times during that term, at the old lady's villa within a few miles of *Dublin*, and took great delight in her company. If I had not been then engaged to another, I would most certainly have married her.

In this way I left *Eliza* in *Ireland*, and for several years could not hear what was become of her. No one could give me any information: but, about a twelve-month

month ago, as I was walking in *Fleet-street*, I saw a woman who cleaned shoes, and seemed to be an object of great distress. She was in rags and dirt beyond all I had ever seen of the profession, and was truly skin and bone. Her face was almost a skull, and the only remaining expression to be seen was despair and anguish. The object engaged my attention, not only on account of the uncommon misery that was visible; but, as her eyes, though sunk, were still extraordinary, and there were some remains of beauty to be traced, I thought I had somewhere seen that face in better condition. This kept me looking at her, unnoticed, for near a quarter of an hour; and as I found she turned her head from me, when she saw me, with a kind of consciousness, as if she knew me, I then asked her name, and if she had any where seen me before? — The tears immediately ran plentifully from her eyes, and when she could speak, she said, I am *Elizabeth Hunt*. — What, Mr. *Hunt's* daughter of *Rafarlin*! I replied with amazement, and a concern that brought the tears into my eyes. I called a coach immediately, and took her to the house of a good woman, who lodges and attends sick people: ordered her clean cloaths, and gave the woman a charge to take the greatest care of her.

and let her want for nothing proper, till I called next day.

When I saw her again, she was clean and whole, and seemed to have recovered a little, tho' very little, of what she once was : but a more miserable spectacle my eyes have not often seen. She told me, that soon after I went to *England*, Mr. R. a gentleman of my acquaintance of great fortune, got acquainted with her, courted her, and swore in the most solemn manner, by the supreme power, and the everlasting gospel, that he would be her husband, and marry her as soon as a rich dying uncle had breathed his last, if she would consent, in the mean while, to their living in secret as man and wife ; for his uncle hated matrimony, and would not leave him his vast fortune, if he heard he had a wife ; and he was sure, if he was married by any of the church, some whisperer would find it out, and bring it to his ear. But notwithstanding this plausible story, and that he acted the part of the fondest and tenderest man that ever lived, yet, for several months, she would not comply with his proposal. She refused to see him any more, and for several weeks he did not come in her sight.

The fatal night however at last arrived, and from the Lord Mayor's ball, he prevailed

vailed on her, by repeated vows of sincerity and truth, to come with him to his lodgings. She was undone, with child, and at the end of two months she never saw him more. When her relations saw her big belly, they turned her out of doors; her friends and acquaintance would not look at her, and she was so despised, and ashamed to be seen, that she went to *England* with her little one. It fortunately died on the road to *London*, and as her five hundred pounds were going fast by the time she had been a year in the capital, she accepted an offer made her by a great man to go into-keeping. Three years she lived with him in splendor, and when he died, she was with several in high life, 'till she got a cancer in her breast; and after it was cut off, an incurable abscess appeared. This struck her out of society; and as she grew worse and worse every day, what money she had, and cloaths, were all gone in four years time, in the relief she wanted, and in support. She came the fifth year to a garret and rags, and at last to clean shoes, or perish for want. She then uncovered the upper part of her body, which was half eaten away, so as to see into the trunk, and rendered her, in the emaciated condition she was in, an object shocking to behold. She lived in torment, and had

no kind of ease or peace, but in reflecting that her misery and distress might procure her the mercy of heaven hereafter, and in conjunction with her true repentance bring her to rest, when she had passed through the grave and gate of death.

Such was the case of that *Venus* of her sex, Miss *Hunt*.—When first I saw her, it was rapture to be in her company: her person matchless, and her conversation as charming as her person: both easy, unconstrained, and beautiful to perfection.—When last I saw her, she was grim as the skeleton, horrid, loathsome, and sinking fast into the grave by the laws of corruption. What a change was there! She lived but three months from the time I put her into a lodging, and died as *happy a penitent* as she had lived an *unhappy woman*. I gave her a decent private funeral; a *hearse*, and one *mourning-coach*, in which I alone attended her *remains* to the *earth*; the great *charnel-house*, where all the *human race* must be *deposited*. Here ends the story of Miss *Hunt*.

A word or two to Mr. R. who debauched Miss Hunt.

And now a word or two to the man who ruined her. *Bob R.* is still living, the master of thousands, and has thought
no

no more of the *wretched Eliza*, than if her ruin and misery were a trifle. He fancies his riches and power will skreen him from the hand of justice, and afford him lasting satisfaction: but, *cruel man*, after this short day, the present life, the night of death cometh, and your unrelenting soul must then appear before a judge infinitely knowing and righteous; who is not to be imposed upon, and cannot be biassed. The sighs and groans of *Eliza* will then be remembered, and *confound* and *abash* you for your *falsehood* and *inhumanity* to this *unhappy woman*. In your last agony, her *ghost* will haunt you, and at the sessions of righteousness appear against you, execrable R. R.

§. 7. But to return to *Harrogate*. While I was there, it was my fortune to dance with a lady who had the *head* of *Aristotle*, the *heart* of a *primitive Christian*, and the *form* of *Venus de Medicis*. This was Miss *Spence*, of *Westmoreland*. I was not many hours in her company, before I became most passionately in love with her. I did all I could to win her heart, and at last asked her the question. But before I inform my readers what the consequence of this was, I must take some notice of

The author falls in love with Miss Spence.

what I expect from the critical reviewers. These gentlemen will attempt to raise the laugh. Our *moralist* (they will say) has buried three wives running, and they are hardly cold in their graves, before he is dancing like a buck at the Wells, and plighting vows to a fourth girl, the beauty, Miss *Spence*. An *honest fellow*, this *Suarez*, as *Pascal* says of that *Jesuit*, in his provincial letters.

*An apology
for the au-
thor's marry-
ing so often.*

To this I reply, that I think it unreasonable and impious to grieve immoderately for the dead. A decent and proper tribute of tears and sorrow, humanity requires; but when that duty has been paid, we must remember, that to lament a dead woman is not to lament a wife. A wife must be a living woman. The wife we lose by death is no more than a sad and empty object, formed by the imagination, and to be still devoted to her, is to be in love with an idea. It is a mere chimerical passion, as the deceased has no more to do with this world, than if she had existed before the flood. As we cannot restore what nature has destroyed, it is foolish to be faithful to affliction.—Nor is this all. If the woman we marry has the seven qualifications which every man would wish to find in

in a wife, beauty, discretion, sweetness of temper, a sprightly wit, fertility, wealth, and noble extraction, yet death's snatching so amiable a wife from our arms can be no reason for accusing fate of cruelty, that is, providence of injustice; nor can it authorize us to sink into insensibility, and neglect the duty and business of life. This wife was born to die, and we receive her under the condition of mortality. She is lent but for a term, the limits of which we are not made acquainted with; and when this term is expired, there can be no injustice in taking her back: nor are we to indulge the transports of grief to distraction, but should look out for another with the seven qualifications, as it is not good for man to be alone, and as he is by the *Abrahamic* covenant bound to carry on the *succession*, in a regular way, if it be in his power.—Nor is this all; if the woman adorned with every natural and acquired excellence is translated from this gloomy planet to some better world, to be a sharer of the *divine favour*, in that peaceful and happy state which God hath prepared for the *virtuous* and *faithful*, must it not be senseless for me to indulge melancholy and continue a mourner on her account, while she is breathing the balmy air of paradise, enjoying

ing pure and radiant vision, and beyond description happy?

In the next place, as I had forfeited my father's favour and estate, for the sake of *Christian Deism*, and had nothing but my own honest industry to secure me daily bread, it was necessary for me to lay hold of every opportunity to improve my fortune, and of consequence do my best to gain the heart of the first rich young woman who came in my way after I had buried a wife. It was not fit for me to sit snivelling for months, because my wife died before me, which was, at least, as probable as that she should be the survivor; but instead of solemn affliction, and the inconsolable part, for an event I foresaw, it was incumbent on me, after a little decent mourning, to consecrate myself to virtue and good fortune united in the form of a woman. Whenever she appeared, it was my business to get her if I could. This made me sometimes a dancer at the Wells, in the days of my youth.

*Miss
Spence's re-
ply to my ad-
dresses.*

§. 8. As to Miss *Spence*, she was not cruel, but told me at last, after I had tired her with my addresses and petitions, that she would consider my case, and

and give me an answer, when I called at her house in *Westmoreland*, to which she was then going: at present however, to tell me the truth, she had very little inclination to change her condition: she was as happy as she could wish to be, and she had observed, that many ladies of her acquaintance had been made unhappy by becoming wives. The husband generally proves a very different man from the courtier, and it is luck indeed if a young woman, by marrying, is not undone.—During the *molliâ tempora fandi*, as the poet calls it, the man may charm, when, like the god of eloquence, he pleads, and every word is soft as flakes of falling snow; but when the man is pleased to take off the mask, and play the domestic hero, Gods! what miseries have I seen in families ensue! If this were my case, I should run stark mad.

Miss *Spence's* mentioning the memorable line from *Virgil*, surprised me not a little, as she never gave the least hint before, (though we had conversed then a fortnight) of her having any notion of the Latin tongue, and I looked at her with a raised admiration, before I replied in the following manner.—What you say, Miss *Spence*, is true. But this is far from being the case
of

of all gentlemen. If there be something stronger than virtue in too many of them, something that masters or subdues it; a passion, or passions, rebellious and lawless, which makes them neglect some high relations, and take the throne from God and reason; gaming, drinking, keeping; yet there are very many exceptions, I am sure. I know several, who have an *equal affection* to goodness, and were my acquaintance in the world larger than it is, I believe I could name a large number, who would not prefer indulgence to virtue, or resign her for any consideration. There are men, madam, and young men, who would allow a partial regard to rectitude is inconsistent and absurd, and are sensible, it is not certain, that there is absolutely nothing *at all* in the evidences of religion: that if there was but even a chance for obtaining blessings of *inestimable worth*, yet a chance for *eternal* bliss is worth securing, by acting as the spotless holiness of the Deity requires from us, and the reason and fitness of things makes necessary, in respect of every kind of relation and neighbour. This is the case of many men. They are not so generally bad as you seem to think.

On the other hand, I would ask, if there are no unhappy marriages by the faults of
women?

women? Are all the married ladies *consistently* and *thoroughly* good, that is, *effectually* so? Do they all yield themselves *intirely* and *universally* to the government of conscience, subdue every thing to it, and conquer every adverse passion and inclination? Has reason always the sovereignty, and nothing wrong to be seen? Are truth, piety, and goodness, the settled *prevailing* regard in the hearts and lives of all the married ladies you know? Have you heard of no unhappy marriages by the passions and vices of women, as well as by the faults of men? I am afraid there are too many wives as subject to ill habits as the men can be. It is possible to name not a few ladies who find their virtuous exercises, the duties of piety, and the various offices of love and goodness, as distasteful and irksome to them as they can be to a libertine or a cruel man. I could tell some sad stories to this purpose: but all I shall say more is, that there are faults on both sides, and that it is not only the ladies run a hazard of being ruined by marrying. I am sure there are as many men of fortune miserable by the manners and conduct of their wives, as you can name ladies who are sufferers by the temper and practice of their husbands. This is the truth of the case, and the business is, in order to avoid

avoid the miseries we both have seen among married people, to resolve to act well and wisely. This is the thing, to be sure, Miss *Spence* replied. This will prevent faults on either side. Such a course as virtue and piety require must have a continued tendency to render life a scene of the greatest happiness; and it may gain infinitely hereafter.—Call upon me then at *Cleator* as soon as you can, (Miss *Spence* concluded, with her face in smiles) and we will talk over this affair again. Thus we chatted as we dined together in private; and early the next morning Miss *Spence* left the *Wells*.

May 12, a
remove to
Oldfield-
Spaw, for a
week, on ac-
count of an
indisposition.

§. 9. Miss *Spence* being gone from *Harrogate*, and finding myself very ill from having drank too hard the preceding night, I mounted my horse, and rid to *Oldfield-Spaw*, a few miles off, as I had heard an extraordinary account of its usefulness after a debauch. There is not so much as a little ale-house there to rest at; and for six days I lodged at the cottage of a poor labouring man, to which my informer directed me. I lived on such plain fare as he had for himself. Bread and roots, and milk and water, were my

my chief support; and, for the time, I was as happy as I could wish.

O nature! nature! would man be satisfied with thee, and follow thy wise dictates, he would constantly enjoy that true pleasure, which advances his real happiness, and very rarely be tormented with those evils which obstruct and destroy it: but, alas! instead of listening to the voice of reason, keeping the mind free of passions, and living as temperance and discretion direct, the man of pleasure will have all the gratifications of sense to as high a pitch, as an imagination and fortune devoted to them can raise them, and diseases and calamities are the consequence. Fears and anxieties and disappointments are often the attendants, and too frequently the ruin of health and estate, of reputation and honour, and the lasting wound of remorse in reflection follows. This is generally the case of the voluptuary. Dreadful case! He runs the course of pleasure first, and then the course of produced evils succeed. He passes from pleasure to a state of pain, and the pleasure past gives a double sense of that pain. We ought then surely, as rea-
sonable

*A reflection
at solitary
Oldfield-
Spaw, after
a night's hard
drinking.*

sonable beings, to confine our pleasure within the bounds of just and right.

*A description
of Oldfield-
Spaw.*

§. 10. As to the place called *Oldfield-Spaw*, it is seven miles from *Harrogate*, and four from *Rippon*, lies on a rising ground between two high hills, near an old abbey, about five yards from a running stream, and in a most romantic delightful situation, which resembles *Matlock* in *Derbyshire* (ten miles beyond *Derby*, in the *Peak*) so very much, that one might almost take it for the same place, if conveyed there in a long deep sleep. The same kind of charms and various beauties are every where to be seen; rocks and mountains, groves and vallies, tender shrubs and purling currents, at once surprize and please the wandering eye.

*An account of
Oldfield-
Spaw-water.*

As to the mineral water at *Oldfield-Spaw*, it is an impetuous spring, that throws out a vast quantity of water, and is always of the same height, neither affected by the rain or drought. It is bright and sparkling, and when poured into a glass, rises up in rows, like strings of little beads. It has an uncommon taste, quite different from all other mineral waters that
ever

ever came in my way; but it is not disagreeable. What impregnates it I know not. Dr. *Rutty* I suppose never heard of this water, for it is not in his valuable quarto lately published; and Dr. *Short*, in his excellent history of mineral waters, (2 vols. 4to. London, 1734) says little more than that there is a *medicinal spring* there. What I found upon trial is, that two quarts of it, swallowed as fast as I could drink it in a morning, vomits to great advantage; and that four quarts of it, drank by degrees, at intervals, works off by siége or stool, and urine, in a very beneficial manner. I was apprehensive of a high fever from a night's hard drinking at *Harrogate*, (which I could not avoid) and the *Oldfield-water*, operating as related, carried off the bad symptoms, and restored me to sanity in two days time. This is all I can say of this fine water. It is very little, in respect of what it deserves to have said of it.

§. 11. By the way, it is to me a matter of great admiration, that so many of our rich and noble not only endure the fatigues and hazards of sailing and travelling to remote countries, but waste their money, to drink *spaw-waters* abroad, when they can have as good

An observation on our people of fortune going to other countries to drink mineral waters.

good of every kind in *England*, by riding a few miles to the most delightful places in the world, in summer time. Our own country has healing waters equal to the best in *France*, *Italy*, and *Westphalia*. *Harrowgate-water*, in particular, has all the virtues of the famous baths of *Aponus*, within a mile of *Padua* in *Italy*, and is in every respect exactly alike. See the *analysis* of *Aponus-water* by *Fallopianus* and *Baccius*, and the *analysis* of the *English sulphur-spaw* by *Dr. Ratty*. It is injustice then to our country to visit foreign nations upon this account.—*Moffat-waters* likewise are as good as any in all the world.

Of Moffat-
Wells.

N. B. *Moffat* is a village in *Annandale*, 35 miles S. W. of *Edinburgh*. The mineral waters, called *Moffat-waters*, lie at the distance of a long mile northward from the village, and are 36 miles from *Edinburgh*. The springs are situated on the declivity of a hill, and on the brow of a precipice, with high mountains at a distance, and almost on every side of them. The hill is the second from *Hartfield*, adjoining the highest hill in *Scotland*.

A vein of spar runs for several miles on this range of hills, and forms the bottom
and

and lower sides of the wells. It is a greyish spar, having polished and shining surfaces of regular figures, interspersed with glittering particles of a golden colour; which are very copious and large.

There are two medicinal springs or wells, which are separated from one another by a small rock: the *higher well* lies with its mouth south-east. 'Tis of an irregular square figure, and is about a foot and a half deep. The *lower well* is surrounded with naked rocks: it forms a small arch of a circle. Its depth is four feet and a half, and by a moderate computation, the two springs yield 40 loads of water in 24 hours, each load containing 64 or 68 *Scotch* pints; a *Scotch* pint is two *English* quarts. —The higher shallow well is used for bathing, as it is not capable of being kept so clean as the lower well, on account of the shallowness and the looseness of its parts.

These waters are strongly sulphureous, and resemble the scourings of a foul gun, or rotten eggs, or a weak solution of *sal polychrestum*, or *hepar sulphuris*. The colour of the water somewhat milky or bluish.

N. B. The soil on every side of the wells is thin; and the hills rocky, only just below the wells there is a small moss, caused by the falling of water from the hill above it.

*Virtues of
these waters.*

Great is the medicinal virtue of these waters; in relieving, inwardly, colics, pains in the stomach, griping of the guts, bilious and nephritic colics; nervous and hysteric colics; the gravel, by carrying off the quantities of sand, (but does not dissolve the slimy gravel) clearing the urinary passages in a wonderful manner; in curing ischuries, and ulcerated kidneys; the gout, the palsy, obstructions of the menses, old gleans, and barrenness: it is a sovereign remedy in rheumatic and scorbutic pains, even when the limbs are monstrously swelled, useless, and covered with scales.—Outwardly, ulcers, tumors, itch, St. *Anthony's* fire, and king's evil.

The waters are used by bathing and drinking: to drink in the morning three chopins, six pints or a *Scotch* quart, four *English* quarts, at most, between the hours of six and eleven. After dinner to drink gradually.

Medicines

Medicines commonly used during the drinking of the waters are, an emetic or two at first, and a few cathartic doses. The doses *sal Glauberi* and *polycrestum*: syrup of buckthorn, and sulphur, is used along with the water.

But the cathartic prescription most in use, which was given by an eminent physician, for a general recipe, to be taken by all who should at any time use the water, is, pills that are a composition of gambogia, resin of jalop, aloes, and scammony: these to all intents are a strong hydragogue.

The large vein of spar three feet thick runs in one direction for six miles to the wells, and crosses obliquely the rivulet at the bottom of the precipice, and ascends the hill on the opposite side. Small veins of the same spar which appears on the precipices, are on the side of the rivulet, and six small gushes of water of the mineral kind proceed from them. The rocks and stones about the tops of the wells, and in other parts of the hill and precipices, differ not from common stones, no more than the water of the small springs in the neighbourhood with the common water.

The virtue of this water was discovered by Miss *Whiteford*, daughter of Bishop *Whiteford*, in 1632. She was married in 1633. She had been abroad, and all over *England*, drinking mineral waters for the recovery of her health, but found little benefit, till by accident she tasted these waters in her neighbourhood, and finding they resembled those she had used elsewhere, made a trial of them, and was cured of all her disorders.

Upon this she recommended the use of them to others, and employed workmen to clear the ground about the springs, (their overflowing having made a small morass) that the poor and the rich might come, and make use of a medicine, which nature had so bounteously offered to them.

The author leaves Old-field-Spaw, and sets out for Knareborough, but arrives at another place, May 19, 1731.

§. 12. The 19th of *May*, at that hour, when a fine day-break offers the most magnificent sight to the eyes of men, (though few who have eyes will deign to view it), I mounted my horse again, and intended to breakfast at *Knareborough*, in order to my being at *Harrogate* by dinner time, with my friends again; but the land I went over

was

was so enchantingly romantic, and the morning so extremely beautiful, that I had a mind to see more of the country, and let my horse trot on where he pleased. For a couple of hours, he went slowly over the hills as his inclination directed him, and I was delightfully entertained with the various fine scenes, till I arrived at a sweet pretty country seat.

The rising sun, which I had directly before me, struck me very strongly, in the fine situation I was in for observing it, with the power and wisdom of the author of nature, and gave me such a charming degree of evidence for the Deity, that I could not but offer up, in silence, on the altar of my heart, praise and adoration to that *sovereign and universal mind*, who produced this glorious creature, as the bright image of his benignity, and makes it travel unweariedly round; not only to illustrate successively the opposite sides of this globe, and thereby enliven the animal world, support the vegetable, and ripen and prepare matter for all the purposes of life and vegetation; but, to enlighten and cheer surrounding worlds, by a perpetual diffusion of bounties, to dispel darkness and sorrow, and like the presence of the deity,

*A morning
thought on the
rising sun.*

infuse secret ravishment into the heart. This cannot be the production of *chance*. It must be the work of an *infinitely wise and good Being*. The nature, situation, and motion of this sun, bring the *Deity* even within the reach of the methods of sense assisted by reason, and shews such constant operations of his power and goodness, that it is impossible to consider the present disposition of the system, without being full of a sense of love and gratitude to the almighty creator; — *the Parent of Being and of Beauty!* By this returning minister of his beneficence, all things are recalled into life, from corruption and decay; and by its, and all the other heavenly motions, the whole frame of nature is still kept in repair. His name then alone is excellent, and his glory above the earth and heaven. It becomes the whole system of rationals to say, *Hallelujah*.

SECTION

SECTION VI.

Come, CHEARFULNESS, triumphant Fair,
 Shine thro' the painful cloud of care.
 O sweet of language, mild of mien,
 O virtue's friend, and pleasure's queen!
 Fair guardian of domestic life,
 Best banisher of home-bred strife;
 Nor sullen lip, nor taunting eye
 Deform the scene where thou art by:
 No sick'ning husband damns the hour,
 That bound his joys to female power;
 No pining mother weeps the cares,
 That parents waste on hopeless heirs:
 Th' officious daughters pleas'd attend;
 The brother rises to the friend:
 By thee our board with flowers is crown'd,
 By thee with songs our walks resound:
 By thee the sprightly mornings shine,
 And evening hours in peace decline.

§. 1. **W**HILE I was thinking in this manner of the fun, and the author of it, I came into a silent unfrequented glade, that was finely adorned with streams and trees. Nature there seemed to be lulled into a kind of pleasing repose, and conspired as it were to soften a speculative genius into solid and awful contemplations. The

May 19,
 1731. *A description of a beautiful spot of ground, and a sweet pretty country seat in the west-riding of Yorkshire.*

woods, the meadows, and the water, formed the most delightful scenes, and the charms of distant prospects multiplied as I travelled on: but at last I came to a seat which had all the beauties that proportion, regularity, and convenience, can give a thing. The pretty mansion was situated in the midst of meadows, and surrounded with gardens, trees, and various shades. A fountain played to a great height before the door, and fell into a circular reservoir of water, that had foreign wild-fowl swimming on its surface. The whole was very fine.

Here I walked for some time, and after roaming about, went up to the house, to admire the beauties of the thing. I found the windows open, and could see several ladies in one of the apartments. How to gain admittance was the question, and I began to contrive many ways; but while I was busied in this kind of speculation, a genteel footman came up to me, and let me know, his lady sent him to inform me I might walk in and look at the house, if I pleased. So in I went, and passed thro' several grand rooms, all finely furnished, and filled with paintings of great price. In one of those chambers the servant left me, and told me, he would wait upon me again

again in a little time. This surprized me, and my astonishment was doubled, when I had remained alone for almost an hour. No footman returned: nor could I hear the sound of any feet. But I was charmingly entertained all the while. In the apartment I was left in, were two figures, dressed like a shepherd and shepherdess, which amazed me very much. They sat on a rich couch, in a gay alcove, and both played on the *German* flute. They moved their heads, their arms, their eyes, their fingers, and seemed to look with a consciousness at each other, while they breathed, at my entering the room, that fine piece of music, the masquerade minuet; and afterwards, several excellent pieces. I thought, at first, they were living creatures; but on examination, finding they were only wood, my admiration increased, and became exceeding great, when I saw, by shutting their mouths, and stopping their fingers, that the music did not proceed from an organ within the figures. It was an extraordinary piece of clock-work, invented and made by one *John Nixon*, a poor man.

An account of two wonderful figures, which played on the German flute.

*The history
of Miss
Wolf.*

§. 2. At length, however, a door was opened, and a lady entered, who was vastly pretty, and richly dressed beyond what I had ever seen. She had diamonds enough for a queen. I was amazed at the sight of her, and wondered still more, when, after being honoured with a low courtesy, on my bowing to her, she asked me in *Irish*, how I did, and how long I had been in *England*. My surprize was so great I could not speak, and upon this, she said, in the same language, I see, Sir, you have no remembrance of me. You cannot recollect the least idea of me. You have quite forgot young *Imoinda*, of the county of *Gallway* in *Ireland*, who was your partner in country dances, when you passed the Christmas of the year 1715, at her father's house. What (I said) Miss *Wolf* of *Balineskay*? O my *Imoinda*! And snatching her to my arms, I almost stifled her with kisses. I was so glad to see her again, and in the situation she appeared in, that I could not help expressing my joys in that tumultuous manner, and hoped she would excuse her *Valentine*, as I then remembered I had had that honour when we were both very young.

This lady, who was good humour itself
in

in flesh and blood, was so far from being angry at this strange flight of mine, that she only laughed excessively at the oddness of the thing; but some ladies who came into the apartment with her seemed frightened; and at a loss what to think, till she cleared up the affair to them, by letting them know who I was, and how near her father and mine lived to each other in the country of *Ireland*. She was indeed extremely glad to see me, and from her heart bid me welcome to *Clankford*. Our meeting was a vast surprize to both of us. She thought I had been in the *Elysian* fields, as she had heard nothing of me for several years: and I little imagined, I should ever find her in *England*, in the rich condition she was in. She asked me by what destiny I was brought to *Yorkshire*; and in return for my short story, gave me an account of herself at large. Till the bell rung for dinner, we sat talking together, and then went down to as elegant a one as I had ever seen. There were twelve at table, six young ladies, all very handsome, and six gentlemen. Good humour presided, and in a rational delightful chearfulness, we passed some hours away. After coffee, we went to cards, and from them to country dances, as two of the footmen played well on the fiddle. The charming *Imoinda* was.

my partner, and as they all did the dances extremely well, we were as happy a little set as ever footed it to country measure. Two weeks I passed in this fine felicity. Then we all separated, and went different ways. What became of Miss *Wolf* after this—the extraordinary events of her life—and the stories of the five ladies with her,—I shall relate in the second volume of my *Memoirs of several ladies of Great Britain*. Four of them were Mrs. *Cheolin*, Mrs. *Fanshaw*, Mrs. *Chadley*, and Mrs. *Bissel*; the fifth was Miss *Farmer*; all mentioned in the Preface to the first volume of my *Memoirs* aforesaid.

May 25,

1731. *An*

account of O-

liver Win-

cup, Esq;

§. 3. A fortnight, as said,

I stayed with Miss *Wolf*, that

was; but, at the time I am

speaking of, the relict of Sir

Loghlin Fitzgibbons, an old

Irish knight, who was immensely rich, and

married her when he was creeping upon

all-fours, with snow on his head, and frost

in his bones, that he might lie by a naked

beauty, and gaze at that awful spot he

had no power to enjoy. I did intend, on

leaving this lady, to be at *Knareborough* at

night; but the fates, for a while, took me

another way. At the inn where I dined, I

became acquainted with a gentleman, much

of

of my own age, who was an ingenious agreeable man. This was *Oliver Wincup*, Esq; who had lately married Miss *Horner* of *Northumberland*, a fine young creature, and a great fortune. This gentleman, by his good humour, and several good songs, pleased me so much, that I drank more than I intended, and was easily prevailed on to go with him, in the evening, to *Woodcester*, the name of his seat, which was but ten miles from the house we had dined at. We came in just as they were going to tea. There was a great deal of company, at least a dozen ladies, besides half a score gentlemen, and all of them as gay and engaging as the best-bred young mortals could be.

§. 4. The vill here was very odd, but a charming pretty thing. The house consisted of several ground rooms, (ten I think), detached from one another, and separated by trees and banks of flowers. They were intirely of wood, but finely put together, and all disposed with the greatest symmetry and beauty. They were very handsome without side, and the inside furnished and adorned with the finest things the owner could get for money. Easy hills, little vallies, and pretty groves, surrounded the sweet retreat, and the vallies were watered

*A description
of Woodcester
House.*

with clear streams. The whole had a fine appearance. The varied scenes for ever pleased.

*The manner
of living at
Woodcester.*

§. 5. At this delightful place I stayed ten days, and was very happy indeed. We drank, we laughed, we danced, we sung, and chatted; and when that was done, 'twas night. But country dances were the chief diversion; and I had a partner, who was not only a wonder in face and person, (divinely pretty), but did wonders in every motion. This was Miss *Veyssiere* of *Cumberland*: the dear creature! Reader, when I was a young fellow, there were few could equal me in dancing. The famous *Paddy Murphy*, an *Irish* member of the house of commons, commonly called the *Little Beau*, well known at *Lucas's* coffee-house, *Dublin*: (He danced one night, in 1734, that I was at the castle, before the late Duke of *Dorset* and his Duchefs, at their grace's request:) this gentleman, and *Langham*, the miller, who danced every night at the renowned *Stretch's* puppet-show, before the curtain was drawn up, were both deservedly admired for their performance in the hornpipe; yet were nothing to me in this particular: but Miss *Veyssiere* outdid me far: her steps were infinite, and she did them with that amazing agility,

agility, that she seemed like a dancing angel in the air. Eight nights we footed it together, and all the company said, we were born for each other. She did charm me, and I should have asked her the question, to try her temper, if *Wincup* had not told me, her father intended to sacrifice her to a man old enough to be her grandfather, for the sake of a great jointure; and in a week or two she was to dance the *reel of Bogee* with an *old monk*.—Poor Miss *Veyssiere*! I said, what connection can there be between the *boary churl* and you,

*While side by side the blushing maid
Shrinks from his visage, half afraid?*

I do not wish you may feather him, but may you bury him very quickly, and be happy.

§. 6. Another of our diversions at *Woodcester*, was a little company of singers and dancers Mr. *Wincup* had hired, to perform in a sylvan theatre he had in his gardens. These people did the *mime*, the *dance*, the *song*, extremely well. There was among them one Miss *Hinxworth*, a charming young creature, who excelled in every thing; but in singing especially,

*An account of
a company of
strolling play-
ers at Wood-
cester.*

especially, had no equal I believe in the world. She was a gentleman's daughter, and had been carried off by one *O Regan*, an *Irishman*, and dancing-master, the head of this company. He was the most active fellow upon earth, and the best harlequin I have ever seen. Every evening we had something or other extraordinary from these performers. He gave us two pieces which so nearly resembled the two favourite entertainments called *Harlequin Sorcerer*, and the *Genii*, (tho' in several particulars better) that I cannot help thinking Mr. *Rich* owed his *Harlequin Sorcerer* to *O Regan*: and that the *Genii* of *Drury-Lane* was the invention of this *Irishman*.

You know, reader, that in the first scene of *Harlequin Sorcerer*, there is a group of witches at their orgies in a wilderness by moon-light, and that harlequin comes riding in the air between two witches, upon a long pole: Here *O Regan* did what was never attempted at *Covent-Garden* house, and what no other man in the world I believe did ever do. As the witches danced round and round, hand in hand, as swift as they could move, *O Regan* leaped upon the shoulder of one of them, and for near a quarter of an hour, jumped the contrary way as fast as they went, round all their shoulders.

shoulders. This was a fine piece of activity. I think it much more wonderful, than to keep at the top of the outwheel of a water-mill, by jumping there, as it goes with the greatest rapidity round. This *Mun. Hawley*, of *Loch-Gur* in the county of *Tipperary*, could do. He was a charming fellow in body and mind, and fell unfortunately in the 22d year of his age. In a plain field, by a trip of his horse, he came down, and fractured his skull. He did not think he was hurt: but at night, as soon as he began to eat, it came up. A surgeon was sent for to look at his head. It was cracked in several places, and he died the next day. He and I were near friends.

*An account of
Mr. Hawley
of Loch-
Gur.*

§. 7. The first of *June*, 1731, at five in the morning, I took my leave of honest *Win-cup*, as chearful and worthy a fellow as ever lived, and set out for *Knareborough*; but lost my way, went quite wrong, and in three hours time came to a little blind alehouse the sign of the Cat and Bagpipe, in a lone silent place. The master of this small inn was one *Tom Clancy*, brother to the well-known *Martin Clancy* in *Dublin*.

*June 1,
1731. The
author leaves
Woodcester,
and rides to a
lone silent
place called
Lasco.*

Dublin. He came to *England* to try his fortune, as he told me, and married an old woman, who kept this public house, the sign of the Cat, to which *Tom* added the Bagpipe. As he had been a waiter at his brother's house, he remembered to have seen me often there, and was rejoiced at my arrival at the Cat and Bagpipe. He got me a good supper of trouts, fine ale, and a squib of punch, and after he had done talking of all the gallant fellows that used to resort to his brother *Martin's*, such as the heroes of Trinity-college, *Dublin*, Captain *Maccan* of the county of *Kerry*, and many more, he let me go to sleep.

*The history
of the two
beauties in the
wood.*

§. 8. The next morning, betimes, I was up, and walked into a wood adjoining to *Clancy's* house. I sauntered on for about an hour easily enough, but at last came to a part of the forest that was almost impenetrable. Curiosity incited me to struggle onwards, if possible, that I might see what country was before me, or if any house was to be found in this gloomy place: this cost me a couple of hours, much toil, and many scratches; but at length, I arrived at the edge of a barren moor, and beyond it, about a quarter of a mile off, saw another wood. Proud to be
daring,

daring, on I went, and soon came to the wood in view, which I found cut into walks, and arrived at a circular space surrounded with a forest, that was above a hundred yards every way. In the center of this was a house, enclosed within a very broad deep moat, full of water, and the banks on the inside, all round, were so thick planted with trees, that there was no seeing any thing of the mansion but the roof and the chimnies. Over the water was one narrow draw-bridge, lifted up, and a strong door on the garden side of the mote. Round I walked several times, but no soul could I see: not the least noise could I hear; nor was there a cottage any where in view. I wondered much at the whole; and if I had had my lad *O Finn* with me, and my pole, I would most certainly have attempted to leap the foss, broad as it was, and if it was possible, have known who were the occupants of this strange place. But as nothing could be done, nor any information be had, I returned again to the Cat and Bagpipe.

It was ten by the time I got back, and at breakfast I told *Clancy*, my landlord, where I had been, and asked him, if he knew who lived in that wonderful place.

*Character of
Mr. Jeremiah
Cock,
an old lawyer.*

His

His name (he replied) is *Cock*, an old lawyer and limb of the devil, and the most hideous man to behold that is upon the face of the earth. Every thing that is bad and shocking is in his compound: he is to outward appearance a monster: and within, the miser, the oppressor, the villain. He is despised and abhorred, but so immensely rich, that he can do any thing, and no one is able to contend with him. I could relate, says *Tom*, a thousand instances of his injustice and cruelty; but one alone is sufficient to render his memory for ever cursed. Two gentlemen of fortune, who had employed him several years in their affairs, and had a good opinion of him, on account of a canted uprightness and seeming piety, left him sole guardian of a daughter each of them had, and the management of fifty thousand pounds a-piece, the fortune of these girls, with power to do as he pleased, without being subject to any controul, till they are of age. These ladies, as fine creatures as ever the eye of man beheld, he has had now a year in confinement in that prison you saw in the wood; and while he lives, will keep them there to be sure, on account of the hundred thousand pounds, or till he dispose of them to his own advantage, some way or other. He intends them, it is said, for two ugly nephews he

has,

has, who are now at school, about fourteen years old, and for this purpose, or some other as bad, never suffers them to stir out of the garden surrounded by the mote, nor lets any human creature visit them. They are greatly to be pitied, but bear the severe usage wonderfully well. One of them, Miss *Martha Tilston*, is in her twentieth year; and the other, Miss *Alitheia Llanfoy*, in her nineteenth. They are girls of great sense, and would, if any kind of opportunity offered, make a brave attempt to escape: but that seems impossible. They are not only so strictly confined, and he for ever at home with them, except he rides a few miles; but are attended continually in the garden, when they walk, by a servant who is well paid, and devoted to the old man her master. This makes them think their state is fixed for life, and to get rid of melancholy; they read, and practise music. They both play on the fiddle, and do it extremely fine.

Here *Clancy* had done, and I was much more surprised at his relation than at the place of their residence which I had seen. I became very thoughtful, and continued for some time with my eyes fixed on the table, while I revolved the case of these unfortunate young ladies. But is all this true?

true? (at last I said): Or only report? How did you get such particular information?—I will tell you, *Tom* answered. Old *Cock* is my landlord, and business often brings me to his house in the wood, to pay my rent, or ask for something I want. Besides, I sometimes bring a fat pig there, and other things to sell. My daughter likewise has sometimes a piece of work in hand for the ladies, and she and I take a walk with it there by a better and shorter way than you went. You cannot think how glad they are to see us, and they let me into all their perplexities and distress.

On hearing this, a sudden thought of being serviceable to these ladies came into my head, and I was going to ask a question in relation to it, when two horsemen rode up to the door, and one of them called *House!* This, says my landlord, is old *Cock* and his man; and immediately went out to him, to know his will. He told him, he came for the ride-fake himself, to see if any letters were left for him by that day's post at his house, and would dine with him, if he had any thing to eat. That I have, (the man replied), as fine a fowl, bacon and greens, as ever was served up to any table, and only one gentleman,

man, a stranger and traveller, to sit down to it. *Cock* upon this came into the room I was sitting in, and after looking very earnestly at me, said, Your servant, Sir. I told him I was his most humble, and right glad to meet with a gentleman for society in that lone place. I immediately began a story of a cock and a bull, and made the old fellow grin now and then. I informed him among other things, that I was travelling to *Westmoreland*, to look after some estates I had there, but must hurry back to *London* very soon, for my wife was within a few weeks of her time. You are a married man then, Sir, he replied. Yes, indeed, and so supremely blest with the charms and perfections, the fondness and obedience of a wife, that I would not be unmarried for all the world: few men living so happy as I am in the nuptial state.—Here dinner was brought in, and to save the old gentleman trouble, I would cut up the fowl. I helped him plentifully to a slice of the breast, and the tips of the wings, and picked out for him the tenderest greens. I was as complaisant as it was possible, and drank his health many times. The bottle after dinner I put about pretty quick, and told my old gentleman, if affairs ever brought him up to *London*, I should be glad to see him at my house in
Golden-

Golden-Square, the very next door to Sir *John Heir's*; or, if I could be of any service to him there, he would oblige me very much by letting me know in what way. In short, I so buttered him with words, and filled him with fowl and wine, that he seemed well pleased, especially when he found there was nothing to pay, as I informed him it was my own dinner I had bespoke, and dined with double pleasure in having the satisfaction of his most agreeable company. He was a fine politician, I said, and talked extremely well of the government and the times: that I had received more true knowledge from his just notions, than from all I had read of men and things, or from conversing with any one. The glass during this time was not long still, but in such toasts as I found were grateful to his Jacobite heart, drank brimmers as fast as opportunity served; and he pledged me and cottoned in a very diverting way. He grew very fond of me at last, and hoped I would spare so much time, as to come and dine with him the next day. This honour I assured him I would do myself, and punctually be with him at his hour. He then rid off, brimfull, and I walked out to consider of this affair. But before I proceed any farther

in my story, I must give a description of this man.

Cock, the old lawyer and guardian, was a low man, about four feet eight inches, very broad, and near seventy years old. He was humped behind to an enormous degree, and his belly as a vast flasket of garbage projected monstrously before. He had the most hanging look I have ever seen. His brows were prodigious, and frowning in a shocking manner; his eyes very little, and above an inch within his head; his nose hooked like a buzzard, wide nostrils like a horse, and his mouth sparrow. In this case was a mind quite cunning, in the worst sense of the word, acute, artful, designing, and base. There was not a spark of honour or generosity in his soul.

*A description
of old Cock
the lawyer.*

How to circumvent this able one, and deliver the two beauties from his oppressive power, was the question: it seemed almost impossible; but I resolved to do my best. This I told *Clancy*, and requested, as I was to dine with *Cock* the next day, that he would be there in the morning, on some pretence or other, and let the ladies know, I offered them my service, without

without any other view than to do them good; and if they accepted it, to inform me by a note, slipped into my hand when they saw me, that if they could direct me what to do, I would execute it at any hazard, or let them hint the least particular that might have any tendency to their freedom in some time to come, though it were three months off, and I would wait for the moment, and study to improve the scheme. This my landlord very carefully acquainted them with, at the time I mentioned; and by two o'clock I was at *Cock's* house to see these beauties, and know what they thought of the service offered them. The old man received me much civiler than I thought he would do when he was sober, and had, what my landlord told me was a very rare thing in his house, to wit, a good dinner that day. Just as it was brought in, the ladies entered, (two charming creatures indeed), and made me very low courtesies, while their eyes declared the sense they had of the good I intended them. *Cock* said, these are my nieces, Sir, and as soon as I had saluted them, we sat down to table. The eldest carved, and helped me to the best the board afforded, and young as they were, they both shewed by their manner, and the little they said, that they were women of sense and breeding.

ing. They retired, a few minutes after dinner, and the youngest contrived, in going off, to give me a billet in an invisible manner. I then turned to *Cock* intirely, heard him abuse the government in nonsense and falsehoods, as all *Jacobites* do; and after we had drank and talked for better than an hour, took my leave of him very willingly, to read the following note.

“ S I R,

“ As you can have nothing in view but
 “ our happiness in your most generous
 “ offer of assistance, we have not words
 “ to express our grateful sense of the in-
 “ tended favour. What is to be done upon
 “ the occasion, as yet we cannot imagine,
 “ as we are so confined and watched, and
 “ the doors of the house locked and barred
 “ in such a manner every night, that a cat
 “ could not get out at any part of them.
 “ You shall hear from us however soon,
 “ if possible, to some purpose; and in the
 “ mean time we are,

“ S I R,

“ Your ever obliged servants,

“ M. T.

“ A. L.”

What to do then I could not tell; but as I rid back I consulted with my lad *O Fin*, who was a very extraordinary young man, and asked him what observations he had made on the servants and place. He said, he had tried the depth of the water in the mote all round, and found it fordable, at one angle, waift high, and about two feet broad the rock he trod on. He had stripped, and walked it over, to be sure of the thing. As to the people, he fancied there was one young man, a labourer by the year under the gardener, who would, for a reasonable reward for losing his place, be aiding in the escape of the ladies; for he talked with pity of them, and with great severity of his master: that if I pleased, he would sound this man, and let me know more in relation to him: that if he would be concerned, he could very easily carry the ladies on his back across the water, as he was a tall man, and then we might take them behind us to what place we pleased: or, if it was not safe trusting this man, for fear of his telling his master, in hopes of more money on that side, then he would himself engage to bring the ladies and their cloaths over, on his own back, with wetting only their legs, if they could be at the water-side some hour in the night. This was not bad to be sure; but I was afraid to trust the man; for, if he
should

should inform old *Cock* of the thing, they would be confined to their chambers, and made close prisoners for the time to come. It was better therefore to rely entirely upon *O Fin*, if they could get into the garden in the night.

In answer then to another letter I had from the ladies by my landlord's daughter the next morning, in which they lamented the appearing impossibility of an escape, I let them know immediately the state of the water, and desired to be informed what they thought of the gardener's man; or, if he would not do, could they at any particular hour get to that angle of the mote I named, to be brought over on my man's back, and then immediately ride off behind us on pillions, which should be prepared.—Their answer was, that they dared not trust any of Mr. *Cock's* men, but thought my own servant would do, and the scheme reasonable and seemingly safe, if they could get out. They gave me a million of thanks for my amazing care of them, and called the immortal powers to witness the high sense they had of their unutterable obligation to me.

Waiting then for them, I staid at the little inn three days longer, and at last received

ceived a billet to let me know, that at twelve o'clock that night, which was the sixth of *June*, they could, by an accident that had happened, be at the appointed place, and ready to go wherever I pleased. To a minute my man and I were there, and in a few moments, *O Fin* brought them and their cloaths over safe. In an instant after they were behind us, and we rid away as fast as we could. Six hours we travelled without stopping, and in that time had gone about thirty miles. We breakfasted very gaily at our inn, and when the horses had rested a couple of hours, we set out again, and rid till three in the afternoon, when we baited at a lone house in a valley, called *Straveret Vale*, which had every rural charm that can be found in the finest part of *Juan Fernandes*. A young couple, vastly civil, kept here a small clean public house, the sign of the pilgrim, on the very margin of a pretty river, and the plain things they had were as good as we could desire. Their bread, their drink, their fowl, their eggs, their butter, cheese, vegetables, and bacon, were excellent, and as they had good beds, I thought we could not do better than lie by for two or three days in this sweet place, till it was determined where the ladies should fix. We were at least sixty miles from old *Cock's* house,

house, and in an obscurity that would conceal us from any pursuers; for we had kept the cross-roads and by-ways, and were on the confines of *Westmoreland*. Here then we agreed to rest for a little time. In reality, it was just as I pleased. The ladies were all acknowledgment for what I did to deliver them, and all submission to my direction. They had each of them thirty guineas in their purses, as they shewed me, but what to do after that was gone, or where to go while it lasted, to be in safety, they could not tell.

The affair perplexed me very much, and I turned it a thousand ways, without being able to settle it as I would. I had two young heiresses on my hands, who wanted more than a year of being at age, and I must support them, and place them in some spot of decency, security, and peace, since I had gone thus far, or I had injured them greatly, instead of serving them, in bringing them from their guardian's house. This took up all my thoughts for three days. I concealed however my uneasiness from them, and endeavoured to make the house and place quite pleasing to them. I kept up a chearfulness and gaiety, and we sat down with joy and pleasure to breakfast, dinner, and supper. Within
 L 3 doors,

doors, we played at cards, we sung, and I entertained them with my *German* flute. Abroad, we walked, fished, and sometimes I rowed them up the river in a boat the man of the house had. The whole scheme was really delightful, and as the girls had great quickness and vivacity, and were far from being ignorant, considering their few years, I could have wished it was possible to stay there much longer: but it was no place for them, and I was obliged to call at *Claytor* in a little time. I could not forget my promise to the lovely Miss *Spence*. My honour was engaged, and there was no time to lose. It is true, if I had not been engaged, I might immediately have married either the beautiful Miss *Tilston*, or the more beautiful Miss *Llandsoy*, then become my wards; but as they were minors, if such a wife died under age, I could be no gainer, and might have children to maintain without any fortune. All these things sat powerfully on my spirits, and I was obliged at last to make the following declaration to the ladies, which I did the third day after dinner.

Miss *Tilston*, Miss *Llandsoy*, I am sensible you have too high an opinion of what I have done to serve you, and think there is
more

more merit in it than there really is; for a man of any generosity and ability would, I imagine, do all that was possible to deliver two young ladies of your charms and perfections from the slavery and misery your guardian kept you in. I am likewise sure you believe I would do every thing in my power to secure your happiness, and give you the possession of every blessing of time. I honour, I admire, I regard you both to a high degree; and if I were some powerful *genie*, I would crown your lives with stable felicity and glory. But nature, ladies, has irrevocably fixed limits, beyond which we cannot pass, and my sphere of action is far from being large. My fortune is not very great, and thereby prevents my being so useful a friend to you as I would willingly be. However, though it is not in my power to do according to my inclination, in regard to your case, and with security place you in some station fit for your rank and worth, yet I can bring you to a spot of tranquillity, and in still life enable you to live without perplexity or care of any kind. You shall have peace and little, and may perhaps hereafter say, you have enjoyed more real happiness, for the time you had occasion to reside there, than you could find in the tumult, pomp, and grandeur of the world.

Here I gave the ladies an account of *Orton-Lodge*, in the northern extremity of *Westmoreland*, where I had lived a considerable time, told them the condition it was in, the goods, the books, the liquors, and other necessaries and conveniencies that were there, and if, in that charming romantic spot, where no mortal could come to hurt them, they could bear to live for a while, I would settle them there, and get a man-servant to work in the garden, and a couple of maids. I would likewise procure for them two cows, a few lambs, some poultry, and corn, and seeds for the ground: in short, that they should have every thing requisite in such a place: I would return to them as soon as possible; I would write to them often, directing my letters to the nearest town, to be called for by their man. What do you say, ladies, to this proposal? In *London* it is not possible for you to be; at a farm-house you might have no satisfaction; and any where that was known and frequented, you may be liable to discovery, as *Cock*, your guardian, will enquire every where; and if he hears of you, you will be carried home most certainly to his dismal habitation, and be used ten times worse than before. What do you think then of this scheme?

Sir,

Sir, (they both replied) you are to us a subaltern power, by heaven sent to deliver us from misery, and secure our happiness in this world. We have not words to express the gratitude of our souls for this further instance of your goodness in the offer you make us; nor can it ever be in our power to make you the return it deserves. You will be pleased to accept our grateful thanks, and all we have to add at present, our prayers for your preservation and health. Conduct us, we beseech you, immediately to that sweet spot of peace you have described.

This being agreed on, the next thing to be done was to get two horses for the ladies, for mine were not able to carry double any further, if there had been a turnpike road before us; then up the mountains we were to go, where no double horse could travel; and when they were at the Lodge, they would want horses to ride sometimes, or to remove, if the necessity of their case should happen to require it: to my landlord therefore I applied upon the occasion, and he very quickly got for me not only two pretty beasts, but a young labouring man, and two country girls to wait upon the ladies. I then sent to the next town for a couple of side-saddles, gave

L 5

the

the servants directions to go to the Rev. Mr. *Fleming's* house, to wait there till they heard from me, and then we set out for *Orton-Lodge*. Two days we spent in travelling there, feeding on cold provisions we had with us, and lying a night on the fern of the mountains. The second evening we arrived at the Lodge. There I found every thing safe, and the place as I had left it. I opened my various store-houses, to the surprize of the young ladies, and brought them many good things; biscuits, potted char, potted black-cocks, sweetmeats, and liquors of various kinds: *O Fin* likewise got us a dish of trouts for supper, and the two beauties and I sat down with chearfulness to our table.—

Vastly amazed they were at all they saw. Every thing was so good, and the wild charms of the place so pleasing, that they could not but express the transports they were in at their present situation. The whole they said, was charming as enchantment, and in language there was not a force sufficient to express their grateful sentiments upon the occasion. This gave me much pleasure, and till the end of *June*, I lived a very happy life with these fine young creatures. They did all that was possible to shew their esteem and gratitude. Exclusive of their amazing fine faces and
persons,

persons, they were ingenious, gay, and engaging, and made every minute of time delightful. If I had not been engaged to Miss *Spence*, I should certainly have sat down in peace with these two young ladies, and with them connected, have looked upon *Orton-Lodge* as the Garden of *Eden*. They were both most charming women. Miss *Llandsoy* was a perfect divinity!

S E C T. VII.

Come all, O come, ye family of joy ;
 Ye children of the chearful hour, begot
 By wisdom on the virtuous mind ; O come !
 Come innocence, in conscious strength secure ;
 Come courage, foremost in the manly train ;
 Come all, and in the honest heart abide,
 Your native residence, your fortrefs still,
 From real or from fancied evils free :
 Let's drive far off, for ever drive that bane,
 That hideous pest, engender'd deep in hell,
 Horrid to sight, and by the frighted furies
 In their dread panic *Superstition* nam'd.

Let rescu'd fancy turn aloft her eye,
 And view yon wide extended arch ; behold
 Yon crystal concave, studded with the gems,
 The radiant gems of heaven, that nightly burn,
 In golden lamps, and gild th' ætherial space ;
 That smiling vault, that canopy of stars.
 Or eastward turn, and see, serenely bright,
 The full orb'd moon begins her silent round :
 The mountain tops, the rocks, the vales, the lawns,
 By her set off, adorn'd, and made delightful.
 On earth, benign, she sheds her borrowed ray,
 And onward leads along her sparkling train.

Behold yon blazing sun in glory rise :
 Oceans of light he pours upon the world,
 And night with all her train before him fly.
 All nature smiles, rejoicing in his beams.
 The feather'd kinds their morning anthem sing :
 The fish skim sportive o'er the gilded lakes :
 Their tow'ring tops the waving forests shew ;
 And op'ning flowers their various dyes display,
 Perfume the air, and grateful incense yield.
 It is a glorious and charming scene.

What

What should we fear then ? this grand prospect
brings

No dreadful phantom to the frighted eye,
No terror to the soul ; 'tis transport all !
Here fancy roves in sweet variety.
All these, in their eternal round, rejoice ;
All these, with universal praise, proclaim
Their great Creator ; bountiful, benign,
Immensely good, rejoicing in his creatures.
They wake new raptures in the heart of man ;
And fill his soul with gratitude immense.

§. 1. **T**HE first of July, just as the day was
breaking, I mounted my horse, and went again from Orton-
Lodge. The morning being
extremely fine, and every thing
appearing as in the above lines,
I rid softly on for three or
four hours, and was so delighted with the
beauties, and an infinite variety of lovely
objects my eyes were feasted with, that I
did not mind the way ; and instead of
coming to the turning that was my road, I
got into a bending valley, which ended at a
range of rocky mountains. For half an
hour I travelled by the bottom of these
frightful hills, and came at length to a pass
through them, but so narrow, that the
beasts had not above an inch or two to spare
on each side. It was dark as the blackest
night in this opening, and a stream came
from

July 1, 1731.
*My departure
from Orton-
Lodge a se-
cond time :
miss'd my
road : the
country de-
scribed.*

from it, by the waters falling in several places from the top of the high inclosing precipices. It was as shocking a foot-way as I had ever seen.

Finn, (I said to my young man) as the bottom is hard, and you can only be wet a little, will you try where this pass ends, and let me know what kind of country and inhabitants are beyond it? That I will, said *O Finn*, and immediately entered the cleft or crevice between the mountains. A couple of hours I allowed my adventurer to explore this dark way; but if in that time he could make nothing of it, then his orders were to return: but there was no sign of him at the end of six hours, and I began to fear he had got into some pound. After him then I went, about one o'clock, and for near half a mile the narrow way was directly forward, a rough bottom, and ankle deep in water; but it ended in a fine flowery green of about twenty acres, surrounded with steep rocky hills it was impossible to ascend. Walking up to the precipice before me, I found many caverns in it, which extended on either hand, and onwards, into a vast variety of caves; some of them having high arched openings for entrance, and others only holes to creep in at; but all

of them spacious within, and high enough for the tallest man to walk in.

In these dismal chambers I apprehended my fellow had lost himself, and therefore went into them as far as I could venture, that is, without losing sight of the day, and cried out *Finn! Finn!* but could hear no sound in return. This was a great trouble to me, and I knew not what to do. Back however I must go to my horses, and after I had spent two hours in searching, shouting, and expecting my lad's return, by some means or other, I was just going to walk towards the crevice, or dark narrow pass I had come through to this place, when casting my eyes once more towards the caverns in the mountains, I saw my boy come out, leaping and singing for joy. He told me, he never expected to see the day-light more: for after he had foolishly gone too far into the caves, till he was quite in the dark, in hopes of finding a passage through the mountain to some open country, he was obliged to wander from chamber to chamber he knew not where for many hours, without one ray of light, and with very little expectation of deliverance; that he did nothing but cry and roar, and was hardly able to stand on his legs any longer, when
by

by a chance turn into a cave, he saw some light again, and then soon found his way out. Poor fellow! he was in a sad condition, and very wonderful was his escape.

After this, we made what haste we could to our horses, which we had left feeding in the vale, and *Finn* brought me some cold provisions from his wallet for my dinner. I dined with great pleasure, on account of the recovery of my lad; and when we had both recruited and rested sufficiently, on we went again. We found the valley winded about the mountains for three miles, and then ended at the highest hill I had ever seen, but which it was possible to ascend. With great difficulty we and our horses got to the top of it, and down on the other side. Six mountains of the same height, whose tops were above the clouds, we had to cross, and then arrived at a bottom, which formed a most delightful scene.

Mrs. Thurlowe's seat in Westmoreland.

§. 2. *The Vale of Keswick, and Lake of Derwentwater, in Cumberland,* are thought, by those who have been there, to be the finest point of view in *England*; and extremely beautiful they are, far more so than the Rev. Dr. *Dalton* has been able to make

make them appear in his Descriptive Poem; (addressed to two ladies, at their return from viewing the coal-mines, near *Whitehaven*, that is, the late excellent Lord *Lonsdale's* charming daughters;) or than the Doctor's brother, Mr. *Dalton*, has painted them in his fine drawings; and yet they are inferior in charms to the vale, the lake, the brooks, the shaded sides of the surrounding mountains, and the tuneful falls of water, to which we came in *Westmoreland*. In all the world, I believe, there is not a more glorious rural scene to be seen, in the fine time of the year.

In this fine vale, I found one pretty little house, which had gardens very beautifully laid out, and usefully filled with the finest dwarf fruit trees and ever-greens, vegetables, herbs, and shrubs. The mansion, and the improved spot of ground, were at the end of the beautiful lake, so as to have the whole charming piece of water before the door. The projecting shaded fells seemed to nod or hang over the habitation, and on either hand, a few yards from the front of the house, cascades much higher than that of dread *Lodore*, in *Cumberland*, fell into the lake. There is not any thing so beautiful and striking as the whole in any part of the globe that I have seen: and

I have been in higher latitudes, north and south, than most men living. I have conversed with nations who live many degrees beyond the poor frozen Laplander. I have travelled among the barbarians who scorch beneath the burning zone.

*An account of
the two Miss
Thurloe's.*

§. 3. Who lived in this delightful valley, was, in the next place, my enquiry, after I had admired for an hour the amazing beauties of the place. I walked up to the house, and in one of the parlour windows, that had a view up the loch, I saw a young beauty sitting with a music-book in her hand, and heard her sing in a masterly manner. She could not see me, but I had a full view of her fine face, and as I remembered to have seen her somewhere, I stood gazing at her with wonder and delight, and was striving to recollect where I had been in her company, when another young one came into the room, whom I had reason to remember very well, on account of an accident, and then I knew they were the two young ladies I had seen at Mr. *Harcourt's*, (see p. 374. of *Memoirs of several Ladies of Great Britain*,) and admired very greatly for the charms of their persons, and the beauties of their minds. Upon this I walked up to the window,
and

and after a little astonishment at seeing me, they behaved with the greatest civility, and seemed to be highly pleased with the accidental meeting. While we were talking, their mamma came into the apartment, and on their letting her know who I was, and where they had been acquainted with me, the old lady was pleased to ask me to stay at her house that night, and to assure me she was glad to see me, as she had often heard her daughters speak of me. Three days I passed with great pleasure in this sweet place, and then with regret took my leave. These two fine young creatures were the Miss *Thurloe's*, and are Mrs. *Lowman* and Mrs. *Munkley*, in the *Memoirs of several Ladies of Great Britain*. In the 2d volume of that work, the reader will find their lives.

§. 4. The 5th of July I left Mrs. *Thurloe's*, and by the assistance of a guide, had a fine ride to the house of Friar *Fleming*, in *Richmondshire*, where I arrived by noon. I dined with this good *Franciscan*, and should have lain there that night, but that I could not help being melancholy, on missing my dear friend *Tom*, the Monk's brother, who died of a fever, as before related. From him then I parted

Account of a Carthusian monastery in Richmondshire.

in

in the evening, and rid to a *Carthusian monastery*, which consisted of seven monks, men of some estate, who had agreed to live together in this remote place, and pass their lives in piety, study, and gardening. I had a letter from *Fleming* to one of these gentlemen, the superior, letting him know I was his near friend, and desiring he would receive me as himself; that, although a protestant, I was of no party, but in charity with all mankind. This letter procured me all the kindness and honours these gentlemen could shew me. They behaved with great civility and tenderness, and gave me the best they had, good fish, good bread, good wine, excellent fruit, and fine vegetables; for as to flesh, they never eat any, by their rule.

They were all learned and devout men, very grave and silent for the most part, except when visited, but without any thing stiff or morose in their manner. They had a large collection of books, and seemed to understand them well. What time they had to spare from the hours of divine service, and working in their gardens, according to the rule of *St. Bruno*, which they follow, they give to study, and had many volumes of their own writing; being mostly old MSS. they had transcribed, *Greek,*
Latin,

Latin, and French. Making such copies was their principal work in the closet.

§. 5. I stayed two days with these gentlemen, and had a good deal of useful conversation with them, on various subjects. On looking into the writings of the *Rabbies*, which I saw in their library, I told one of these *Chartreux*, that it was a wonder to me, that any one read such extravagant fabulous relations and despicable fictions as these books contained, and should be glad to know what good could be extracted from them.

Reasons for reading the works of the Rabbies, fictitious and extravagant as they are.

The *Friar* replied, that notwithstanding their being fictitious and extravagant to a high degree, yet great use may be made of the *works* of the *Rabbies*, and especially of the *Talmud of Babylon* (11.) We obtain

(11) Reader, that you may the better understand the conversation I had with this learned *Carthusian*, I must inform you what the *Talmud*, and other writings of the *Rabbies*, are.—

An account of the Talmuds.

The *Talmud* is a celebrated piece of *Jewish* literature, that is full of *Rabinical* domination and enthusiasm. The *Rabbins* pretend, this book contains the

Oral

obtain from thence a knowledge of the customs and opinions of the *Jews*, which afford some benefit. In the next place, they serve to the confirmation of the history of *Jesus Christ*; for it appears by the *Babylonish Talmud*, that there was one *Jesus*, who had disciples, lived in such and such a place, and did and said divers things; and in the Bible many texts relating to the *Messias* are confirmed and explained by these

Oral laws, and other secrets, which God communicated to *Moses*. It consists of two parts, each of which is divided into several books. In the first part, which they call *Mishna*, is the *text*. In the other, is a sort of *comment* on the text, and this is stiled the *Gemara*.

This oral law, or tradition of the *Jews*, was collected after the destruction of the Temple, A. D. 150, by *Rabbi Judah*, and is by them preferred before the scripture. They suppose it was orally delivered by *Moses* to *Israel*, and unlawful to be written; but when *Jerusalem* was destroyed, they were constrained to write it, lest it should be lost; but yet it was so written, as that none but themselves might understand it.—This *Mishna* and *Gemara* complete the two *Talmuds*:—that of *Jerusalem*, A. D. 230;—and that of *Babylon*, 500 years after Christ. Many parts of these *Talmuds* are translated by several learned men, who have endeavoured to render them intelligible: but in order to understand them fully, you must read the *Jad Chaska*, or *Mishna Torah* of *Moses Maimonides*, who was physician to the king of *Egypt* about 600 years ago. This *Rabbi* hath comprized the substance of the *Mishna* and *Gemara* of the *Talmud*,

these books of the *Rabbies*, though not by them intended. This I have since found to be the truth of the case. I have read the works of the *Rabbins* since, and find it to be as the *Carthusian* said. For example,

It is said in *Gen. iii. 15.* *I will put enmity between thy seed and her seed. It shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel.* Now the *Targum* of *Onkelos* gives the sense thus: The man shall be mindful of, or

mud, in his books, and enabled us to understand all the *Mishna* with ease and pleasure. See likewise the *Clavis Talmudica*, *Cook's Excerpta*, and the works of the excellent *Ludovicus de Campaigne du Veil*, who had been a *Jew*, but became a *Roman Catholic*; from *Rome* went over to the Church of *England*, where he was for several years in the character of a great divine: but at last turned *Baptist*, and died a member of that christian church; which lost him all his friends and interest. He died the beginning of this century, with the reputation of an upright Christian and a most learned man. There is no tolerable account given of him in any of the *Biographical Dictionaries*. What they say is short, and next to nothing. And the *Papish* accounts are not only short, but false, and mere calumny.—I took a great deal of pains some years ago, to collect among the *Baptists*, and from others who knew this great man, every thing I could get relating to him and his works, and formed what I had got into a life of him, which I did intend to insert in this place: but by some accident or other, it is gone. I cannot find it any where.

remember,

remember, what thou (Satan) hast done to him in times past, and thou shalt observe, *watch* or *haunt* him till the end of days; that is, the serpent or devil should pursue and have dominion over the world till the *last days*, and then the *prince of this world* should be cast out, and the *works of the devil* destroyed. *Beacherith Heyamim*, the end of days, or *last days*, is, by a general rule given by the most learned *Rabbins*, meant of the *Messias*. So *Kimchi* on *Isa.* ii. 2.—and *Abarbriel* and *R. Moses Nachm* on *Gen.* xlix. 1. inform us.

It is likewise very remarkable, that the *Targum* of *Jerusalem*, and that of *Jonathan Ben Uziel*, apply this place to the coming of the *Messias*. They give the words the following sense.—I will put enmity between thy seed and her seed: when the sons of the woman keep my law, they shall bruise thy head, and when they break my law, thou shalt bruise their heel; but the wound given to the seed of the woman shall be healed, but thine shall be incurable; they shall be healed in the *last days*, in the days of the *Messias*.—Such is the opinion of the most learned *Jews*:—and from thence it follows, that the *Christians* have not put their sense upon the text I have cited to serve their own turn; the
Rabbins,

Rabbins, we see, give the very same meaning to the place.

Again, in *Numb.* xxiv. 17. we have the famous prophecy of *Balaam*: *There shall come a star out of Jacob, and a sceptre shall rise out of Israel.*—In *Isaiab* xi. 1. it is written, *And there shall come forth a rod out of the stem of Jesse, and a branch shall grow out of his roots, and the spirit of the Lord shall rest upon him.* And in *Jeremiah* xxiii. 5. 6. *Behold the days shall come, saith the Lord, that I will raise unto David a righteous branch,—and this is his name whereby he shall be called, The Lord our Righteousness.* That the *Christians* apply these texts to the *Messias*, I need not inform the reader: but it must be grateful to observe, that the paraphrases of *Onkelos*, *Jonathan*, and *Jerusalem*, all of them expressly attribute the prophecy of *Balaam* to the *Messias*. And *Rabbi Moses Hadarsan* and *Maimon*, say, he is here called a *Star*, (which signifies what *Malachi* expresses by the *Sun* of *Righteousness*. *Mal.* iv. 2. and *Zechariah* by the *East*. *I will bring forth my servant the East*, *Zech.* iii. 8. as it is translated in the *Vulgar*, *Septuagint*, *Arabic*, and *Syriac*) is here, say these *Rabbins*, called a *Star*, because he should come and destroy idolatry, among the heathen nations, by be-

coming a light to the gentiles, and the glory of Israel.

As to the other two texts, the Jews do likewise attribute them to the *Messias*. Rabbi Joseph Albo, speaking of the words, *The Lord our Righteousness*, in particular, says expressly, that this is one name given to the *Messias*; Albo, *Sep. ikker*. lib. 2. c. 28. Thus do the Jews concur with us in the application of *texts* to the *Messias*. But what is become of this *Messias*, they cannot tell. They are amazed, perplexed, and confounded about him. They dispute on the article, and have the wildest fancies in relation to it. Whereas the Christians give a clear and consistent account of the *Messias*, and by every argument that can be desired by a rational, prove the truth of christianity.

Again, in *Isa.* ix. 6. we have these words: *Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given, and the government shall be upon his shoulders: and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace.* Or as the Alexandrian MSS. hath it, *He shall call his name the Angel, Wonderful, Counsellor, Mighty, the Governor, the Prince of Peace, the Father of the age to come.* This
is

is thought by all *Christians* to be a plain declaration of the *Messias*; for to apply it to any mere mortal, as to *Hezekiah*, or *Isaiab's* son, cannot be done without the greatest absurdity: and therefore *Ben Maimon* (*epist. ad Afric.*) fairly yields that these words belong to the *Messias*, and so doth *Jonathan Ben Uziel* in his *Chaldee paraphrase*. The *Talmud* itself allows it. *Tract. Sanhedrim*. that it relates to a person not come in the time of the *prophets*, but to the man, whose name is *the Branch which was to come forth out of the stem of Jesse, and to grow out of his roots*. *My Servant the Branch*. Behold the man whose name is *the Branch*; *Zech. iii. 8.* and *ch. xii.* and *Isa. iv. 1.* Even the person that shall be sent; *Shilo*, that remarkable person God had promised to his people. So says the *Talmud*.

But further, as to the birth of the *Messias*, in respect of the manner and the place, it is thus set down by the prophet *Micah*, *v. 2.* And thou *Bethlehem Ephrata*, though thou be little among the thousands of *Judah*, yet out of thee shall come forth unto me, that is to be ruler in *Israel*; whose goings forth have been of old, even from everlasting.— And in *Isa. vii. 14.* are these words, Behold a virgin shall conceive, and bring forth a son, and call his name *Immanuel*. In these two

texts, (the *Christians* say), the *place* of the *birth* of the *Messias*, and the *manner* of it, are as plainly described as words can do; and if they cannot, without absurdity, be explained as relating to any other person, then it must be perverting the meaning of the records to oppose this explication: but this the *Jews* are far from doing. The *place* is acknowledged in the *Talmud*, in the *Chaldee paraphrase* of *Jonathan*, and all their most famous *masters* declare with one voice, that *Bethlehem* indisputably belongs to the *Messias*. *Exte Bethlehem coram me prodibit Messias, ut sit dominium exercens in Israel, cujus nomen dictum est ab æternitate. a Diebus seculi. (Talmud. lib. Sanhedrim, et Midrasch. The billinic Rabbi Selemoh. paraph. Jonath. in Loc. Rabbi David Kimchi.)*

—And as to the *manner*, though it be true that some *Jews* say, the *Hebrew* word *Gnalma* signifies a *young woman* as well as a *virgin*; yet *Kimchi*, *Jarchi*, and *Selemoh*, three of their greatest *Rabbins*, confess that here is something wonderful presaged in the birth and generation of this person, and that he was not to be born as other men and women are born. What can we desire more, in the case, from an enemy? And in truth, the *behold*, or wonder, with which the text begins, would be nothing, if it was only that a young woman should have

a child:—And as to the *Hebrew* word *Gnalmah*, if it ever does signify a young woman, which I very much doubt, yet in the translation of the *Seventy*, who well understood the original surely, they render the word by *parthenos*, παρθένη in *Græc*; which always signifies a virgin in the strict propriety of the phrase. And in the *Punic* language, which is much the same as the *Hebrew*, the word *Alma* signifies a *virgin*, *virgo intacta*, and never means a young woman.

Such are the advantages we may gain by reading the books of the *Rabbins*; and to me it is pleasing to see these great *Hebrew masters* granting so much to us for our *Messias*, while they hate our holy religion beyond every thing. Even the *gay* among the *Jews*, (if I have been truly informed by one who danced a night with them) have, in contempt and abhorrence of our faith, a country dance, called *The Little Jesus*.

§. 6. The eighth of *July*, I left the little *Chartreuse*, and went from thence to *Knarefborough*, where I arrived that night, and resided three days. It is a fine old town, and borough by prescription, in

*An account of
Knarefbo-
rough and
its waters.*

the west-riding of *Yorkshire*, and wapentake of *Claro*. The vast hills of *Craven* look beautifully wild in its neighbourhood, and the rapid river *Nid*, which issues from the bottom of those mountains, almost encompasses the town. It is 175 measured miles from *London*, and the best way to it is from *Ferrybridge* to *Wetherby*, the left hand road, where there is an excellent inn, and from that to *Knareborough*.

When this very ancient town passed from the posterity of *Surlo de Burgh*, the founder of it, we know not, but we find that Henry III. Reg. 13. granted the honour, castle, and manor, to the Earl of *Kent*, *Margaret* his wife, and their issue and heirs, and that on failure of issue and right heirs, it returned again to the crown: for *Edward* the Second, among other lands, gave this lordship of *Knareborough* to his favourite *Pierse de Gaveston*, Earl of *Cornwall*, and his heirs. *Gaveston* was taken not long after by the *Barons*, in *Scarborough* castle, after a short siege, and on *Gaversly-beath*, near *Warwick*, was beheaded by order of the Earl of *Warwick*, June 20, 1312.

By the fall of the insolent *Gaveston*, who had been banished by the great *Edward* the First, but recalled and received into favour

vour by *Edward* the Second, before his father's funeral was performed; by the death of this favourite, who had involved his master's interest with his own, and rendered any displeasure against himself, the want of duty to the prince (just as Lord B***, and the now *Outs* did the other day) which ruined the miserable King; *Knareborough* came again to the crown, and so continued till the 44th of *Edward* the Third, when this king made a grant of the honour, castle, and manor of this town, and the cell of *St. Roberts*, to *John of Gaunt*, the king's fourth son, who was Earl of *Richmond*, and created Duke of *Lancaster*, on his having married one of the co-heiresses of *Henry* Duke of *Lancaster*. Other great estates were likewise given at the same time to this fourth son of *Edward*, that he might maintain his grandeur: and ever since, this town has belonged to the dutchy of *Lancaster*. It is an appendage to the crown.

Not far from this town are two wells, as strong of sulphur as *Harrogate-water*, and as valuable, though no one takes any notice of them. One lies in the way to *Harrogate*, in a low ground by a brook-side. The other is *Bitton-spaw*, in a park by Mr. *Staughton's* house.

*Description of
a dropping
well.*

As to the famous *dropping-well* or *petrifying water*, it lies on the west side of the town and river, about 26 yards from the bank of the *Nid*. It rises 15 yards below the top of a mountain of marle stone, and in four falls, of about two yards each fall, comes to an easy ascent, where it spreads upon the top of an *isthmus* of a *petrified rock*, generated out of the water, which falls down round it. This *isthmus* or rock is ten yards high, and hangs over its base or bottom about 5 yards. It is near 16 yards long and 13 broad, and as it started from the bank about fifty years ago, leaves a chasm between them, that is about three yards wide. In this chasm, you will find petrified twigs of trees, shrubs, and grass-roots, hanging in most beautiful pillars, all interwoven, and forming many charming figures; and on the common side are whole banks like *Stalactilites*, hard and inseparable from the rock, where the water trickles down. These *petrefactions*, the *falling water*, and the little *isthmus* or island being beautifully cloathed with ash, osier, elm, sambucus, *servicana major*, geraniums, wood-mercury, hart's-tongue, sage, ladies mantle, cowslips, wild angelica, &c. form all together a delightful scene.—The first spring of this water is out of a small hole

hole on the little mountain, in the middle of a thick-set of shrubs. It sends out 20 gallons in a minute of the sweetest water in the world, and it is 24 grains in a pint heavier than common water.

Most people are of opinion, that *petrifying water* is dangerous drink, and may produce abundance of mischief, in causing the stone and gravel in the body: the original particles or principles of the stony substance called *spar*, which are in abundance suspended in this kind of water, must get into the flood-gates of the kidneys and ureters, (as they opine), and create great misery in a little time.

*Observations
on petrifying
waters.*

But this fear of *petrefactions* in living animal bodies is grounded upon neither reason nor experience; for the *spar* in these waters forms no *petrefactions*, whilst in a brisk motion, or in a temperate season, or on vegetables while they preserve their vegetating life. While there is warmth and circulation of juices, there can be no *incrustation* or *petrefaction* from the suspended stony particles. Besides, if the *minims* of *spar* are not within the spheres of sensible attraction, whilst in motion; much less are they so when mingled with the fluids of the hu-

man body: you may therefore very safely drink these limpid petrifying waters at all times, as a common fluid, if they come in your way, as the best, and most grateful or pleasant water in the world, on account of the infinitesimals, or original leasts, of spar that are in them, in vast quantities, but infinitely small particles: and if you are sick, in many cases sure I am, they are the best of medicines. Human invention has nothing equal to them for fluxes of any part of the body, or colliquations from an acid salt. So far are they from being in the least dangerous, that in all unnatural discharges, by spitting, stool, or urine; by excessive menstrual or hæmorrhoidal fluxes, in the fluor albus, diabetes, profuse sweatings; in the diarrhœa, dysentery, or lenteria (where the springs are not quite worn out:) in ulcers of the viscera, hectic fevers, atrophy, and colliquations or night sweats, there is not any thing in physic more profitable or pleasant, to recover a patient. Let your dose, in such cases, be three half-pints of *Knareborough dropping-well* in the forenoon; and before you begin to drink this water, remember to take two doses of rhubarb, to cleanse off the excrements of the first viscera. You must not drink ale, drams, or punch, during a course of these waters: and take but very little red port.

You

You must likewise have a strict regard to diet. Let it be milk, eggs, jellies, barley-broth, chickens, kid, lamb, and the like. You must avoid all salt, sharp, stimulating things, day-sleep, and night-air: but agreeable conversation, and diversions that require very little exercise, conduce to the success of this kind of water, in the distempers I have mentioned. If such diseases are curable, you may expect a restoration of health.

But, in the dropsy, jaundice, diminished or irregular menses; in hypochondy, stuffings of the lungs, obstructions of the viscera, stoppages of the lacteals and mesentery, glandular swellings, king's-evil, or any case, where thinning, relaxing, opening, deterging, attenuation or stimulation are wanting, such water is death.

Note, reader, there is another excellent *petrifying-water* at *Newton-Dale* in *Yorkshire*, N. R. thirteen miles from *Scarborough*.—Another near *Castle-Howard*, the fine seat of the Earl of *Carlisle*, ten miles from *York*.—Another, near *Skipton*, in that rough, romantic, wild and silent country, called *Craven*, in the West-riding of *Yorkshire*.—And one, called *Bandwell*, at *Stonefield* in *Lincolnshire*, west of *Horncastle*, which

is 122 miles from *London*. These springs, and many that are not to be come at among the vast fells of *Westmoreland*, and the high mountains of *Stanemore*, have all the virtues of *Knareborough dropping-well*; tho' *Knareborough-water* is the only one resorted to by company: and as to this spring, I can affirm from my own knowledge, that it is as excellent, and truly medicinal, as the famous *petrifying water* at *Clermont*. There is no manner of need for *Britons* going to the mountain *Gregoire* in *Basse-Auvergne*.

A P O S T I L L A, (12)

Containing an account of *Wardrew Sulphur-water*, — the *Life of Claudius Hobart*, — and *A Dissertation on Reason and Revelation*.

In my account of sulphur-waters, I forgot to mention one very extraordinary spring

(12) A *Postilla*, reader, is a *barbarous word* made up of the words *post illa*, and was brought into use in the twelfth century, when the marginal explicators of the bible left the margins, and under their text writ short and literal notes, before which they put the word *postilla*, instead of the words *post illa*, meaning the particular words in the text, from whence, by a letter,

spring of this kind, and therefore make a *postilla* of it here, that the reader may find in one section all I have to say on mineral waters.—And as I found by the side of this water, a man as extraordinary as the spring, I shall add his life to my account of the water, and a couple of little pieces written by him.

In *Northumberland*, on the borders of *Cumberland*, there is a place called *Wardrew*, to the north-west of *Thirlwall-castle*, which stands on that part of the *Picts-wall*, where it crosses the *Tippel*, and is known by the name of *Murus Perforatus*, (in *Saxon*, *Thirl-wall*) on account of the gaps made in the wall at this place for the *Scots* passage. Here, as I wandered about this wild, untravelled country, in search of *Roman* an-

Of *Wardrew*
sulphur-water.

letter, they referred to the little note below: but in the 13th century, the barbarous word took so much, that all the commentators following, appropriated the name to their most copious commentaries, contrary to the first practice in the use of the word, and for three centuries after, the biblical learning was all *postilla*, till at length the word disappeared, according to the wonted inconstancy and agitation of all human things, and gave place to a new and fifth invention, called *tractatus*, or *homily*. This is the history of a *postilla*.

tiquities,

tiquities, I arrived at a *sulphur-spring*, which I found to be the strongest and most excellent of the kind in all the world. It rises out of a vast cliff, called *Arden-Rock*, over the bank of the river *Arde* or *Irtbing*, six feet above the surface of the water, and comes out of a chink in the cliff by a small spout. The discharge is fifty gallons in a minute from a mixture of limestone and ironstone. And the water is so very foetid, that it is difficult to swallow it. The way to it is not easy, for there is no other passage than along a very narrow ledge, about nine inches broad, which has been cut off the rock over the deep river, and if you slip, (as you may easily do, having nothing to hold by), down you go into a water that looks very black and shocking, by the shade of the hanging precipice, and some aged trees which project from the vast cliff.

This dangerous situation, and its remoteness, will prevent its being ever much visited, admirable as the spaw is; yet the country-people thereabout make nothing of the ledge, and drink plentifully of the water, to their sure relief, in many dangerous distempers.—It is to them a blessed spring.

The land all round here was one of the finest rural scenes I have seen, and made a pensive traveller wish for some small public house there, to pass a few delightful days. Its lawns and groves, its waters, vales, and hills, are charming, and form the sweetest softest region of silence and ease. Whichever way I turned, the various beauties of nature appeared, and nightingales from the thicket enchantingly warbled their loves. The fountains were bordered with violets and moss, and near them were clumps of pine and beech, bound with sweet-briar, and the tendrils of woodbine. It is a delightful spot: a paradise of blooming joys, in the fine season of the year.

*A description
of Wardrew
in Northum-
berland.*

§. 8. One inhabitant only I found in this fine solitude, who lived on the margin of the river, in a small neat cottage, that was almost hid with trees. This was *Claudius Hobart*, a man of letters, and a gentleman, who had been unfortunate in the world, and retired to these elysian fields, to devote the remainder of his time to religion, and enjoy the calm felicities of contemplative life. He was obliged by law to resign his estate to a claimant, and death

*The history of
Claudius
Hobart.*

had

had robbed him of a matchless mistress of great fortune, to whom he was to have been married. The men who had called themselves his friends, and as *Timon* says in *Lucian*, honoured him, worshipped him, and seemed to depend on his nod, ἐμὲ νέυματ' ἀνὴρ τημέβοι, no longer knew him; jam ne agnoscor quidem ab illis, nec aspici ne dignantur me, perinde ut eversum hominis jam olim defuncti cippum, ac temporis longitudine collapsum pretereunt quasi ne norint quidem; μὴδ' ἀναγνόντες: so true, (continued Mr. *Hobart*) are the beautiful lines of *Petronius*;

Nomen amicitiae si quatenus expedit, hæret,
 Calculus in tabula mobile ducit opus.
 Quum fortuna manet, vultum servatis amici:
 Cum cecidit, turpi vertitis ora fugâ.

And so sweet *Ovid* says was his case,

Eandem cum Timone nostro sortem
 Expertus naso, qui sic de seipso:
 En ego non paucis quondam munitus amicis:
 Dum flavit velis aura secunda meis:
 Ut fera terribili tumuerunt æquora vento,
 In mediis lacera puppe relinquor aquis.

So *Hobart* found it, and as his health was declining from various causes, and he had nothing in view before him while he appeared,

peared, but misery: therefore he retired to *Wardrew*, while he had some money, built the little house I saw on a piece of ground he purchased, and provided such necessaries and comforts as he imagined might be wanting: he had a few good books, the bible, some history, and mathematics, to make him wiser and better, and abroad he diverted himself mostly in his garden, and with fishing: for fifteen years past he had not been in any town, nor in any one's house, but conversed often with several of the country people, who came to drink the mineral water: what he had fresh occasion for, one or other of them brought him, according to his written directions, and the money he gave them, and once or twice a week he was sure of seeing somebody: as the people knew he was not rich, and lived a harmless life, they were far from being his enemies, and would do any thing in their power to serve the hermit, as they called him: but he seldom gave them any trouble. His food was biscuit, honey, roots, fish, and oil; and his drink, water, with a little rum sometimes. He was never sick nor melancholy; but by a life of temperance and action, and a religion of trust and resignation, enjoyed perpetual health and peace, and run his latent course in the pleasing expectation of a remove, when his days

were

were past, to the bright mansions of the blest.

Such was the account Mr. *Hobart* gave me of himself, (which made me admire him much, as he was but fifty then) and to convince me his temper had nothing Timon-ean or unsocial in it from his solitary life, he requested I would dine with him. He entertained me with an excellent pickled trout and biscuit, fine fruit, and a pot of extraordinary honey: with as much cream of tartar as lay on a sixpence, fused in warm water, he made half a pint of rum into good punch, and he talked over it like a man of sense, breeding, and good humour. We parted when the bowl was out, and at my going away, he made me a present of the following MS. and told me I might print it, if I could think it would be of any use to mankind. It was called, *The Rule of Reason, with a few Thoughts on Revelation.*

A tract. §. 9. The throne of God rests upon reason, and his *prerogative* is supported by it. It is the *sole rule* of the *Deity*, the *Mind* which presides in the universe, and therefore is *venerable, sacred, and divine*. Every ray of reason participates of the majesty of that Being
to

to whom it belongs, and whose attribute it is; and being thereby *awful*, and invested with a *supreme* and *absolute authority*, it is rebellion to refuse subjection to *right reason*, and a violation of the great and fundamental law of heaven and earth.

To this *best*, and *fittest*, and *noblest* rule, the *rule of truth*, we ought to submit, and in obedience to the *sacred voice* of *reason*, resist the importunities of sense, and the usurpations of appetite. Since the *will* of that Being, who is infinitely pure and perfect, rational and righteous, is *obliged* and *governed* by his unerring understanding; our wills should be guided and directed by our reason. In imitation of the wisest and best of Beings, we must perpetually adhere to truth, and ever act righteously for righteousness sake. By acting in conformity to moral truths, which are really and strictly divine, we act in conformity to ourselves, and it is not possible to conceive any thing so glorious, or godlike. We are thereby taught the duties of piety, our duties toward our fellows, and that self-culture which is subservient to piety and humanity.

Reason informs us there is a *superior Mind*, endued with knowledge and great power,

*Discourse on
the rule of
reason.*

power, presiding over human affairs; some original, independent Being, complete in all possible perfection, of boundless power, wisdom, and goodness, the Contriver, Creator, and Governor of this world, and the inexhaustible source of all good. A vast collection of evidence demonstrates this. Design, intention, art, and power, as great as our imagination can conceive, every where occur. As far as we can make observations, original intelligence and power appear to reside in a Spirit, distinct from all divisible, changeable, or moveable substance; and if we can reason at all, it must be clear, that an original omnipotent Mind is a *good Deity*, and espouses the cause of virtue, and of the universal happiness; will gloriously compensate the *worthy* in a future state, and then make the vicious and oppressive have cause to repent of their contradicting his will. It follows then most certainly, that with this great source of our being, and of all perfection, every rational mind ought to correspond, and with internal and external worship adore the divine power and goodness. His divine perfections, creation and providence, must excite all possible esteem, love, and admiration, if we think at all; must beget trust and resignation; and raise the highest sensations of gratitude.

gratitude. All our happiness and excellency is from his bounty, and therefore not unto us, not unto us, but to his name be the praise. And can there be a joy on earth so stable and transporting as that which rises from living with an habitual sense of the Divine Presence, a just persuasion of being approved, beloved, and protected by him who is infinitely perfect and omnipotent?

By *reason* we likewise find, that the excesses of the passions produce misery, and iniquity makes a man completely wretched and despicable: but integrity and moral worth secure us peace and merit, and lead to true happiness and glory. Unless reason and inquiry are banished, vice and oppression must have terrible struggles against the principles of humanity and conscience. Reflection must raise the most torturing suspicions, and all stable satisfaction must be lost: but by cultivating the high powers of our reason, and acquiring moral excellence, so far as human nature is able; by justice and the benevolent affections, virtue and charity, we are connected with, and affixed to the Deity, and with the inward applauses of a good heart, we have the outward enjoyment of all the felicities suitable to our transitory condition. Happy state,
I
surely!

surely! There are no horrors here to haunt us. There is no dreadful thing to poison all parts of life and all enjoyments.

Let us hearken then to the *original law of reason*, and follow God and nature as the sure guide to happiness. Let the offices of piety and beneficence be the principal employment of our time; and the chief work of our every day, to secure an happy immortality, by equity, benignity, and devotion. By continual attention, and internal discipline, reason can do great things, and enable us so to improve the supreme and most godlike powers of our constitution, and so discharge the duties imposed upon us by our Creator, that when we return into that silence we were in before we existed, and our places shall know us no more, we may pass from the unstable condition of terrestrial affairs to that eternal state in the heavens, where everlasting pleasures and enjoyments are prepared for those who have lived in the delightful exercise of the powers of reason, and performed all social and kind offices to others, out of a sense of duty to God. Thus does truth oblige us. It is the basis of morality, as morality is the basis of religion.

This,

This, I think, is a just account of *moral truth and rectitude*, and shews that it is essentially glorious in itself, and the sacred rule to which all things must bend, and all agents submit. But then a question may be asked, What need have we of *revelation*, since reason can so fully instruct us, and its bonds alone are sufficient to hold us; — and in particular, what becomes of the principal part of revelation, called *redemption*?

The *system of moral truth* *Account of*
and revelation, (it may be an- *revelation.*
 swered) are united, and at perfect amity with each other. *Morality* and the *gospel* stand on the *same foundation*, and differ only in this, that revealed religion, in respect of the corrupt and degenerate state of mankind, has brought fresh light, and additional assistance, to direct, support, and fix men in their duty. We have histories which relate an early deviation from moral truth, and inform us that this disease of our rational nature spread like a contagion. The case became worse, and more deplorable, in succeeding ages; and as evil examples and prejudices added new force to the prevailing passions, and reason and liberty of will, for want of due exercise, grew weaker, and less able to regain their
 lost

lost dominion, corruption was rendered universal. Then did the true God, the Father of the Universe, and the most provident and beneficent of Beings, interpose by a revelation of his will, and by advice and authority, do all that was possible, to prevent the self-destructive effects of the culpable ignorance and folly of his offspring. He gave the world a *transcript* of the *law of nature* by an extraordinary messenger, the *Man Christ Jesus*, who had power given him to work miracles, to rouse mankind from their fatal stupidity, to set their thoughts on work, and to conciliate their attention to the heavenly declaration. In this *republication* of the *original law*, he gave them doctrines and commandments perfectly consonant to the purest reason, and to them annexed *sanctions* that do really bind and *oblige* men, as they not only guard and strengthen religion, but affect our natural *sensibility* and *selfishness*. Religion appears to great disadvantage, when divines preach it into a *bond of indemnity*, and a *mere contract of interest*; but exclusive of this, it must be allowed, that the *sanctions* of the gospel have a weight, awfulness, and solemnity, that prove to a great degree effectual. *Safety* and *advantage* are reasons for well-doing.

In short, the evidence of the obligation of the duties of natural religion is as *plain* and *strong* from *reason*, as any *revelation* can make it; but yet the means of rendering these duties *effectual* in practice, are not so clear and powerful from mere reason, as from revelation. The proof of obligation is equally *strong* in reason and inspiration, but the obligation itself is rendered *stronger* by the gospel, by superadded means or motives. The primary obligation of natural religion arises from the *nature* and *reason* of things, as being objects of our rational moral faculties, agreeably to which we cannot but be obliged to act; and this obligation is *strengthened* by the tendency of natural religion to the final happiness of every rational agent: but the clear knowledge, and express promises which we have in the gospel, of the nature and greatness of this final happiness, being added to the obligation from, and the tendency of reason or natural religion to the final happiness of human nature, the obligation of it is thereby still more strengthened. In this lies the benefit of christianity. It is the *old*, uncorrupt religion of *nature* and *reason*, intirely free from *superstition* and *immorality*; delivered and taught in the most rational and easy way, and enforced by the most gracious and powerful *motives*.

*Of the Myste-
ries, Trinity,
and Sacrifice of
the Cross.*

But if this be the case, it may be asked, Where are our holy mysteries—and what do you think of our Redemption?

If natural reason and conscience can do so much, and to the gospel we are obliged only for a little more light and influence, then Trinity in Unity, and the Sacrifice of the Cross are nothing. What are your sentiments on these subjects?

As to the *Trinity*, it is a word invented by the doctors, and so far as I can find, was never once thought of by *Jesus Christ* and his apostles; unless it was to guard against the spread of *tritheim*, by taking the greatest care to inculcate the *supreme divinity* of *God the Father*: but let it be a trinity, since the church will have it so, and by it I understand one Uncreated, and one Created, and a certain divine virtue of quality. These I find in the Bible, *God*, *Jesus the Word*, and a *Divine Assistance* or *Holy Wind*, (not Holy Ghost, as we have translated it): called a *Wind*, because *God*, from whom every good and perfect gift cometh, gave the most extraordinary instance of it under the emblem of a *Wind*; and *holy*, because it was supernatural. This is the scripture doctrine, in relation to the *Deity*, the *Messias*, and the *Energy* of *God*; of which

which the *Wind* was promised as a pledge, and was given as an emblem, when the day of *Pentecost* was come; and if these three they will call a Trinity, I shall not dispute about the word. But to say *Jesus Christ* is God, though the apostles tell us, that *God raised from the dead the Man Jesus Christ, whom they killed; that he had exalted him at his right hand, and had made him both Lord and Christ;* and to affirm that this *Ghost* (as they render the word *Wind*) is a person distinct and different from the person of God the Father, and equally supreme;—this I cannot agree to. If the scripture is true, all this appears to me to be false. It is a mere invention of the Monks.

As to *Redemption*, it may be in perfect consistence and agreement with truth and rectitude, if the accomplishment of it be considered as *premiat*, and as resulting from a *personal reward*: but to regard the accomplishment as *penal*, and as resulting from a *vicarious punishment*, is a notion that cannot be reconciled to the principle of rectitude. Vicarious punishment or suffering appears an impossibility: but as *Jesus*, by adding the most extensive benevolence to perfect innocence, and by becoming obedient to death, even the death of the cross, was most *meritorious*, and was entitled to the

highest honour, and most distinguished reward, *his reward* might be *our deliverance from the bonds of sin and death*, and the *restoration of immortality*. This reward was worthy of the giver, and tended to the advancement and spread of virtue. It was likewise most acceptable to the receiver. It no way interfered with right and truth. It was in all respects most proper and suitable. These are my sentiments of Redemption. This appears to me to be the truth on the most attentive and impartial examination I have been capable of making.

To this, perhaps, some people may reply, that though these notions are for the most part just, and in the case of redemption in particular, as innocence and punishment are inconsistent and incompatible ideas; that it was not possible Christ's oblation of himself could be more than a *figurative sacrifice*, in respect of *translation of guilt*, *commutation of persons*, and *vicarious infliction*; though a *real sacrifice* in the sense of intending by the oblation to procure the *favour of God*, and the *indemnity of sinners*: yet, as the author appears to be a *Socinian*, his account is liable to objections. For, though the *Socinians* acknowledge the truth and necessity of the revelation of the gospel, yet, in the opinion of some great divines,

vines, they interpret it in such a manner, as no unprejudiced person, who has read the scriptures with any attention, nor any sensible heathen, who should read them, can possibly believe. They make our Redeemer a man, and by this doctrine reflect the greatest dishonour on christianity, and its Divine Author.

This is a hard charge. The *Socinians* are by these divines described as people who read the scriptures with prejudice, and without attention; men more senseless than the Heathens, and as wicked too; for, in the highest degree, they dishonour Christ Jesus and his religion. Astonishing assertion! It puts me in mind of an imputation of the celebrated *Waterland* in his second charge; — “What atheism chiefly aims at, is, to sit loose from present restraints and future reckonings; and these two purposes may be competently served by *deism*, which is a *more refined kind of atheism*.” Groundless and ridiculous calumny. *True and proper deism* is a *sincere belief* of the existence of a God, and of an impartial distribution of rewards and punishments in another world, and a practice that naturally results from, and is consonant to such belief; and if atheism aims to sit loose from restraints and reckonings, then of consequence, *deism* is

the *grand barrier* to the purposes of atheism. The *true Deist* is so far from breaking through restraints, that he makes it the great business of his life *to discharge the obligations he is under*, because he *believes in God*, and perceives the *equity and reasonableness of duties, restraints, and future reckonings*. The *assertion* therefore demonstrates the *prejudice of Dr. Waterland*, in relation to the *Deists*.

And the case is the same in respect of the *charge* against the *Socinians*. It is the *divines* that are prejudiced against them; and not the *Socinians* in studying the New Testament. It is the grand purpose of our lives to *worship God*, and *form our religious notions according to the instructions of divine wisdom*. We examine the sacred writings, with the utmost desire, and most ardent prayer, that we may be rightly informed in the truest sense of the holy authors of those divine books; and it appears to our plain understandings, after the most honest labour, and wishes to heaven for a clear conception of holy things, that *the Father is the supreme God*, that is, the first and chief Being, and Agent; the first and chief Governor; the Fountain of Being, Agency, and Authority: that the *Christian Messiah*, the *Man Christ Jesus*, was sent into the

5

world

world to bear witness to the truth, and preach the gospel of the kingdom of God, that kingdom of God which is within you, saith the Lord, Luke xvii. 21. not a kingdom of Monks, a sacerdotal empire of power, propositions, and ceremonies. He came to call sinners to repentance and amendment of life, to teach them the law of love, and assure mankind of grace and mercy and everlasting glory, if they kept the commandments, and were obedient to the laws of heaven; laws of righteousness, peace, giving no offence, and unanimity in the worship of the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ: but that, if they did not repent, and cease to be hurtful and injurious; if they did not open their eyes, and turn from darkness to light, from the power of satan unto God, and put on such an agreeable and useful temper and behaviour, as would render them a blessing in the creation, they would be numbered among the cursed, and perish everlastingly, for want of real goodness and a general sincerity of heart. This the Socinians think is what Christ proposed and recommended, as the only and the sure way to God's favour, through the worthiness of the Lamb that was slain. We say this is pure religion. It is true, original christianity, and if the glorious design of our Lord is answered by his miracles and preaching, by his death, his resurrection,

surrection, his *ascension*, and by the *grace of the holy, blessed, and sanctifying Spirit*, it could reflect no dishonour on christianity, and its divine author, if, our Redeemer was a *meer man*. If by the assistance of God Almighty, a *mere man* performed the whole work of our redemption, all we had to do was to be thankful for the mighty blessing. The love of God in this way had been equally inestimable: The worth of Jesus would be still invaluable.

But it is not the opinion of the *Socinians* that Christ was a *mere man*. It is plain from this assertion, that the Rev. Dr. *Heathcote*, (in his Remarks on free and candid Disquisitions) knows nothing of them: the account they give of *Jesus Christ*, is very different. They say, he was a most glorious agent united to a human body, and so far from being a *mere man*, that he was superior to angels. He was the next in character to the necessarily existing Being. He is the brightness of the Father's glory, and the express image of his person: he has an excellency transcendent, and to the life represents what is infinitely great and perfect.

If they do not allow that he made the worlds, or had an eternal generation; if they say, he had no existence till he was formed

formed by the power of God in the womb, and assert this eminency is proper to the *Man Christ Jesus*; yet they are far from affirming he was therefore a *mere man*: no; they believe he was decreed to be as great and glorious as possible, and that God made the world for him; that he was made the *image of the invisible person of the Father*; *an image the most express and exact*; as great as God himself could make it; and of consequence, so transcendent in all perfections, that what he says and does is the same thing as if God had spoken and acted. This is not making him a *mere man*. No: they say he is the *first of all*, and the *head of all creatures*, whom the infinite love of God produced, to promote greatness, glory, and happiness among the creatures, by the superlative greatness and glory of Jesus; and that angels, and the spirits of the just made perfect, might have the pleasure of beholding and enjoying the presence of this most glorious Image, that is, of seeing their invisible Creator in his *Image Jesus Christ*. He is not a *mere man*; but the *brighness of the glory of God*, the *express Image of his person*, and raised so much higher than the *angels*, as he has inherited from God a more excellent name than they, to wit, the name of *Son*, and is the *appointed heir of all things*.

So

So that this *Socinianism* reflects no dishonour on Christianity and its Divine Author. It conduces as much to the glory of God, and the benefit of man, as any christianity can do. There is something vastly beautiful and satisfactory in the notion of *Christ's* being the *most glorious Image* of the *invisible Father*, whenever his existence began. The many transcendent excellencies of the *Messias*, in *whom all fullness dwells*, are exercised upon men to their happiness, and to his glory; and we learn from thence, that greatness and glory are the result of the exercise of virtue to the relief and happiness of others. The Redeemer of the world is, in this account, the next in dignity and power to the Great God; and the perfections of the Father do most eminently shine forth in him. We are hereby made meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light, and delivered from the power of darkness. We give thanks unto the Father, who hath translated us into the kingdom of the Son of his love.

It is certain then that the divines have *misrepresented* the people, who are *injuriously* called *Socinians*, as the religion they profess is *Scripture-Christianity*: I say *injuriously*, because, in the first place, the word *Socinian* is intended as a term of great reproach to

to christians, who deserve better usage for the *goodness of their manners*, and the *purity of their faith*: and in the next place, that *Socinus* was so far from being the author of our religion, that he was not even the first restorer of it. He did not go to *Poland* to teach the people there his religious notions, but because there was an unitarian congregation there, with whom he might join in the *worship of the Father, through Jesus the Mediator*, as his conscience would not suffer him to assemble with those who worship a *Being compounded of three divine persons*.

But it is time to have done, and I shall conclude in the words of a good author in old *French**. The extract must be a curious thing to the reader, as the valuable book I take it from is not to be bought.

Nostre confession de foy até depuis la premiere predication de l'évangile puisque nous luy donnons la sainte ecriture pour fondement, mais il arrive de nous ce qu'il arrive des tous ceux qui se sont detachés de l'eglise Romaine aux quels le papistes donnent malgré eux pour autheurs de leur re-

* Or rather in bad *French*, as the writer was no *Frenchman*.

ligion Luther, Calvin, & autres docteurs qui n'ont été que les restorateurs, des dogmes & de verités qui s'etoient presque perdues sous le gouvernement tyrannique de l'eglise Romaine pendant lequel l'écriture sainte etoit devenue un livre inconnu a la pluspart de chretiens la lecture en ayant été defendue communement. Mais par un decret de la providence de Dieu le periode de la revolution etant venu chacun a commencé a deterrer la verité la mieux qu'il a pu, & comme dans chaque revolution il y a des chefs & des gens illustres, ainsi dans le retablissement des dogmes etouffés si long-tems par le papisme Luther, Calvin, Arminius, & *Socin*, ont été des hommes illustres & dont on a donné le nom aux religions. Vous sçavez donc s'il vous plaist que *Socin* bien loin d'avoir été auteur de nostre religion n'en a pas été meme la premier restaurateur: car il n'etoit venu en Pologne que parce qu'il avoit appris qu'il s'y etoit deja formée une assemblée de gens qui avoyent des opinions semblables aux siennes: Je vous diray de plus, que la seule chose que le fait un heros dans nostre religion c'est qu'il en a écrit des livres, mais il ny a presque personne qui les lise, car comme *Socin* etoit un bon jurisconsulte il est extrêmement long & ennuyeux; & outre que nous ne voulous point avoir d'autre livre de religion

gion que le nouveau Testament & point d'autres docteurs que les apostres. C'est pourquoy, c'est bien malgré nous qu'on nous appelle *Sociniens* ou *Arriens*: ce sont des noms dont la malignité de nos ennemys nous couvre pour nous rendre odieux. Nous appellons entre nous du simple nom de *Chretiens*. Mais puisque dans cette desunion de la chretienté, on nous dit qu'il ne suffit pas de porter ce nom universel, mais qu'il encore necessairement se distinguer par quelque appellation particuliere, nous consentons donc de porter le nom de *chretiens unitaires* pour nous distinguer de *chretiens trinitaires*. Ce nom de *chretiens unitaires* nous convient fort bien comme a ceux qui ne voulant en aucune façon encherie sur la doctrine de Jesus Christ, n'y subtiliser plus qu'il ne faut, attachent leur croyance & leur confession positivement a cette instruction de Jesus Christ qui se trouve dans le 17 chap. de l'evangile de St. Jean, quand il dit---Mon pere l'heure est venue, glorifiez vostre fils afin que vostre fils vous glorifie, comme vous luy avez donné puissance sur tous les hommes a fin qu'il donne la vie eternelle a tous ceux que vous luy avez donné; or la vie eternelle consiste a vous connoistre, vous qui estes le seul Dieu veritable, & Jesus Christ que vous avez envoyé. La meme leçon nous donne l'apostre

St. Paul dans le 8 chap. aux Cor. disant, — qu'il n'y a pour nous qu'un seul Dieu qui est la pere duquel sont toutes choses & nous pour luy, & il n'y a qu'un seul seigneur qui est Jesus Christ, par lequel sont toutes choses & nous par luy. C'est donc a cause de cette confession que nous nous appellons chretiens unitaires par ce que nous croyons qu'il n'y a qu'un seul Dieu, pere & Dieu de nostre seigneur Jesus Christ, celuy que Jesus Christ nous a appris d'adorer, & lequel il a aussy adoré luy meme, l'appellent non seulement nostre Dieu mais son Dieu aussy selon qu'il a dit, je m'en vay a mon pere & vostre pere, a mon Dieu & a vostre Dieu.

Ainsy vous voyez que nous nous tenons aux verités divines. Nous avons la religieuse veneration pour la sainte ecriture. Avec tout cela nous sommes serviteurs tres humble des messieurs les *trinitaires*, — *penes quos mundanæ fabulæ actio est*, & il ne tient pas a nous que nous ne courrions de tout nostre cœur a leurs autels, s'ils vouloyent nous faire la grace de souffrir nostre simplicité en Jesus Christ, & de ne pas vouloir nous obliger a la confession de suppléments a la sainte ecriture*.

* La verité & la religion en visite. Alamagne 1695.

§. 8. The great and excellent *Faustus Socinus* was *An account of Socinus.* born at *Sienna*, in the year 1539, and died at *Luclawie*, the third of *March*, 1604, aged 65. His book in defence of the authority of the sacred scriptures is a matchless performance; and if he had never written any thing else, is alone sufficient to render his memory glorious, and precious to all true christians. Get this book, if you can. It is the finest defence of your Bible that was ever published. (Steinfurti, A. 1611. edit. Vorst.) And yet, such is the *malignity* of *orthodoxy*, that a late great prelate, Dr. *Smalbroke*, Bp. of *Litchfield* and *Coventry*, (who died A. D. 1749) could not help blackening the author when he mentioned the work: his words are these;—"And if *Grotius* was more especially assisted by the *valuable* performance of a writer, *otherwise justly of ill fame*, I mean, *Faustus Socinus's* little book *De Auctoritate S. Scripturæ*, this assistance," &c. *2d charge to the clergy of St. David's*, p. 34.—Here the admirable *Faustus*, a man of as much piety, and as good morals, as hath lived since the apostles time, who truly and godly served the almighty and everlasting God, through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, is painted by this eminent hand *a man of ill fame*; and for no other reason, but because his heavenly reli-

gion made him oppose the *orthodox heresy of three Gods*, as taught in the *creed of Athanasius*; and piously labour, by the purity of his doctrine and example, to keep the world from corruption.

Let us then be careful to confess the holy *unitarian faith*. Let us take the advice of *Socinus*, and be *original christians*. Let there not be in our religion a *God compounded of three supreme spirits, equal in power and all possible perfections*. Let us worship the *Invisible Father*, the *first and chief Almighty Being*, who is *one supreme universal Spirit*, of *peerless Majesty*; and, as the inspired apostles direct, let us worship him through his *most glorious Image*, the *Man Christ Jesus*; our *Redeemer and Mediator*, our *King and our Judge*.

N. B. Though the reverend *Dr. Heathcote* hath been very *unfriendly* in his account of the Christians he calls *Socinians*, in his *Observations* before mentioned, yet you are not from thence to conclude that he belongs to the *Orthodox Party*. He is far from it, and therefore I recommend to your perusal not only his *Cursory Animadversions upon free and candid Disquisitions*, and his finer *Boyle-Lecture Sermons on the Being of God*; but also his *Cursory Animadversions*

upon the Controversy, concerning the miraculous Powers, and his *Remarks on Chapman's Credibility of the Fathers Miracles*. They are three excellent pamphlets. The first is against the *scholastic Trinity*. And the others on the side of Doctor Middleton, against the *miracles of the Fathers*.

Note Reader, Dr. Heathcote's two pamphlets on the side of Dr. Middleton, and the Rev. Mr. Toll's admirable pieces in vindication of the Doctor against the miracles of the Fathers, will give you a just and full idea of the late controversy. Mr. Toll's pieces are called --- *A Defence of Dr. Middleton's Free Enquiry* --- *Remarks upon Mr. Church's Vindication* --- And his *Sermon and Appendix against Dr. Church's Appeal*.

And if you would see all that can be said in relation to this matter, get likewise Dr. Syke's *Two previous Questions*: and the *Two previous Questions impartially considered*; by the same author.

Remarks on two Pamphlets against Dr. Middleton's Introductory Discourse: --- *Two Letters to the Rev. Mr. Jackson, in Answer to his Remarks on Middleton's Free Inquiry*: --- And, *A View of the Controversy, concerning the miraculous Powers supposed to have*

have subsisted in the Christian Church through several successive Centuries.

These pamphlets will bind into two large octavo volumes, and make a valuable collection of critical religious learning.

Note, Reader, of that admirable work, called *Bibliotheca Fratrum Polonorum*, by *Socinus*, *Crellius*, *Sclichtingius*, and *Wolzogenius*, 6 tomes, fol. *Irenopoli* 1656. The first and second volumes are the writings of *Socinus*; the third and fourth by *Crellius*; the fifth by *Sclichtingius*; and the sixth by *Wolzogenius*: they are all well worth your reading, as they contain the most valuable and excellent learning; and especially *Socinus* and *Crellius*. In another place, (where you will find me alone in a solitude) I shall give some curious extracts from the works of these great, injured men, and a summary of their lives.

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.







PR c Amory, Thomas,
3315 The life of John Bun- cle, esq.
A45L54 A new ed.
1770
v.3

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY
